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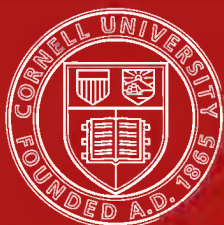
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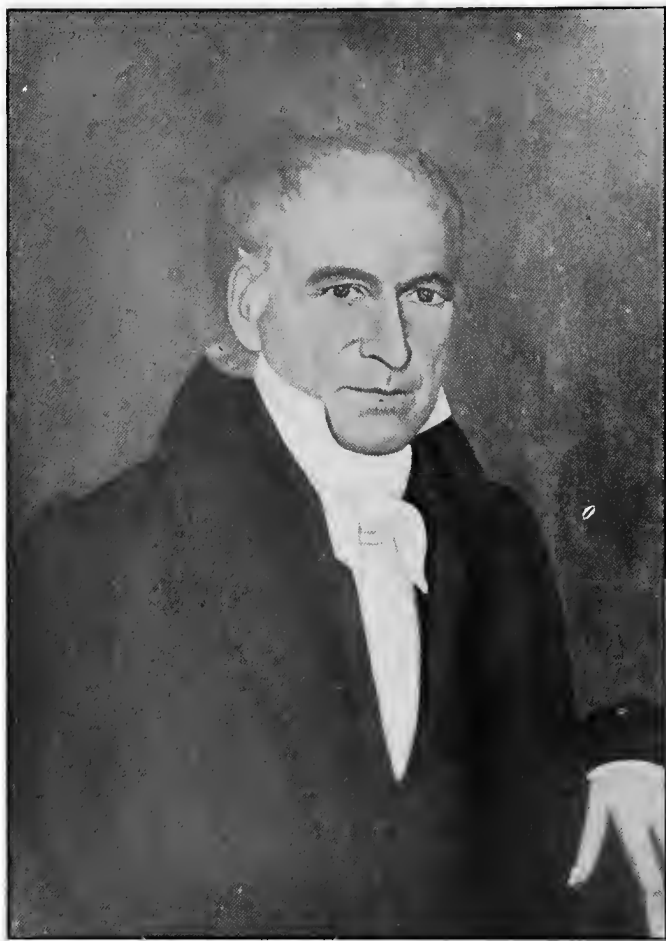
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ELIZUR WEBSTER

HISTORY OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

Warsaw, Wyoming County
New York

June 28 - July 2, 1903

1803 - 1903

LAURA BRISTOL ROBINSON
Editor

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INTRODUCTION

The idea of celebrating in some appropriate manner the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Warsaw originated with Major Harwood A. Dudley, and to him, primarily, belongs the credit of our beautiful "Centennial". At his call and under his direction and inspiration, public meetings were held during June and July of 1902 which resulted in the organization of the Warsaw Centennial Association, with Hon. Elbert E. Farman, LL. D. as president; Mrs. Laura Bristol Robinson, secretary and Wolcott J. Humphrey, treasurer. Subsequently a number of vice-presidents and committees were chosen.

Meetings of the Association were held at frequent intervals for many months and reports received from the various committees which were, meanwhile, doing a large amount of work in preparation for the great event looked forward to with so much interest and pleasure.

It was decided that the centennial celebration should begin on Sunday, June 28, 1903, with historical sermons in the local churches, and end with a grand parade on Thursday afternoon, July 2nd,

and every interest in the town gradually became centered on these dates.

The finance committee did its work so energetically and met with such cheerful and generous response to appeals for money that the sum of \$2,720 was soon at its disposal. This was apportioned according to an estimate made by the different committees of their probable needs and expenses in carrying out plans for the centennial observances. Everything was done on a broad and generous scale yet such good judgment was shown in all expenditures that instead of a deficit, as might have been expected, a balance remained in the treasury after all bills had been paid.

At last, after much care and thought and hard work, the programs were made out and all arrangements for the celebration completed, including the erection of a large tent on Mrs. Frank's lawn, south-east corner of Main and East Court streets, in which to hold the meetings.

When the sun had dispelled the mist and clouds hovering over the sleeping Wyoming valley on Sunday morning, June 28, 1903, its rays fell upon a scene of wondrous beauty. It was the beginning of Warsaw's Centennial Celebration. Willing hands of men and women, boys and girls, whose hearts were filled with civic pride and a glad welcome for the home-comers, had joined in this labor of love, and the whole town was decked in gayest color. The thousands of visitors who came to

Warsaw during centennial week, marvelled at the beauty and splendor of its decorations.

The reception in the Town Hall on Monday evening was one of the happiest thoughts of the entire program, the hostesses being representatives many of the oldest families in town. At least eight hundred people were in attendance and there was a cordiality and heartiness of greeting, a kindness of spirit, a sincerity of manner which one never finds at any merely formal affair. It was a meeting of old friends after long separation, a revival of names familiar in the old days; all were "boys" and "girls" again, forgetting for an hour the changes which time had wrought. All plans and arrangements for this social event, as well as for the Governor's banquet, were in charge of the hospitality committee, and under direction of the committee on decorations the hall had been transformed into a place of beauty worthy of the occasion.

The whole celebration was a most successful and happy affair in every detail, a fine exemplification of what can be accomplished by systematic, well-directed, harmonious effort. Warsaw was ready with a warm greeting for her returning sons and daughters, her grandsons and grand-daughters, worthy descendants of worthy ancestors who founded this town in the early years of the nineteenth century; ancestors who stamped upon the town those characteristics which make men and women proud of

their birth-place. The week was rich in the glories of noble ancestry, heroic history and happy reminiscences. It revealed Warsaw's title to honor and her strength to maintain the nobility of her heritage. There were many tender memories of days that are past and friends that are gone, which brought now and then a tinge of sadness into the festivities; but all in all Warsaw's "Centennial week" was a happy and glorious one, to be hallowed forever in the hearts of her people.

Officers and Committees

President, Hon. Elbert E. Farman, LL. D.; Secretary, Mrs. Laura Bristol Robinson; Treasurer, Wolcott J. Humphrey.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. William Bristol, Hon. Myron E. Bartlett, Hon. George M. Palmer, M. D., Hon. Byron Healy, Simeon D. Lewis, Hon. I. Sam Johnson, Hon. James E. Norton, Prof. Irving B. Smith, Nathan S. Beardslee, Eben O. McNair, John B. Smallwood, Frank W. Brown, Dr. Zera J. Lusk, Dr. William C. Gouinlock, Palmer C. Fargo, George C. Otis, C. Talleyrand Bartlett, Noble Morris, Col. Abram B. Lawrence, Edward M. Jennings, Lewis E. Walker, Romaine Warner, Albert Lyon, S. Mills Fisher, William D. Martin, James A. Mahn, Silas F. Mann, William J. Ballantine, Daniel E. Keeney, Samuel B. Humphrey, Asa A. Luther, Sylvanus E. Brady, William W. Smallwood, John Brown, Samuel D. Purdy, Marshall A. Richards, Niles Keeney, James E. Bishop, William W. Prentice, Dr. Romanzo Perkins, Duane Chase, Charles T. Watkins, James R. Smith, John W. Montgomery, Joseph Cheney, Martin Stortz, Alfred Wadsworth, Palmer Kimball, John Kohler, W. W. Fluker, Henry Ryan, Fred H. Pierce, Edwin C. Stearns, Rollin R. Buck, Charles L. Steward, Ami H. Carpenter, John Truesdell, Benjamin F. Fargo, Samuel J. Munger, Allen D. Fargo, Frank C. Gould, Aurora S. Perkins, Loman Whitlock, Ezekiah Fargo,

Walter Hatch, Charles H. Gardner, Frank D. Hurd, Henry Handyside, William D. Miner, Robert Barnett, Elizur Marchant, John B. Crossett, William E. Webster, Cornelius H. Bradley, Harwood A. Dudley, J. C. Buxton.

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COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS—Simeon D. Lewis, Newton S. Wells, James O. McClure, Henry R. Bristol, George W. Lemon, Mrs. William Bristol, Mrs. George A. Lewis, Mrs. William W. Smallwood, Miss Elizabeth Young,

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Ketchum, J. W. Bolton, W. H. Eberle, E. E. Baker, W. H. Conner, John W. Sparrow, Mrs. George Luce, George M. Lawrence.

COMMITTEE ON PARADE.—Edward T. Montgomery, W. J. Ballintine, Elmer E. Charles, David M. Cauffman, Charles G. Purdy, Patrick Higgins, Onias S. Humphrey, Charles H. Fargo, J. Wesley Wiggins, Robert D. Miller, Fred Herington, Edward D. Burghart, Walter Gay, Robert Brewer, Fred Lester, Harold Hovey, George A. Martin, Henry R. Bristol, Harry Vosburgh, Bert P. Gage, John R. Miner, Mrs. W. E. Webster, Mrs. E. E. Rowe, Mrs. Onias S. Humphrey, Mrs. Frank C. Gould, Mrs. J. C. Hofstetter, C. Will Benson, L. L. Thayer.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.—Joseph C. Buxton, Wm. P. Rumbold, John W. Sparrow, H. de B. Justison, Robert C. Mann, George M. Lawrence, Harvey Cornell, Dr. W. H. Prentice, Mrs. Frank Montgomery, Miss Virginia Lawrence, Miss Ida McClure, Mrs. Fred Rice, Mrs. Frank Salisbury.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.—Wm. Bristol, Elbert E. Farman, George E. Jennings, H. J. Ward, Joseph C. Buxton, W. C. Gouinlock.

G. A. R. COMMITTEE.—J. W. Hatch, I. Sam Johnson, J. M. Smith, Homer O. Holly, W. H. Cornell, Maj. H. A. Dudley, Col. A. B. Lawrence.

MONUMENT EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Hon. William P. Letchworth, Maj. H. A. Dudley, John W. Hatch, Col. A. B. Lawrence, Capt. Francis Murphy.

GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION COMMITTEE.—Hon. Wm. Bristol, Hon. M. E. Bartlett, Hon. I. Sam Johnson, Nathan S. Beardslee, Judge James E. Norton, William E. Webster.

RECEPTION HOSTESSES.—Mrs. Samuel Fisher, Mrs. Elizabeth Garretsee, Mrs. J. E. Ketchum, Mrs. S. D. Purdy, Mrs. Augustus Frank, Miss Lucy Bishop, Miss Etta Bishop, Mrs. Wallace Sherwin, Mrs. Elizabeth Frank Nassau, Mrs. Adelia Miller McKinley, Mrs. Mary Buxton Healy, Miss Franc O. Benedict, Mrs. James A. Webster, Mrs. James O. McClure, Mrs. Mettie Bingham Older, Miss Caroline Knapp, Mrs. Harriet Knapp, Mrs. Richard Taylor, Miss Ellen Bassett, Mrs. Emma Hurlburt Thayer, Mrs. John W. Montgomery, Miss Aphia A. Bartlett, Miss Linnie Bartlett,

Mrs. James E. Bishop, Mrs. James Wilkin, Mrs. Laura Hovey Mapes, Mrs. Julia Gates Humphrey, Mrs. Margaret McCagg Allendorph, Mrs. Ella Hawley Crossett, Mrs. Wm. Bristol, Mrs. Milton Brown, Mrs. Harwood A. Dudley, Mrs. B. F. Fargo, Miss Helen Fargo, Miss Lona VanLiew, Mrs. Kitty Hayward Bartlett, Miss Eunice Conable, Mrs. Helen Peck, Mrs. Louise Thayer Cauffman, Miss Adelia Walker, Miss Elizabeth Young, Mrs. Lucy Young Purdy, Miss Martha Young, Miss Mary Young, Mrs. Mary Darling Jenks, Miss Laura Jenks, Mrs. George C. Otis, Mrs. Joseph C. Buxton, Mrs. Louise Lamberson Sturdevant, Mrs. Mary Cole Johnson, Miss Emily Peck, Miss Flora Peck, Mrs. Mary Frank Miller, Mrs. Alta Thorpe Vincent, Mrs. Wolcott J. Humphrey, Miss Eliza Foster, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Hettie Foster, Mrs. Homer O. Holly, Mrs. D. M. Mills, Mrs. Walter Fargo, Mrs. Eliza Gates Milne, Mrs. Frances Judd Babbitt, Mrs. Eva Knapp Manson, Mrs. W. D. Martin, Miss Emaret Martin, Miss Helen Carpenter, Mrs. Abram B. Lawrence, Miss Mary Silliman, Mrs. William E. Webster, Mrs. Daniel E. Keeney, Mrs. Albert A. Andrews, Mrs. Blanche Webster Gardner, Mrs. Mary Young Waterbury.

PROGRAMS

SUNDAY, JUNE 28th

At 10:30 A. M., appropriate religious services and historical sermons in the local churches.

Centennial Union Choral Service in the tent at 4 P. M., John W. Sparrow director, and the chorus made up of choirs of the different churches, accompanied by the Warsaw Concert Band, John W. Bolton, leader.

Opening Chorus	Old Hundred
Prayer	Rev. E. G. Gilbert
Chorus	When Shall the Voice of Singing
Address—Childhood	Rev. H. S. Gatley
Male Quartette	Heaven is My Home
Messrs. Montgomery, Webster, Ketchum, Conner	
Address—Youth	Prof. I. B. Smith
Chorus	Onward Christian Soldiers
Address—Manhood	Rev. L. M. Sweet
Chorus	Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth
Address—Old Age	Rev. H. E. Gurney
Chorus	Nearer, My God, to Thee
Closing Chorus	America
Benediction	Rev. F. W. Berlin

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 30th

OLD HOME DAY---Exercises in Tent at 2 p. m.

Music,	Warsaw Concert Band
Invocation,	Rev. W. D. McKinley
Address of Welcome,	Judge E. E. Farman, President
Music—"Great God of Nations," from Tannhauser	Wagner
	Congregational Church Choir, directed by
	Mrs. George Luce
Address,	Hon. W. H. Merrill, of New York
Music,	Warsaw Concert Band
Address,	Dr. Merrill E. Gates, of Washington
Music—"God of Our Fathers, Known of Old,"	
	Congregational Church Choir
Address	Major Harwood A. Dudley
Benediction	Rev. Henry S. Gatley
Music	Warsaw Concert Band

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 30th

AT 8 O'CLOCK

SYMPOSIUM

Introductory address by Rev. George D. Miller, D. D., of
Rochester.

SHORT TALKS

Miss Elizabeth Young, Mr. W. E. Webster, Miss Elizabeth Bishop, Mr. Noble Morris, Mr. Palmer C. Fargo, Miss Emma Munger, Mr. Lewis E. Walker, Hon. William Bristol, Miss Blanche Thayer, Capt. Zera L. Tanner, Miss Mabel Smallwood.

Address—Warsaw Academy Fifty Years Ago,
Prof. Horace Briggs, of Buffalo.
Solo, Mrs. Nellie Webster Knapp, of Boston

SHORT TALKS.

Mr. J. Edwin Dann, Dr. Harrison Jenks, Mrs. Eliza Gates Milne, Mrs. Ella Hawley Crossett, Prof. Floyd J. Bartlett, Prof. Irving B. Smith.

Solo, Mr. Albert T. Brown, of Buffalo

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1st

MONUMENT DEDICATION DAY

Morning—Artillery, National Salute

11 to 12 A. M.—G. A. R. Dinner

1 P. M.—G. A. R. Parade

2 P. M.—Assemble at Monument

Reveille

Music—Overture

Warsaw Concert Band

President's Introduction

Invocation

Rev. George D. Miller

Address

Hon. William Bristol

Only surviving member of War Committee of this district

Presentation—Tributes to Veterans, 1861-1865

President Letchworth

Music

Warsaw Concert Band

Oration

General E. S. Otis, U. S. Army

Music,

Presbyterian Church Quartet

Address,

Commander Z. L. Tanner, U. S. Navy

Response,

Department Commander Koster, G. A. R.

Music—"Rally 'Round The Flag Boys."

Address,

Frank Coffee, Jr.

Poem,

Mrs. Bessie Chandler Parker

Music—"Red, White and Blue."

Reading,

Mrs. Ellen B. Day

Music—"We've Been Tenting Tonight."

RESPONSES—Gen. John A. Reynolds, Gen. Crawford, Hon. James W. Wadsworth, Hon. F. C. Stevens, Hon. H. J. McNair, President J. C. Buxton.

Music—"America,"

Band and Assemblage

Benediction

Rev. W. D. McKinley

"Taps."

THURSDAY, JULY 2d

GOVERNOR'S DAY

Morning—Sunrise Salute of 100 guns.

11:30 A. M.—Address by Governor B. B. Odell, Jr.

12:30 P. M.—Banquet in honor of Governor Odell at Town Hall, Judge Farman presiding.

P a r t O n e

HISTORICAL DISCOURSES

Sunday, June 28, 1903



READY FOR GUESTS

NINETY-FIVE YEARS OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY

Historical Sermon, Presbyterian Church, Warsaw,
N. Y., June 28, 1903

By the Pastor, Rev. Louis M. Sweet

TEXT: Psalms 87: 5. And of Zion it shall be said: This and that man was born in her; and the Highest himself shall establish her.

There is a point where the road from Bethany winds about the brow of the Mount of Olives that the traveller gains suddenly and unexpectedly a full view of the Holy City. In the days of its glory it rose fair and beautiful sheer out of its deep-cut surrounding valleys, as if soaring on wings of white and gold, to meet the New Jerusalem that John saw in his vision.

And one can imagine the emotions with which a devout Hebrew, coming perhaps from a distance and after years of exile, would gaze upon the City that he so fondly loved. With tear dimmed eyes and voice choking with the stress of feeling unfeigned, he might well say:

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem to my chief joy."

And then, mindful of history, with the vision of Prophet and Law-giver, King and Poet crowding the heroic past—he might naturally speak the words of the text: "And of Zion it shall be said: This and that man was born in her, and the Highest himself shall establish her."

With feelings akin to those of the ancient Hebrew, my people, we gaze this morning upon this Zion, beloved of man and honored of God, from the height of nearly one hundred years.

It sounds a very simple thing when you tell it in so many words, that on the 14th day of July, 1808, a company of pioneers gathered in the house of one of them to

form a Christian Church. It was a primitive group meeting under primitive conditions.

The settlement had been made but five years; the little community of perhaps a hundred rather widely scattered families was surrounded by a vast and almost unbroken wilderness. The surroundings were bald and crude and the conditions of life were hard. But the word "pioneers" implies that there were others to come. These men held the great future in their grasp.

It is never the part of wisdom to despise the acorn, the small boy or the new community.

Besides, though the community was new, it struck its roots deep into the past. In order to understand the religious history of Warsaw, you must go back to Pilgrim New England, Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower; to Leyden and John Robinson; to the historic origin of our branch of Protestantism in the reforming zeal, the doctrinal clearness and creative statesmanship of John Calvin and his associates. It was a strong ancestry that went to the making of these new American communities. The germ that was planted here in the wilderness had a wonderful history.

It was characteristic of the stock from which these men came that at the earliest possible moment in the growth of the settlement, the church and the school house were established. Religion and education are the pillars of the arch upon which the temple of American Liberty stands. Right here the strength of our pioneer stock was exhibited and the drama of American history enacted. A number of years ago a distinguished American orator in the course of an address on the English-speaking race said: "That it is the founder of Commonwealths, let the miracle of Empire which it has wrought upon this western continent attest. It has advanced from the sea-board with the rifle and the axe, the plow and the shuttle, the teapot and the Bible, a rocking chair and a spelling book, a bath-tub and a free constitution, sweeping across the Alleghanies, overspreading the prairies and pushing on until the dash of the Atlantic in its ears dies in the murmur of the Pacific; and as, whenever the goddess of the old mythology touched the

earth, flowers and fruits answered her footfall, so in the long trail of this advancing race it has left clusters of happy states, teeming with a population, man by man, more intelligent and prosperous than ever before the sun shone upon, and each remoter camp of that triumphal march is but a farther outpost of English-speaking civilization."

Of this creative colonizing type were the founders of this community and this church.

Scant justice, however, would be done to the vigor and devotion of the founders of the church, if we should forget that they had other difficulties to face and overcome than the crudities of nature and the severities of climate.

From enthusiastic writers on the subject one might draw the very erroneous impression that all colonists, who entered these wilds, were religious pilgrims, and that every new settlement was a little Bethel in the forests. On the contrary many of the settlements were notoriously wicked and irreligious—and if the truth must be told, Western New York was rather conspicuous in this respect. We have abundant contemporary testimony to the existence of wide-spread irreligion and immorality in this region. It was even a proverb that there was "no religion west of the Genesee River."

There was a club of missionary atheists in the neighborhood of Batavia, who with a zeal worthy of a much nobler cause, filled the whole region with anti-christian literature. A document of the time, describes this country as "among the most destitute in the United States."

All the greater honor, therefore, to the men and women, who rose above their surroundings, and, resisting the drift, anchored their little community to the Rock of Ages.

Let us listen again to their names: Edward Goodspeed, Eliphalet Parker, Luther Parker, Ezra Walker, Abraham Reed, Israel Branch, Polly Day, Prudence Walker, Martha Parker, Rhoda Parker.

As might be expected from their New England ancestry, and from their circumstances, the form of government was independent, but the first minister was

Presbyterian. Throughout this region the majority of church members, early in the century, were New England Independents, but the ministers were nearly all Presbyterians.

Of the personality of the Rev. John Lindsley, who met with our pioneer band on that eventful day in July, we know almost nothing.

In 1800 the Presbyterian General Assembly meeting at Philadelphia, appointed Jedediah Chapman and John Lindsley missionaries to the "Northwestern frontier." Mr. Chapman was settled at Geneva, where he was to spend one half of his time—the other half was to be spent in itinerant missionary work. Lindsley was settled at what is now the town of Covert in Seneca County, in the same way. In the course of a missionary journey eight years later, he performed the important service of presiding at our first church meeting.

The church was formed upon two documents: A Confession of Faith and a Covenant.

The first of these is a remarkably clear, comprehensive and simple paper, of most tremendous and thorough-going Calvinism.

The 9th, 10th and 11th articles read thus:

"That man in his fallen state is totally depraved and performs no act acceptable to God before he is regenerated by the Holy Spirit.

"That holiness is disinterested love, so that all saints love God for what he is in himself and are benevolent towards all his intelligent creatures.

"That all who truly love Christ will persevere in holiness, being kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

The Covenant is a most beautiful utterance of consecrated devotion: "You do now in the presence of God, Angels, and men avouch the great Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to be your God. You receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your all sufficient Savior and only Redeemer. Renouncing every sinful way, you devote your all unreservedly to God and engage to obey all His commands and ordinances in His word."

I wonder whether you catch the significance of those

two documents? Here was a handful of men and women, surrounded by wild beasts and wilder men, girt about by the illimitable forests, yet consciously in the presence of God, the angels and the assembled Universe, affirming convictions that reach out into the unseen, range the two eternities past and to come and bind the humble group to the very throne of the Infinite.

You may agree with their statements of truth, or you may not, but it is a fact, that great men and great states have been formed by just such ideas.

When we come back again to that pioneer group the scene has lost its barrenness, its crudeness and insignificance—we are in the presence of something great, broad, imperial.

For the first five years the infant church was ministered to almost entirely by missionaries. The names of John Lindsley, Oliver Ayer, John Spencer, Royal Phelps, Mr. Alexander, Reuben Parmele, Allen Hollister appear at intervals in the church records in connection with some service rendered as they passed upon their journeys.

We read such items as this: "On Monday, February 30, 1812, a lecture was preached on the West Hill by Rev. Oliver Ayer, and Polly, Cyrus, Rebekah, Ora and Eliza, children of Zerah and Janet Tanner were baptized." The cycles of human experience, birth and death, baptism, confession, marriage and burial fill these artless records and at many points the life of the community was touched and blessed by these journeying men of God, that like Paul were always reaching out for "the regions beyond."

It would be well for us to have in mind the type presented by the frontier missionaries. Among the names on the earliest records of the church appears that of John Spencer—Father Spencer, as he was affectionately designated throughout Western New York. From the accounts that have reached us he was a sturdy and eminently lovable Christian man. He was one of those of whom it has been happily spoken, "He was called to be a preacher of the Gospel, but not called to be a Bachelor of Arts." For many years a deacon in the Congregational Church of Worcester, Otsego County, without other education than that of common schools of his day, he felt impelled by

the religious destitution about him to become a preacher of the Gospel. He was a clear thinker, a plain, ready speaker and a most devout Christian, and these were the qualifications for his office. He was ordained by the Northern Associated Presbytery, October, 1800. His work was difficult, he had long distances to cover, the roads were bad; his entertainment was sometimes of the scantiest, but he had the genuine missionary devotion, and the true pioneer pluck, and went steadily and cheerily on his way bringing a blessing wherever he went. He died in 1826 at the age of 68 years.

With such clear cut doctrinal views and strict ideas of the conduct befitting a member of the church, cases of discipline, both in doctrine and morals were inevitable.

The church dealt with these cases, regularly and charitably, but with a firmness of touch, a minuteness of investigation, and finality of judgment of which we know very little. One case of discipline in those early days especially interested me.

A member of the church was brought under accusation on the following charges: 1. Neglecting to walk with the church. 2. Making use of profane language. 3. Joining in scenes of carnal amusement and dancing. 4. Making intemperate use of ardent spirits.

After full and careful investigation the charges were sustained and a letter of admonition was sent him. This was on June 4, 1812. On November 25th, the disciplined member appeared before the church and made confession of wrong doing. Under date of November 30th, appears the short and simple record: "A. B. removed by death." The whole case had been taken to a higher court. Nothing could more clearly show the real and vital grip of the Church upon the minds and consciences of the people. Its authority was respected, its admonitions were usually heeded, and its condemnation was always dreaded.

In spite of the brevity and dryness of ecclesiastical records interesting glimpses of personal character are now and then obtained through them.

We see the man of tender and scrupulous conscience. Josiah Royce, an applicant for church membership asked to be released from giving assent to the last clause of

the 15th, Article of the Confession of Faith, which is a statement that after Christ's Millennial reign upon earth "there will be a falling away for a little season." After mature deliberation the church decided to grant the request. It was an exhibition of conscientiousness on one side and conciliatory graciousness on the other, very instructive to contemplate.

The feminine termagant at least once appears among the saintly faces in this gallery of portrait sketches. A woman farther back than the memory of any person living extends was possessed of a tongue not to be despised by any, be he clerk or layman. A specimen of her vituperative gifts is spread upon the minutes and would have done credit to Shimei the son of Gera, whose cursing made him historic.

The men of that early day were schooled in patience by a masculine specimen of the Genus quarrelsome. They were all men "with the bark on," but bark does not necessarily imply thorns.

The man whom I have just mentioned continually reappears as a center of trouble and disturbance, and a quarrel in which he is the central figure drags its weary way through three years of the Church's life.

It was a noble exhibition of the sense of responsibility for the soul of a brother and the peace of a community that led them to deal with the affair at all. Less patient men would have thrown the entire unpleasantness out of doors long before.

Doctrinal exactness was required of church members in those days. The haze, which the Dean of Westminster was once accused of letting loose upon the city of London by the opening of his window was not in favor in primitive Puritan communities. They were men with stalwart convictions, deeply pondered and well wrought out. Now and again some member would embrace what were looked upon as dangerous and heretical views. These were promptly dealt with, but it is worthy of note that they used weapons of persuasion, reason and scripture, and only resorted to the power of the keys in extreme

cases and after attempts to work legitimate change of conviction.

My own reading of the old records has immeasurably increased my respect for the pioneers, Their intense and earnest sincerity has been universally acknowledged, their genuine Christian charity has received less general recognition.

And it is to be remembered that without strong convictions of one's own, charity becomes a mere name.

The first settled pastor of this church was the Rev. Silas Hubbard, who was installed October 27, 1813, by a committee of Geneva Presbytery, with which the church had connected itself a month previous. The amount of Mr. Hubbard's salary was not stated, but the church purchased for him ten acres of land, implying that the minister was expected to have other gifts than that of digging out sermons.

The pastorate of Mr. Hubbard was terminated in 1815, because of his continued ill health.

His successor was Rev. Hippocrates Rowe, who gave half his time to Warsaw and half to Orangeville, receiving two hundred and fifty dollars from each church.

The years between 1817 and 1821 were largely spent in planning and erecting a church building. The meetings were held at first in private houses, as in the days when the church was in the house of Aquila and Priscilla—later in the center school house then standing on Main Street. That the building of a church was a considerable of an undertaking for the struggling congregation in a new community is shown by the fact that between the first mention of the project and its completion more than eight years elapsed. After the land was obtained, the building went on slowly and with considerable difficulty.

On March 1819, the partially completed structure, owned by Presbyterians and Baptists together, was sold at auction to the Presbyterians in the Society for 76 per cent. of the cost value.

At the annual meeting held at the house of N. B. Lee, October 24, 1820, steps were taken looking toward the early completion of the church. It was voted: 1st. That any amounts paid towards the completion of the meeting house

should be credited in ownership of pews for which deeds should be given. 2nd. That any sums paid toward the same object in grain or any other article might be paid at an average price equivalent to wheat at 75 cents per bushel. The plans seem to have been successfully carried out for the new building was finished in 1821. The first recorded meeting of the Union Society held in it occurred February 21, 1826.

Among the original pew owners appear several well known names: Elizur Webster was the owner of slips 1, 7, 13, 17, 35, room enough even for a pioneer family of twelve children.

John Munger owned 19, 3, 14 and 24.

Julius and Samuel Whitlock were joint owners of No. 9.

Lot Marchant of No. 34; David Young 21, William Patterson and James Crocker No. 4; Zera Tanner of 42; Nehemiah Fargo of 26; William Webster of 5: Dr. Augustus Frank of 23; Jonathan Young and Amos Barnett of No. 6.

From the beginning of the history down to the coming of Dr. Nassau in 1855, the ministers succeeded each other rapidly. Most of these men were stated-supplies for a year at a time.

A mere recital of the list will give you an idea of the rapidity of the changes.

Silas Hubbard, 1813-1815. Hippocrates Rowe, 1816-1818. Reuben Parmelee, Ebenezer Everett, Elihu Mason, 1818-1819. Norris Bull, 1819-1821. Abial Parmele, 1823-1827. Julius Steel, 1828-1831. E. S. Hunter and Isaac Oakes, 1831-1833. Ezra Scovel 1833-1835. Ward Childs, Stephen Porter, 1835-1836. Powell, Sackett, Waterbury, Bridgman, Preston, Crampton, succeeded each other rapidly between 1836 and 1840.

In 1837 occurred the disruption of the Presbyterian Church. That it should have no effect upon this church was impossible; just as in a storm at sea, every bay, inlet and indentation of the shore feels the throbbing and agitation of the waters, so the storm that burst upon our

church at large was felt in every local and individual organization.

In looking upon this struggle, the echoes of which have come down to us from a former generation, we must remember that strife and pain are incidental to the progress of truth, and, while at the time nothing is apparent but the anguish and division—in after time these disappear and are healed, leaving apparent the substantial gains that have been made.

The internal controversy which went on for a number of years in the church, culminated in 1840 in the withdrawal of forty-seven members to form a separate organization.

In speaking of this event I can do no better than to quote the words of Dr. Nassau, to whom with his great friend, Dr. Williams, belongs the blessing of the peace-maker.

“To say that by that event bitter and unbrotherly feelings were aroused would be a mild statement of the fact. But these have long since died out. Time, with its many and great changes, the blessing of God upon wise and conciliatory action and healing grace, have softened, and to human view dissipated the asperities that were born of the separation. The two churches have accepted the situation in the spirit of Christian concord and are striving in their respective spheres to do the work of their common Lord in their own way, keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.”

As you are well aware this church adhered to the General Assembly in the division and became part of what was known as the Old School Branch. In 1842 the church, acting under the direction of the General Assembly, united itself with the Presbytery of Caledonia. This Presbytery was afterwards called Presbytery of Wyoming. In 1853 it became part of Genesee River Presbytery which remained until the reunion of 1870 when the Presbytery of Genesee was re-established.

The Rev. Richard Kay was the first minister after the disruption. He was most earnestly loved by his people, who resisted a determined effort of the Presbytery to remove him. One of the ablest documents in the Sessional

records was a reply, signed by E. B. Miller and William Crocker, Committee, to the interrogation of Presbytery in regard to Mr. Kay. This pressure on the part of Presbytery probably hastened the contemplated union with the Presbytery of Caledonia. However that may be, Mr. Kay remained for three years longer.

The next supply was the Rev. A. Craig McClelland, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Blairsville. Upon his departure the session took occasion to express very cordially their appreciation of the young preacher and their hopes for his future success. That they rightly estimated their young minister is sufficiently shown by his subsequent career. He was afterward pastor of the fourth Presbyterian church in Pittsburgh and Secretary of Board for Freedmen. He was followed by Dr. Hugh Mair.

In 1847 the Rev. Abram Young ministered to this congregation for three years. Mr. Young was well known to many of you. He made periodic visits to Warsaw and often preached in this pulpit, and was loved by the people. In 1894 he was laid to rest here.

His wife, an unusually strong and attractive woman, was a sister of Dr. William Hogarth of Geneva, and shared many of his marked and able characteristics. She was laid to rest beside her husband by our hands a little over a year ago.

During the ministry of Mr. Young the parochial school was established. This was maintained by the church under the direction and with the assistance of the Presbyterian Board of Education. Frequent notices in the minutes indicate the great interest taken in this valuable institution.

The first teacher was Miss Wolcott. Other teachers whose memories are cherished by many, were Miss Cornelia McKay, afterwards Mrs. Faulkner; Miss Jennie Patterson, afterward Mrs. Stuart Mitchell; Miss Mary A. Frank, afterward Mrs. Brown; Miss Elizabeth Leavenworth, Miss Lee and Miss Stewart.

Irregular supplies filled the pulpit until the coming of Rev. Stuart Mitchell, who was pastor from October, 1852, to the spring of 1855. Mr. Mitchell was about two gen-

erations ahead of his time. He refused to preach funeral sermons, and refused to candidate when ministers did both. Upon leaving here in 1855 he went West, gathered his own church and built both church and parsonage. He returned East and was, for a time, at Groveland. He afterward went to Bloomsburg, Pa., where he built a new church. He had lost strength and felt that his voice was inadequate to the new edifice; he thereupon went to Mt. Carmel in the coal region, formed another new church, which he brought to strength and self-support. He now resides in the parsonage at Mount Carmel, weak and suffering, but patient and cheerful, awaiting the call Home.

In the month of August, 1855, the Rev. Joseph E. Nassau, then a licentiate of the Presbytery of Newton, was unanimously called to become pastor of this church. This was and remains one of the remarkable pastorates of Presbyterian History. For thirty-seven years within a month Dr. Nassau stood in this pulpit and in this community. And one cannot look anywhere into the life of this people, religious, moral or civic without seeing that commanding and steadfast personality.

He was a scholar, a gentleman and a Christian. I never saw him and yet since I have come to know this church, it seems as if I had known him long and intimately. In a thousand incidental ways have come to me revelations of what he was and what he wrought among you. It is no wonder that his coming to the church marked a new era in its history. Before fifty-five, a score or more of pastors paying flying visits to the church!

Then think of the magnificent unity of impression which follows. One strong, dominant personality stamping itself upon an entire generation from the cradle to middle life; one consistent, logical system of belief taught through all the plastic years of life; one heralding voice familiar in all its accents and yet the more compelling from its familiarity. Such a pastorate as Dr. Nassau's is a certificate of character both for the man and the people. There must have been an inexhaustible mental fertility in one who could feed an intelligent congregation so many years, something very true and deep and noble in a character that could win and keep such enduring

affection and respect. And there must have been solid thoughtfulness and steadfastness in a people who could listen to one man so long without being led astray by the desire for novelty and change. A paragraph from Dr. Nassau's last published sermon so happily describes himself and his people that I transcribe it.

"This church stands today for soundness in the faith; for Presbyterianism; for vital godliness; for Sabbath observance; for missions; for genuine practical temperance; for family religion; for holy living; for generous and systematic beneficence; and generally as the exponent of whatsoever is lovely and of good report." It will be necessary to summarize in very small space the history of Dr. Nassau's pastorate. We are told that even before he actually came upon the field his heart was set upon a new church. In ten years this was accomplished. If you seek his monument, look about you. Towards the end of his ministry he greatly desired that the church should be refitted and the buildings enlarged for new conditions of work. This, too, was done, and from a sick-bed, from which he was never to rise a well man, he sent a letter of congratulation to the congregation. But this is but a small part of his achievement. Of the one hundred and thirty who were in the church when Dr. Nassau came but twenty were alive at the close of his pastorate, and a number of those were not living in town. But the membership at the same time was 274 and this means that about five hundred members were added during his pastorate.

The congregation contributed an aggregate of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the support of the church and benevolences, increasing from eight hundred, the year before he came, to over six thousand the last year of his ministry.

Dr. Nassau preached 3632 times, aside from lectures and addresses; he solemnized one hundred and sixty-nine marriages; and performed two hundred and seventy-six baptisms. What a range of service is here exhibited. And no one can imagine that the influence and value of such a life as Dr. Nassau's can be measured by statistics. His greatest work was unseen, in the hearts and

in the lives of the men and women whom he touched and blessed by his ministry.

Dr. Nassau truly belongs to "the Choir invisible," of those immortal dead who live again

"In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

Dr. Nassau resigned his pastorate March 4, 1893. He entered the Heavenly life on the 21st of February, 1894, and in December 1894, his successor, Rev. George D. Miller, D. D., now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, was installed.

Dr. Miller's pastorate of six years is written in all your hearts. The events of it are too recent to require an extended review. It is not necessary to say that it was a happy and successful pastorate.

The first pastorate after such a career as Dr. Nassau's presents certain trying elements both to the minister and the people. These tests were successfully met both by the congregation and its leader, and the issue was harmony and power.

During Dr. Miller's time here, one hundred and thirty-eight united with the church upon confession of their faith in Christ, an average of twenty-three yearly. In addition to these sixty united by certificate. The church may well follow their late pastor with affectionate gratitude and cordial wishes for his continued success.

The present pastorate was begun the first Sunday in May, 1901, and has now been in continuance two years. I have thus sketchily reviewed the pastorates from the beginning of its history until now. But I would not have you think, for a moment, that I consider it a fact that the history of a church can be accounted for by the work and achievement of any or all of its pastors. Ministers come and go but the church remains. And ministers are dependent for success upon the character and service of that permanent body of consecrated people that makes

the church. And our church has always given large place and large honor to her devoted laymen. And no organization with which I am acquainted has better reason to be grateful to God for the men and women who have blessed it by their love and devotion, than this church. Very briefly let me review the history of its governing boards. Organized as a Congregational Church its first officers were Deacons. The first deacons were Eliphalet Parker and Israel Branch. Deacon John Munger, as he was always known even for years after he became a ruling elder, was elected in 1815. Somewhere between the years 1828-31 a session was formed of four deacons already in office and four ruling elders newly elected. The first session therefore consisted of John Frayer, Gideon Johnson, John Munger, Peter Young, John Crocker, James Crocker, Roderick Chapin and Samuel Whitlock. Very shortly after this William Buxton was added to this historic group. In 1840, Edwin B. Miller became a member of the session and shortly after and for many years its clerk.

Mr. Miller was a very accomplished penman and the minutes were kept with great accuracy and beauty. In 1845, Luther Foster and Samuel Fisher 1st, father of S. Mills and Frank M. Fisher, were called to the eldership. The session at the time of Dr. Nassau's coming consisted of John Munger, Edwin B. Miller, Luther Foster, and Samuel Fisher 1st. The next year Harlow L. Comstock was added. In 1863, Timothy H. Buxton and Samuel Fisher 2d, were elected; in 1863 Edwin B. Miller; in 1871 John W. Montgomery; in 1876 Charles Herbert Foster; in 1885 Harwood A. Dudley and William A. Morgan, since moved to Silver Springs; in 1895 Edward B. Everingham; in 1896 William C. Fowler and Frank C. Adams; in 1900 William H. McConnell; in 1903 Duane E. Chase and Robert D. Miller, the latter the third of his name to occupy the same position, were successively added to this body. The session has ever been loyal and devoted to the church and pastor.

The Board of Deacons was constituted in 1875. The first deacons were Samuel Mills Fisher, who remains with

us after twenty-eight years of service, Harwood A. Dudley, C. Herbert Foster and Edward T. Buxton.

After this date there were several resignations from the board and no elections so that at the end of 1885 Mr. Fisher was serving alone.

Wednesday evening, February 24, 1886, E. B. Everingham, Samuel J. Crawford, E. T. Buxton were set apart to the office of deacon. Of these Mr. Crawford is still in service.

On October 29, 1895, Mr. F. C. Adams and Mr. F. A. Owen were elected, Mr. Owen remaining on the board to the present time.

In 1896, Mr. Adams was elected an elder and in March, 1897, Mr. Edwin Fargo was made deacon in his place.

The Board of Trustees began its existence with Union Society January 14, 1812. The first Trustees were Isaac Phelps, Abraham Reed, John Munger, William Bristol and Zera Tanner. On a board to which elections are held yearly the changes are rather bewildering to follow in detail.

The senior member in point of service is Mr. William Watson who was elected to the office in 1886.

The filling of these offices from the beginning until now has called for much devoted and unselfish service from many busy people.

And among those who have performed such faithful service are many whose names we do not know. The Lord knoweth them that are His and their reward is sure from Him who never forgets.

The apostolic succession has often been exemplified in this church. The blood of the founders still enriches the life of the present.

The great great grand-daughter, and the great, great, great grand-children of Eliphalet Parker, one of the first deacons, Mrs. Merchant and her children, are members of this church.

Miss Elizabeth Young, Mrs. Purdy and Mrs. Waterbury, all earnest members of the church, are grandchildren of the first settler of the town, who was also one of the first pew owners of this church.

Mr. William E. Webster is a grandson of the first

settler's brother who came here as a boy of sixteen and was a member and trustee of the church for many years. Mr. Emery Webster, our student for the ministry, is a great grandson of the original William Webster.

In the present Board of Elders is the son of an elder and the grandson of the noble woman who taught the first class in the Sunday School, Mr. Robert D. Miller, and until a year ago another son of an elder, Mr. Herbert Foster, a beloved and honored member of session.

Mrs. Mary Frank Miller is the grand-daughter of one of the first pew holders of the church, Dr. Augustus Frank.

On the Board of Trustees are two grandsons of elders, Mr. Buxton and Mr. Whitlock, and the son of an elder, E. T. Montgomery.

The present organist, Miss Nellie Fargo, is a great grand-daughter of Nehemiah Fargo, who was one of the first pew owners of the church.

On the Board of Deacons is the son of an elder, Mr. S. M. Fisher, and a grandson of that same elder, Mr. Addison Fisher, is our treasurer. And throughout the work of the church many are active who are more or less closely related to those who have gone before. The God of the everlasting covenant has often been manifested among you.

Among the faithful members of this church have been several widely known outside the limits of their own community. Among them two deserve especial mention; The Hon. Andrew W. Young and Hon. Augustus Frank. Mr. Young, who was active and prominent in the church from an early age, by his intellectual and literary ability won a permanent place among the thoughtful writers of our country. His book on Civil Government is still a recognized authority. He was a man of sturdy piety and of solid character and attractive personality. Mr. Frank was a trustee of the church for forty-five years. His term began when he was a very young man and continued to the time of his death in 1895. He was a Member of Congress for three terms during the war period and rendered much faithful and patriotic service. He was twice delegate-at-large to Constitutional Conventions, and con-

spicuous in its advocacy of moral reforms. His large public services, however, were scarcely equalled by his usefulness as a private citizen and a member of the church. His personal life was marked by earnest devotion, great generosity and genial kindness.

The memory of such men of whom this church has happily had not a few, is worth much to the generation following;

It is our joy that some of those who have been identified with the life of the church for so many years are with us still. Among these are, Mr. John W. Montgomery, whose voice in prayer-meeting is a benediction from one week's end to another;

Mr. H. A. Dudley, the youngest man of his years in the Presbyterian church;

Mrs. Lucy M. Fisher, who is identified with many years of service in church and Sunday School;

Mrs. Cameron who is so faithful in all her duties;

Mrs. J. E. Ketchum, who is such an enthusiastic and devoted friend to all her pastors;

Mrs. Ruth Cleveland, the oldest living member of the church, dating her connection with the church from about 1826, who remains in as serene and winsome an old age as could be imagined. All these a perpetual invitation;

Come, grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hands who said
A whole I planned,
Youth sees but half,
Trust all, nor be afraid.

This church has been signally blessed by having ministers and ministers' families in the congregation. The Rev. John Reid, a devout and able man was a respected and helpful member of the congregation. He is remembered with especial affection for his teaching in the Bible Class.

The Rev. W. D. McKinley, who has been one of you since 1882, is spending the serene and kindly afternoon of

his life with us, a most inspiring and helpful friend to the pastor and a guide and counselor to many in the congregation, especially the boys whom he has gathered into a Bible class and upon whom he lavishes so much thought and affection. May he be long spared to us and find the promise true "At evening time it shall be light."

And Mrs. Nassau, who made during so many years what Dr. Nassau called his "precious home," and who has been friend and mother to so many among you. We call down blessings upon her here today! If ever young ministers attempting to follow in the hallowed footsteps of a great man, had a true and more loyal friend, they must be counted among the fortunate of earth.

And here we pause. And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her. Isn't this just what you are saying today? Many of these lists are simply names to some of us, who have been here so short a time; but to others they are more than mere names. The name calls up face, figure and personality, now and then a beloved one whom the heart follows wistfully into the unseen world. Time turns backward in its flight and the men and women of the long ago are with us again. To-day some of you are in the old church with its high galleries, north, west and south. You do not see this beautiful organ; the little instrument that the first leader of the choir carried on Sunday mornings, under his arm, furnishes the music. You hear other voices than ours, and other faces smile back into yours. Strong men and noble, saintly women they were, not faultless, but genuine and aspiring.

Deacon Munger, Judge Comstock, the Fishers, Samuel 1st and 2d and Dean; the Franks, father and son, the Millers, the Youngs, Peter and Andrew; the Whitlocks, the Fosters, the Buxtons, father and son; Tanners; Sillimans, the Pattersons and others more recent, but not less dear.

And the noble army of mothers in Israel, Mrs. Munger, Mrs. Juliann Buxton, Mrs. Jane Frank, Mrs. Lois Miller, Mrs. Marilla Gould, Mrs. Ardelissa Crocker, and a host of others, whom you will recall.

Of Zion it shall be said, that such and such a one was born in her. And this is Zion's Glory, that such men and women were born in her. Her title to fame, her claim to honor is that by her teaching, her hopes and inspirations she gave such characters to the world. For this shall men honor her and for this the Highest Himself shall establish her.

METHODIST CHURCH

Address by John B. Smallwood, Sunday, June 28, 1903

It would seem an easy task to write in outline the history of an individual or of an association of individuals. Especially does this seem true when we think how we are all given to history. We all like to talk, and to tell something we have done or said, have seen or heard. Can the life that has required seventy-five years to live, be told in the brief time of a half hour? Can the united lives of hundreds, lived the same length of time, their private life and their public life, be squeezed into the same brief time?

As events pass in review before us, memory seizes them, changes them to crystalline forms, and stores them away for future use, and these crystals are history. Each of us has his own crystallization, differing in detail from every other, all true, yet not all together will they tell the whole truth.

The history of a church is the history of the invisible as well as a visible church. To write of a church, gilded it may be, and hung with votive offering, were worse than useless, did we omit the lives that had been lived, the burdens that had been borne, and the faith that had triumphed. Has the church made home purer, has it dignified labor with its approval, has it cultivated the old homely virtues, has it done its part in suppressing the old homely vices, has it been in labors abundant, has it fought the good fight; above all, has it ever borne about that mantle of charity which covers a multitude of sins? These are questions to be answered in the history of a church.

But what necessity was there for the Methodist denomination? Already there was a "Union Society" and church. The Methodist church, born in England's great University at Oxford, inheriting the confession of faith of the established church, of what use would it be in the

wilds of this new world? It doubtless commended itself to many by its ease of access, its doors standing open with this inscription: "Whosoever will let him Come," and the invitation to its communion by "Ye who do truly and heartily repent of your sins, and intend to lead a new life, draw near." Methodism offered, not so much a creed, as a life, and it the life that was of value. So it had its work to do, and as the work was worthy, there was sufficient apology for its being.

Some might think that the history of a church reaching back four score years might reveal many new things in morals and even in religion itself. Never in the world's history have there been such eventful years as the ones just behind us. Discoveries and inventions of astounding importance and almost beyond belief. Why has Christianity nothing new to offer? Effort enough has been made. The Rock on which the church stands has been battered persistently that it might throw off more light. Has any one discovered a new virtue, or invented one? Has any one driven out a single vice? There was a work to be done, and Divinity set about the task. When humanity undertakes a work, there may be mistakes, there may be incompleteness. At the very last of His work, Christ was heard to exclaim, "It is finished." He announced the work complete. As such nothing can ever be added to it, nothing taken from it.

And as the Master left His Royal abode, laid aside His princely crown and insignia of office, and came to a poor man's home, a poor man's fare, and a poor man's work, thus getting at the substratum of human life and experience, where He could extend His arms beneath all humanity, and by an all-embracing love and an overmastering strength, raise all from darkness into the light, and from the powers of darkness into liberty and peace and safety;—so the work of this church, during all these years has been "to rescue the perishing," to minister to the sick, "to comfort all who mourn," to reach a helping hand to the needy, to bear one another's burdens, to seek and to save those who had wandered in the journey and were lost. As a church, it has ever recognized the value of a human soul, of any color or condition. First, be-

cause it was imperishable; second, because of the marvelous price paid for its ransom. It has ever been aware of the dangers attending and surrounding the soul of man, and at the same time, felt a confidence and a joy as it published and recommended a sure relief for them. It has been a working church and has shown its faith by its works.

Always caring for its children in its homes and in its Sunday School, it has ever welcomed the stranger within its gates, and has made many great and protracted efforts to save men from their sins.

It has long lived in peace and harmony with its neighbors, and both grants and receives that respect and consideration which pertain to Christian charity. Aside from money raised for church building and repairs, during the last thirty-nine years \$54,457 have been raised and paid for church purposes, and during the first forty years of the church's history the amount is about \$36,392.

Now, taking the time into consideration these are not great sums, but it must be remembered that this church has never been a wealthy church, has never given of its abundance, but always of its need. Almost every dollar has been stamped repeatedly with self-denial.

Among the membership of the church might always be found a few self-sacrificing men, who baring their breasts to every storm, stood, year by year, like granite pillars bearing the church upon their shoulders. And during all the long years, by the side of these men has stood a band of noble women, loving the church and all its interests, in labors abundant, in devotion unsurpassed, in undaunted courage sublime! As your very imperfect historian of a great work always going forward, I bow my intelligence and my heart, in acknowledgement of the great worth of the women, past and present of this Methodist Episcopal church.

The majority of the membership of the church have long since presented their credentials at the beautiful gate of the temple made without hands, and have joined the church triumphant, but the purity and beauty and

sweetness of their lives still linger in our homes and about the sanctuary of God.

“Ever the workmen change,
Ever the work goes on.”

On the church of the future, I quote Rev. J. B. Wentworth, from his great sermon on “The Philosophy of Methodism. “At once the offspring and heir of all the fruits of the past movements of churchly and Christian development, and vitalized and actuated with impulses having their source in the love of God in the soul, we cannot doubt that it will continue to use all the methods and appliances of active gospel benevolence, until the whole family of man shall be redeemed and saved.”

It is said that the first Methodist preachers in Warsaw were Cyrus Story, Joseph Gatchell and James Mitchell, as early as 1805 and 1806, and before a church was organized. In 1809, William Brown and John Kimberlin organized a Methodist Society and Simeon Hovey was appointed the first class leader. Shortly afterwards Josiah Hovey and Shubael Morris were appointed leaders, and the meetings were held in their respective houses, Mr. Hovey's in the north part of the town and Mr. Morris' in the south part. Among the early members of the church were Josiah Hovey, Jr., Simeon Hovey, John and Shubael Morris, Elam and Anson A. Perkins, Solomon Morris, Sr., Carl W. Flower, Simeon Gibson, and their wives; Mrs. Josiah Hovey, Sr., Moses Perkins, Joseph Miller, Lyman Parker, Mrs. N. Park, Mrs. Simeon R. Glazier and Mrs. Daniel Knapp. The Methodist Society was not legally organized until about the year 1820, at the time of the proclamation of Paul Busti, general agent of the Holland Land Company, announcing that in every township six miles square, with a legally organized church and society, such society should be entitled to 100 acres of land.

The First Methodist Episcopal Society of Warsaw was accordingly organized in compliance with the requirements of the act of the legislature, and the papers were recorded in the office of the county clerk. The land was divided equally between the Methodist Church and the Presbyterian, which had been previously organized. The first

trustees of the Methodist Church were Simeon Hovey, Chester Hurd, John Morris, Anson A. Perkins, Nathan B. Miller, Lyman Parker, Josiah Hovey, Roderick Chapin, Jr., and Eleazar Smith. The first house of worship was built in 1824 at the "corners," three quarters of a mile north of the center of the village. In 1835 it was removed to the place where the present church now stands. In 1853, to make room for a new and larger one, it was sold to Rev. J. W. Hines, and by him removed to the south side of Buffalo street, near the bridge, to be fitted up for dwellings,

The new church which was completed in 1854 was thoroughly repainted and refitted in 1868 at an expense of about \$1,300. The present handsome brick structure was built during the pastorate of Rev. E. J. Whitney and was dedicated March 9, 1902.

During the thirty seven years just passed, the average membership of the church has been one hundred and eighty-six. The lowest membership was in 1879, the highest in 1886. And it may be recorded that as pastors of the church have been energetic and faithful in their work, the church has prospered, financially, intellectually and spiritually, and farther, it may be remarked, time has demonstrated the fact that the best things to preach and to practice are human needs and the ability to supply them, the requirements of the gospel and the rewards of faithful living. There have been many and valuable revivals of religion during the years, resulting in large additions to the church, nor is it strange to receive members at any time.

The church has had the following pastors since 1864: Revs. J. H. Bayliss, R. C. Welch, H. H. Lyman, M. H. Rice, O. S. Chamberlayne, E. T. Green, D. Leisenring, J. T. Brownell, J. A. Copeland, T. Cardus, W. S. Tuttle, T. E. Bell, Samuel McGerald, G. E. Ackerman, M. C. Dean, C. B. Sparrow, R. C. Brownlee, I. N. Dalby, E. C. Dodge, E. J. Whitney and F. W. Berlin.

Soldiers in the Civil war of 1861-65 who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church;

REV. J. A. COPELAND—Pastor of this church 1875-6. Date of enlistment not known.

REV. T. E. BELL—Enlisted May, 1861, 21st N. Y. Discharged May 18, 1863. Pastor 1879-80-81.

REV. C. B. SPARROW—Pastor 1888-89-90. Enlisted May, 1861, 2d Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Re-enlisted in the field. Discharged 1865.

FRANCIS LYNCH—Enlisted August 30, 1864, 50th N. Y. Engineers. Discharged June 13, 1865. Died May 19, 1901.

CHESTER M. RICHARDS—Enlisted February 14th, 1864, 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery. Discharged July 17, 1865. Died 1892.

MILTON HURLBURT—Enlisted June 1, 1864, 8th N. Y. Artillery. Discharged 1865. Living at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

W. B. HUTTON—Enlisted Sept. 8, 1861, 5th N. Y. Cavalry. Discharged November 20, 1864.

GIDEON JENKINS—Enlisted May, 1861, 17th N. Y. Infantry. Discharged November, 1861.

JASON JOHNSON—Enlisted May, 1861, 17th N. Y., Infantry. Died at Alexandria.

ALEXANDER MURRAY—Enlisted 1860, U. S. Battleship Cumberland. Discharged 1863.

WILSON AGAR—Enlisted September 16, 1861, 12th Illinois Cavalry. Re-enlisted on the field February 28, 1864. Finally discharged May 29, 1866, at Houston, Texas.

HENRY BIXBY—Enlisted September 4, 1863, 76th Pennsylvania. Discharged May 24, 1865.

LUTHER SPENCER—Enlisted July 21, 1862, 8th N. Y. Artillery. Discharged June 21, 1865.

L. DUANE MAPES—Enlisted December 2, 1863, 8th N. Y. Heavy Artillery. Discharged May 12, 1864. Died February 9, 1890 at Warsaw.

EUGENE EDSON—Enlisted May 18, 1861, 17th N. Y. Infantry.

PAUL P. DRAPER—Enlisted August, 1862, 1st N. Y. Dragoons. Discharged June 30, 1865.

FRANK H. JOHNSON—Enlisted May 1861, 17th N. Y. Infantry. Served two years. Died in Warsaw, March 13, 1899.

EDWARD E. LEMON—Enlisted October, 1861, 9th N. Y. Cavalry. Discharged April 10, 1862. Died at Warsaw.

AUGUSTUS PARKER—Enlisted September 1861, 9th N. Y. Cavalry. Discharged April 8, 1862. Living in the West.

WILBUR SNYDER—Enlisted May, 1861. 17th N. Y. Infantry. Died at Alexandria, Virginia.

J. A. STOWE—Enlisted August, 1862. 136th N. Y. Infantry. Discharged, May, 1865.

ALFRED HOYT—Enlisted December 29, 1863. 8th N. Y. Artillery. Discharged June 18, 1865. Living in Kansas.

H. W. BURLINGAME—Enlisted October 10, 1861. Wadsworth Guards, 104th Regiment, N. Y. Infantry. Re-enlisted on the field February 28, 1864. Discharged July 29, 1865.

EDGAR A. DAY—Enlisted June 6, 1862. 1st N. Y. Dragoons. Discharged July 5, 1865. Died August 28, 1894.

JOHN DUGGAN—Enlisted May 7, 1861. 21st Infantry. Re-enlisted February 24, 1864. 1st N. Y. Dragoons. Discharged June 30, 1865. Died September 6, 1876.

CHARLES H. CROCKER—Enlisted August 11, 1862. 1st N. Y. Dragoons. Discharged June 30, 1865.

CLINTON PAUL—Enlisted April 1861. 83d N. Y. Discharged July 11, 1863.

EARL THOMPSON—Enlisted March 31, 1864. 4th Wisconsin Cavalry. Discharged August 22, 1865.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Sermon by Rev. H. E. Gurney, Sunday, June 28, 1903

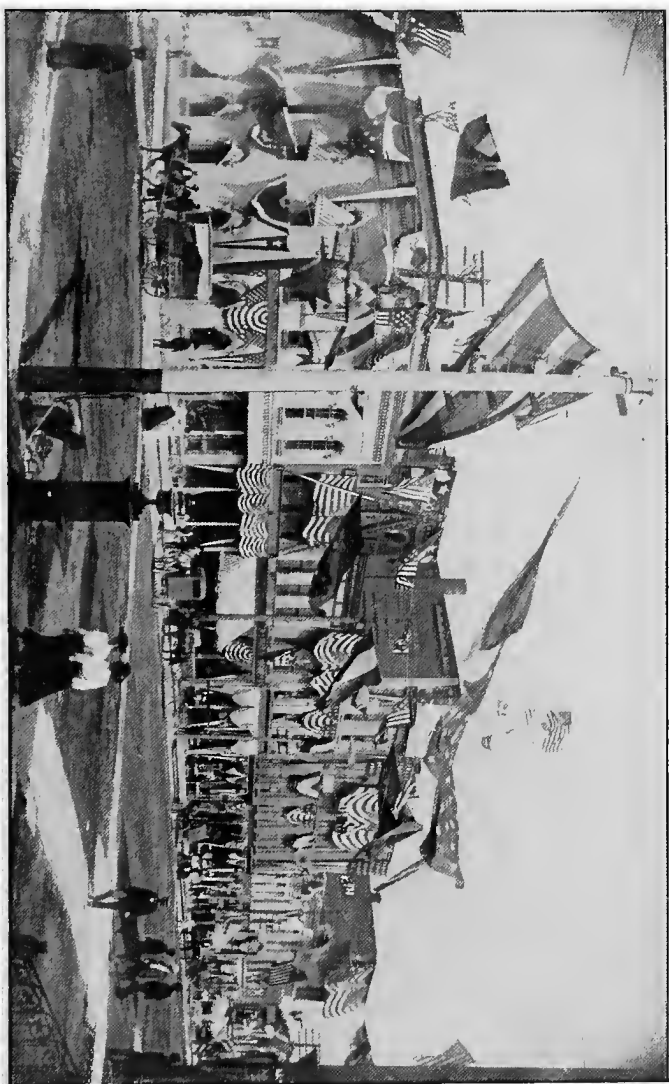
"One Generation Shall Praise Thy Works to Another."
Psalms 145-4.

Ever since God's chosen people were disciplined into a nation at the foot of Mount Sinai; ever since laws were given for their direction and control, there have been feasts, jubilees, memorials, and "set times," when important events have been commemorated, and this same spirit has come down through the ages, until today Nations, States, Counties, Towns, Communities, and Families are pleased to keep alive the memory of those events that have touched their life, and thus "One generation shall praise thy works to another."

The celebration upon which we enter this day, is to be one of cordial greetings, mutual congratulations, the renewing and extending of acquaintance and friendship, a real feast of pleasure, in short a "joy forever." Yet the promoters of this celebration, which commemorates the first settlement of the town of Warsaw, have had in mind the emphasizing of those historical incidents, personal, civic and religious, that when your children shall ask their fathers, in time to come, what mean these things, the records of this Centennial anniversary will contribute to the answer; and to this end the Congregational Church of Warsaw is pleased to add its quota, by furnishing a brief historical sketch of its career.

In preparing this sketch, I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to my predecessor, the Rev. W. A. Hobbs, for his kindness in furnishing so many of the historical facts and incidents, as related by him at the Semi-Centennial celebration of the church in 1890.

I appreciate the delicacy and difficulty of my task; to write the history of an individual life is difficult, but to write a satisfactory history of a church, composed



WARSAW EN FETE

of many individuals, is all but impossible, for it must needs be a story of the acts of men and women, laboring together with God, for the extension of His most blessed and glorious kingdom among men.

In order to make this necessarily brief outline as complete as possible, I must go back of the date of the organization of this church, to within five years of the settlement of Warsaw, namely, the year 1808, which year was the "Bethlehem" of Congregationalism in Warsaw, while the year 1840 was its "Nazareth".

July 14, 1808 "The First Congregational Church of Warsaw" was organized with ten members, and thus as a denomination we go back to the beginning of church organization in this region, for this was the first church organized upon the Holland Purchase. Five years later this "little flock in the wilderness" became incorporated under the name of the "Warsaw Union Society" and continued so for nearly two decades, "walking in the fear of the Lord." In the early days of our history a union church was not an unusual thing. Presbyterianism and Congregationalism have ever sustained intimate relations with each other; with slight modifications their confessions of faith have been similar. In the main, their differences have been those of polity, rather than doctrine.

The Congregationalists were early in New England, and at the beginning of the last century were a numerous body. The Presbyterians were occupying the eastern portions of New York and Pennsylvania and the State of New Jersey. In those early days it was thought that generations would come and go before Western New York would be other than missionary territory, and for the most successful prosecution of missionary work therein, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists entered into a "plan of union" in 1801. The plan was wise, unselfish, eminently christian, and continued for more than fifty years. During this period, however, the Congregationalists lost many churches by the process of absorption.

There was nothing uncommon in the condition of things in the pioneer church in Warsaw; it simply went the way of many others, that were originally Congregational, and in 1829 became wholly identified with the Presbyte-

rians, and it might have continued as one body to this day, had not two causes arisen to divide the membership. The chief one was the doctrinal controversy between those known as the old and the new school men. It was a controversial age, the spirit of argument was in the air, but this controversy did not array Presbyterians and Congregationalists against each other, it affected members of both denominations, so that Presbyterians and Congregationalists were disputing with Congregationalists and Presbyterians. The other cause was one of inheritance. A considerable number of the members were descendants of New England Congregationalists, and it was not unnatural that they should prefer the polity of their fathers, so the time came when thirty-nine of the members believing that the best way to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" was in separation, made requests for dismissal with the view of organizing another church, which organization was effected February 16, 1840, in a small building used as a school room, then standing over the old mill race on the south side of Buffalo Street, a little west of the present Post Office block.

At the meeting for organization the Rev. Samuel Griswold of Perry Center was chosen moderator, and thirty-four persons constituted the new church, as follows: Joshua H. Darling, Peter Young, Ferdinand C. D. McKay, William F. Woodward, Isaac C. Bronson, Levi L. Martin, Henry Woodward, Willard Chapin, Robert Barnett, Lewis E. Walker, Robert Chapin, Arthur Kinney, Mrs. Abigail Walker, Mrs. L. Adelia Young, Mrs. Charlotte Woodward, Mrs. Lucretia Darling, Miss Adeline Sheldon, Miss Caroline C. Sheldon, Mrs. Lucia Darling, Mrs. Anna Woodward, Miss Roxie Rice, Miss Charlotte Woodward, Miss Marie Woodward, Miss Calista Bronson, Miss Mary Walker, Miss Rebecca Chapin, Mrs. Anna Kinney, Mrs. Polly Luce, Mrs. Margaret Fiero, Mrs. Charlotte T. Sheldon; of these many "are fallen asleep". In fact, but two are now living; Deacon L. E. Walker and Mrs. Mary Walker Cowgill.

The first pastor was the Rev. Huntington Lyman, who became a nonagenarian.

The first Deacons were Ezra Walker (one of the original members of the church organized in 1808) and Peter

Young. These two men, one as superintendent, the other as clerk, organized the first Sunday School in Warsaw, in June, 1817, in a log school house, two miles west of the village. In 1819 it was transferred to the village and connected with the church. This Sunday School, at the time of the separation, came out with the new church, and therefore, the Sunday School connected with the Congregational Church of Warsaw today is the first Sunday School established in Warsaw.

Asa Mahan, the first president of Oberlin College was a pupil in this Sunday School.

Following the New England custom, a society was organized in connection with the church, April 21, 1840, of which J. H. Darling, Henry Woodward and Charles J. Judd were the first trustees, and Mr. Judd the first clerk.

The name adopted by the new church was simply "The Church of Warsaw", but four years later it assumed the name "Congregational"; with slight modifications the creed of the Chenango Presbytery of 1833 was adopted. An examination of this creed reveals the fact that the present confession of faith, and covenant of the church, differ but slightly from it in matters of doctrine; although in 1858, under the supervision of the Rev. E. E. Williams, a revision was made for the purpose of giving it better and happier expression.

For about three years the church was associated with the Genesee County Societies, then for a few years it was unassociated, but since the first ten years it has been regularly associated with Congregational bodies.

The first ten years was a period of self-sacrificing toil, amid much opposition, but it would seem that the Lord's "Fear not little flock" was ever a source of strength *for*, and courage *in* duty, resulting in increased membership and material prosperity.

For a few months the little church worshipped in the small building, in which it was organized; but early in the spring of 1840, the lot now occupied was purchased; a bee was made to remove the tall poplar trees, that had stood for years as stately sentinels, guarding the spot.

"Arise and Build" was the next admonition heeded,

and soon the lecture room of the new building was ready for occupancy; it was used as a place of worship while as yet unplastered. The dimensions of the new building were 36 by 45 feet, and its cost, including the lot, a little less than three thousand dollars. It was finished within a year from the organization of the church, being dedicated January 13, 1841, the Rev. Mr. Ward of Bergen, preaching the dedicatory sermon. The old church building, now known as "The Bee Hive," stands on East Buffalo Street, just east of the Town Hall, and the lecture room has been transformed into a dwelling house, located on Fargo Street.

During the first ten years the church had five pastors, and at least one temporary supply. Early in its life the church took on the various forms of church activity, a prayer meeting being established at once, and a Sunday School as already stated, in 1819; later an Aid Society, and a Mothers' Meeting came into existence. The Sunday School met at 9 a. m., worship and preaching at 10:30 a. m., an intermission of two hours, which was followed by another sermon, and still another sermon at 7:30 in the evening.

The pastors during the first decade were Rev. Huntington Lyman, Rev. L. P. Judson, Rev. R. H. Conklin, Rev. P. H. Myers, Rev. Corbin Kidder, and the Rev. M. T. Yeomans a temporary supply. Of these none are living today.

The Rev. Zachary Eddy becoming pastor September 15, 1850, continued as such for five years. He found a church of one hundred members, and during his pastorate the membership doubled, and the house of worship was twice enlarged.

In 1850 the first pipe organ was obtained and the church life was strong and vigorous. Dr. Eddy was succeeded by the Rev. T. S. Reeves and the Rev. James Vincent, each remaining but a few months. Then followed one of those remarkable experiences common to many churches. The year 1857 may be known as the "year of candidating;" during that year eighteen different ministers occupied the pulpit on thirty-six Sabbaths, Mr. L. A. Hayward read sermons on thirteen Sabbaths, Mr. E. E. Farman on

two Sabbaths and Mr. Seth M. Gates on one Sabbath. This severe "testing" time proved to be but the forerunner of the blessed and fruitful pastorate of the Rev. E. E. Williams, which began in December 1857 and closed in November 1872, and which has the distinguished honor of being the longest in the history of the church, resulting in much spiritual growth, increased membership, and marked material advancement; it was during this period that the present commodious house of worship was erected.

For many years the forms and hours of worship remained the same, but in 1869 the afternoon service was abandoned, and the Sunday School met at noon; from that time the hours of service have remained as at present, the form of worship undergoing slight changes from time to time.

The spirit of individual responsibility and of personal work was not lacking, for we find by the report of 1861 that Mr. Woodward conducted a Sunday School near Mr. Asher Kinney's, Mr. Moses Osgood one at South Warsaw and Mr. A. B. Lawrence, one at Halls Corners. This report of 1861 was not an isolated one, for many others were like unto it, for in later years Mr. W. A. Walker organized and for many years superintended a Sunday School at Saltvale.

Many fruitful revivals occurred in the experience of the church; the most notable ones are as follows: Under Mr. Eddy, assisted by Dr. Heacock in 1852, 43 additions; under Mr. Eddy in 1854, forty additions; under Mr. Williams in 1865, sixty-three were added, and under Mr. Williams in 1866, sixty-one were added; under Mr. Williams in 1870, forty-one were added; under Mr. Pierce in 1886, thirty-six were added, and at the close of the pastorate of Mr. Hobbs, in the union revival, conducted by the Rev. E. E. Davidson, forty-four were added.

The church from its beginning took radical ground upon the question of slavery; in 1851 a declaration was made upon the subject, condemning in the most emphatic language, not only slavery itself, but every form of alliance with it. Thirty-three men went out from the Congregation to defend the Union, many of whom never returned.

The funeral of the brave and gifted Asa B. Merrill

was the first soldier's funeral in the village, and was held in this church. After the war several teachers went from here to the South, laboring under the American Missionary Association; among them was Miss Mary S. Williams, who afterwards became a missionary under the American Board, going out in 1871.

Most of the fathers are now in the "Church Triumphant," a few only are waiting for the summons "Come Home." Of these men of God we mention the following: Ezra Walker, Peter Young, Stephen Hurd, Isaac V. Matthews, Charles J. Judd, Joshua H. Darling, Hanover Bradley, Horace Thayer, Eli Merrill, Seth M. Gates.

Among the family names that re-call the earliest days of the church are Woodward, McKay, Fargo, Merrill, Pierson, Humphrey, Martin, Sheldon, Bronson, Walker.

Time will not permit me to speak of all the men and women worthy of mention in this sketch, still, it is especially interesting to recall the names of some of those who having served their own generation, by the will of God, are now "fallen asleep:"

Deacon Ezra Walker, with bent form, and whitened hair when the church was formed, the faithful, devoted, loving, Deacon Young; J. H. Darling, tall, erect, faithful, wise, unassuming, generous, "A doer of the word and not a hearer only;" Deacon Judd, slender, dark-haired, learned, a teacher, and influential with the young; Seth M. Gates, of strong convictions, courageous, cultured; Hanover Bradley, quiet, methodical, persevering; L. A. Hayward, a wise counselor, zealous, faithful; Mavor Martin, L. L. Martin, Jeremiah Lamberson, Elisha S. Hillman, B. F. Fargo, and many others, all "fervent in Spirit, serving the Lord." Lester Hayden Humphrey, energetic, punctual, efficient, a leader, and always diligent in the business of the church; Simeon D. Lewis, (whose recent death is greatly mourned by the church) capable, careful, conservative, a wise and safe counselor, an upright man.

In connection with the Society the name of Mr. Wolcott J. Humphrey is perhaps the most prominent; a man unostentatious, straight-forward, frank, generous, genial, courageous, companionable, a lover of truth, and righteousness, a

man whose daily answered prayer seemed to be: "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, Oh Lord."

It was owing to the wise counsel, untiring labor, and generous gifts of J. H. Darling, Seth M. Gates and Wolcott J. Humphrey that the present house of worship was begun in 1866 and completed in 1867, "the people also having a mind to work." The pipe organ was the gift of Mr. Darling. In 1886, during the pastorate of the Rev. A. F. Pierce, a lot was procured, and upon it was built an attractive and commodious parsonage, costing about four thousand dollars. The church was re-modeled in 1891, during the pastorate of Rev. W. A. Hobbs, when the seats were arranged as at present; but it remained for this Centennial year to add the chancel, repair and enlarge the organ, and bring it from where it had remained for nearly four decades to its present place, thus greatly improving the appearance of the auditorium.

The church has always believed in, and encouraged education, and can justly boast of a long list of college graduates from among its members, past and present. Of its members, George W. Walker, J. L. Barlow, J. A. McKay, Levi Spencer, and John M. Merrill have become ministers of the gospel; E. E. Farman has received the honorary degree of LL. D. and has honorably filled several important Government positions; Merrill E. Gates has become a P. H. D., an LL. D., an L. H. D., a college president and is at present Secretary United States Board of Indian Commissioners. L. H. Humphrey became a member of the Senate of the State of New York; W. H. Merrill is a gifted and distinguished editor. Chas. D. Seely is a professor in the State Normal School at Brockport, N. Y. I know not how many teachers, lawyers, editors, physicians and honorable men of affairs this church has furnished the world, and to-day we are proud of our young men and women who are away at school, and are soon to fill responsible positions with credit to themselves and the church.

The church has had thirteen pastors, besides four temporary supplies. Since the close of the pastorate of E. E. Williams in 1872, the pastors have been H. F. Dudley, A. F. Pierce, W. A. Hobbs and H. E. Gurney, Mr. Dudley is the only pastor who died while here.

There have been thirty-six deacons, eighteen of whom are still living. The present Board of Deacons is composed of the following; L. E. Walker, chairman; A. B. Bishop, W. R. Bathrick, Martin Munger, George Z. Goodale, George M. Lawrence, S. W. Lamberson, Horace L. Martin. The Sunday School has had nine superintendents; F. C. D. McKay, C. J. Judd, L. A. Hayward, S. M. Gates, S. D. Lewis, L. H. Humphrey, W. A. Walker, W. R. Bathrick, M. B. Hale. The present Board of Trustees is composed of the following; E. E. Farman, chairman; A. P. Gage, H. R. Bristol. W. J. Humphrey, E. E. Rowe, the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. S. D. Lewis being still unfilled.

Mr. Cornelius Bradley has been the efficient and painstaking clerk for more than twenty-seven years; Mr. Charles Cuthbert has been its sexton for more than a generation, having served in that capacity for thirty-four consecutive years.

It is with commendable pride we speak of one of our members, the Rev. D. Z. Sheffield, one of the most valuable, learned, diplomatic and consecrated missionaries of the American Board. Mr. Sheffield for a number of years has been connected with missionary and educational work in China.

What shall I say of the women "who labored in the Gospel, whose names are in the Book of Life?"

The family names already mentioned suggest "not a few Honorable Women," prayerful, patient, persevering, faithful, and full of faith, "Kings daughters" in very truth, to whom much of the success of the early work of the church is due. Among the many of later times "Holy women also, who trusted in God." and who are now "In the presence of His glory," I may mention Mrs. L. A. Hayward, Mrs. A. P. Gage, Mrs. John Matthews, Mrs. S. B. Humphrey, Mrs. E. C. Shattuck, Mrs. Lester Hayden Humphrey, Mrs. Chauncey C. Gates, Mrs. W. A. Walker. It may be said of this church in all its history, past and present, "The Lord giveth the word, the women that publish it are a great host."

During the existence of the church, upwards of twelve hundred have been received into membership. Who can

measure the influence of these lives. It will only be known when "The books are opened." Four hundred and fifty names are at present upon the roll.

"And what I shall more say, for the time will fail me to tell of those who through faith wrought righteousness, obtained promises, from weakness were made strong."

I close this historical sketch of the Congregational Church of Warsaw, knowing that he whose privilege it may be to make a similar one at the time of the celebration of Warsaw's Bi-centennial, will so prepare it, that all who hear it, and all who read it, will bear the same testimony, that was given at the nineteenth anniversary in 1859, at the twenty-fifth anniversary in 1865, at the fiftieth anniversary in 1890, and given upon the present occasion, namely, "Glorious things of thee are spoken," and "One generation shall praise thy works to another." And may "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Amen.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

History Written by Rev. A. S. Cole. Read by
Rev. E. G. Gilbert, June 28, 1903

The First Baptist Church of Warsaw, as it is now called, was organized Nov. 25, 1810, by Elder David Irish, a pastor in Cayuga County, while on one of his preaching tours. It consisted of the following eighteen (another authority says fourteen) members: Joseph Porter and wife, Josiah Boardman and wife and daughter, Noah Wiseman, John Truesdell, Levi Stearns, Hannah Stearns, John Brown, William Brown, Miriam Brown, Levi Rice, Hannah Rice, Jeremiah Truesdell, Elijah Hammond, Rhoda Reed and Joanna Beardsley. Middlebury being then a part of Warsaw, and a Baptist church having been formed there, this church was first known, though only for a few years, as the second Baptist Church of Warsaw. Joseph Porter was the first deacon, chosen in April, 1811, and Jeremiah Irons the first pastor engaged in the autumn of 1811. The church was born in a revival. During the first few months of its history, at least twenty-eight were baptized, so that at the end of its first year the church numbered forty-nine members.

In 1828 the church was incorporated under the name of the "Baptist Church and Society in Warsaw." The meeting for incorporation was held June 9, 1828, and the certificate was filed in the office of the county clerk at Batavia on July 7, 1828. The first trustees, elected at the meeting for incorporation, were David Fargo, Samuel Salisbury and Seth Higgins.

The church joined the Holland Purchase Association in 1812, when its name appears in the first published minutes of that organization. In that year it reported forty-four members, and Joseph Porter was the delegate.

The next year three delegates are mentioned, Elders William Pattison and Jabez Boomer, and Elijah Hammond. Other delegates whose names are recorded in

these early years are William Wiseman, Nehemiah Fargo, Aaron Lyon, David Fargo, Shubel Reynolds, and Jonathan F. Hibbard. Other prominent names, found in the early minutes of the church, are Samuel Salisbury, John Truesdell, Sylvanus Hawley, Seth Higgins, and John Windsor, the last being elected treasurer of the Church and Society 1833. In 1827 the church withdrew from the Holland Purchase Association, and the next year joined the Genesee Association, with which it is still connected.

On September 15, 1827, the following members were dismissed to form a Baptist church in Gainesville: William Wiseman, William Devoe, Noah Wiseman, Dennis Wiseman, Warren Thorp, William Pattison, Susau Parker, Lydia Thorp, Lucy Pattison, Sally Pattison, Polly Wiseman, Ann Stocker, Thankful Page, Sally Ann Wright, Susanna Barber, Sally Stocking, Mary Ann Wiseman, Sally Munger. This church was recognized on October 6, 1827, but has since become extinct.

An interesting item in regard to the pastor's salary is found in the church minutes under date of January 19, 1828, and reads as follows: "Voted to give Elder Bernard a call to preach with us two-thirds of the time for one year to commence next May, 1828, and to give him for his services, two hundred dollars and find his firewood. It was a unanimous vote."

At first the church met for worship in barns and school houses, John Truesdell's barn being a frequent and favorite place of meeting. A Union Society had been organized, and in 1817 "A house of worship was erected in the village, principally by the joint efforts of the Baptists and Presbyterians. It was only inclosed, however, and could be occupied only in the summer season. In March, 1819, the Baptists sold out their interest to the Presbyterians, by whom it was finished in the spring of 1821." (Young's History of Warsaw). In 1828, while Elder David Bernard was pastor, the Baptist church erected its first meeting house on what is now the west side of the cemetery. This was used until 1842, when it was sold, torn down, and built over again into a dwelling house, which still stands on North Main Street near the Methodist church. In 1842 the second house of

worship was erected in the village on the site of the present church building. This was extensively repaired in 1880 at a cost of nearly \$1,400, and was re-dedicated on December 30th of that year. In 1889 the building was sold and removed and the present beautiful brick structure erected on the same site at a cost of \$13,675, including furnishings. The corner stone was laid on July 16, 1889, and the service of dedication was held on February 26, 1890.

It may here be added that in 1873 the parsonage on Grove street was purchased.

The church was not without its serious problems in the early years of its history. One of these is seen in the following question addressed by the church to the Holland Purchase Association at its meeting in Middlebury in 1823: "Suppose a brother declare his belief in universal salvation or restoration; what course shall the church take with him? Shall he be excluded, and what shall his crime be called?" And this is the answer of the Association: "They shall choose a committee of well informed brethren to labor with him. Should he not be gained, he must be excluded for embracing heresy or false doctrine."

Equal suffrage was another question of some importance in the early history. The minutes of January 1, 1830, contain this record: "The case of the sisters voting in the church decided unanimously. See paper on file. Sisters no authority, no right to vote, but should be called on after the brethren." The church seems soon to have been ashamed of this resolution, for in the minutes of April 3, 1830, we read: "Resolved to destroy a decision of the church left on file in relation to the sisters voting." And the question was finally settled on October 23, 1830, under which date this record appears: "The subject of respecting sisters voting was brought forward and resolved that each member enjoy their privilege." This ungrammatical sentence is the Magna Charta of the women of Warsaw Baptist Church, the only guarantee so far as the official records show, of their right to vote in church meeting.

The attitude of the church on the slavery question may be judged from the fact that a record states that

on April 22, 1854, an offering was made to aid fugitive slaves. The church thus owned some shares in the "under-ground railroad."

But by far the most serious question which agitated the church in the early years of its history was that concerning secret societies, and this was a problem common to all churches at that time. In 1827 the church passed a resolution against Free Masonry and made it one of the Articles of Faith. In the same year it withdrew from the Holland Purchase Association because that body did not take a radical attitude on the question of secret societies. From time to time the problem re-appeared, and was finally settled by the following resolutions passed on September 19, 1859: "In view of the troubles that have agitated this church for the past few months in regard to the matter of her members being connected with secret societies, we feel where so great a variety of opinion prevails (and which in the exercise of Christian charity we are bound to believe conscientious on all sides), that it is not best for us as a church to express any opinion in this matter either sanctioning or condemning those who are now already connected with such societies, but to leave them free to act as their own consciences shall dictate to be for the best interests of Zion. But as it must be conceded by all that this is a very fertile source of trouble and discussion, in this light we kindly advise those who are now connected with such societies to withdraw from them, or at least if they do continue to hold their connection, to endeavor that it shall be in such a manner that it shall not offend those who think differently; and we feel called upon to say very emphatically to all who are now disconnected that we think it is their duty not to entangle themselves with any such alliance, and also to advise all parties to very carefully avoid all discussion upon, or tending to lead to this subject, so that peace may be restored to the church." These resolutions, though not as liberal as the Christian sentiment of the present time when the controversy is a thing of the past, are, nevertheless, wonderfully broad in spirit when we consider how high the feeling ran and how acute the discussion was. This church thus practically settled the

matter long before many other churches were out of the controversy, and individual prejudice gradually disappeared in succeeding years.

Beginning with eighteen members in 1810, the church increased in numbers with great regularity until in 1843 it had 219 members, having at that time, it is claimed, the largest membership of any church in Warsaw. It then began to decrease steadily in numbers, the tide being occasionally turned for a year or so by a revival, until in 1868 there were only 89 members. Since that time there has been an almost uninterrupted growth, the membership reaching the highest point in 1900, when there were 301 members on the church roll. The records show that considerably over 700 persons have been received into the church by profession of faith and baptism. Including those who have joined by letter or otherwise, about 1500 persons in all have been received into the membership of the church during its history. There have been special seasons of revivals in the years 1810-11, 1820, 1831, 1842-43, 1853, 1857-58, 1870, 1876, 1887-88, and 1899. It is interesting to note that these times of spiritual activity and power have occurred on an average once in ten years.

The church has always been especially interested in missionary work. So far as its records show, and they are by no means complete, over \$7,200, have been given for missions and other objects of benevolence. There is a record of a missionary meeting on October 24, 1833, at which a native Burman was present and an address was given by one who was about to start for Burmah as a missionary. The record concludes as follows: "At the close a collection was taken in which was contributed between 16 and 17 dollars besides some shawls ["shawls" probably meant], rings, etc., which [were] given to Eld. Dean to help bear him away to the Burman Empire as an ambassador of Christ." This church has also sent some of its own number to the mission field. Mrs. Juliet Pattison Binney, daughter of Rev. William Pattison, one of the pastors of the church, and wife of Rev. Joseph Getchell Binney, D. D., was for many years a missionary in Burmah. Dr. Binney organized the educational

work for the Karens, and was at the head of a school in Maulmain, afterwards removed to Rangoon, Burmah. More than three hundred Karen ministers were educated by him, and he also did much work in translating and publishing books in the Karen language. In all this work as missionary, teacher and translator, Dr. Binney was ably assisted by his faithful wife. Dr. Binney died on November 26, 1877, on his return voyage to Burmah after a short visit to this country for his health and was buried in the Indian Ocean. Mrs. Binney died on May 18, 1884, at Rangoon, Burmah. Another member of the church who became a missionary was Mrs. Sarah Griffith Mosier. She left Warsaw for India in October, 1890, and on December 8th of that year was married to Rev. L. H. Mosier of Mandelay, Burmah. Her work was cut short by her death in Burmah on June 26, 1891.

Turning to other lines of service, this church has sent out two college presidents. Rev. Robert E. Pattison, D. D., was baptized into the membership of the church when a young man. He studied at Amherst College, and stood second in a class of forty. As pastor, professor and college president, he attained a position of great prominence in the Baptist denomination. He was the author of a "Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians." He died in 1874 at the residence of his eldest son, in St. Louis. The Hon. James R. Doolittle, LL. D., was for a number of years a member of this church, which he joined by baptism. In 1851, he removed to Racine, Wisconsin, and later served for two terms as United States senator from that state. He was for a succession of years a professor in the law school, and for one year president of the old University of Chicago.

In its ninety-three years of existence, the church has had thirty-five pastors, whose names are as follows: Jeremiah Irons, David Hurlburt, Jabez Boomer, William Pattison, Leonard Anson, Anson Tuthill, David Bernard, Peter Freeman, Abraham Ennis, G. V. Walling, Joseph Elliott, B. Wilcox, Hiram K. Stimson, Judah L. Richmond, A. C. Barrell, Hogarth Leavenworth, W. C. Hubbard, Philander Shedd, Howell Smith, William Cormac, J. B.

Pitman, Samuel Hough, Wheeler I. Crane, Abner Morrill, Alphonso C. Williams, Cyrus M. Booth, B. H. Damon, Jirah B. Ewell, Francis Sherer, James J. Townsend, Henry H. Emmett, Otis A. Dike, Oscar R. McKay, Arthur S. Cole, Ellis Gilbert. Of these pastors it is interesting to note that Elders Jabez Boomer and William Pattison were among the early settlers in Warsaw or its vicinity. The former was here ordained to the gospel ministry on August 29th, 1816. Elder H. K. Stimson served the church twice as pastor. The average length of pastorate has been about two years and three months. The longest pastorate was that of Rev. O. R. McKay, who served the church six years and five months.

The church has had twenty-five deacons, whose names, in the order of their election to office, are as follows: Joseph Porter, Elijah Hammond, William Wiseman, Jonathan F. Hibbard, Samuel Salisbury, Abial Lathrop, David Fargo, Broughton W. Crane, John Starks, Samuel L. Keeney, Simeon Holton, Calvin T. Bryant, Jacob J. Brininstool, Lucius Austin, Dorson C. Bentley, Austin Lane, Charles Cheney, Benjamin Roberts, Andrew J. Sayer, George W. Bradley, Fred A. Merchant, Samuel J. Munger, Frank H. Roberts, George W. Perrine, Hezekiah S. Fargo. Allen Fargo was two or three times elected deacon by the church, but declined to serve. Five of the deacons served the church for more than twenty years, as follows: Broughton W. Crane, 43 years, from 1834 to 1877; Calvin T. Bryant, 33 years, from 1869 to 1902; Simeon Holton, 27 years and 7 months, from 1857 to 1885; Jonathan F. Hibbard, 25 years and 3 months, from 1827 to 1853; and Samuel Salisbury, about 30 years as nearly as can be ascertained, though divided into two terms of service. Next in length of service come J. J. Brininstool, who held office 18 years and 3 months, and the present senior deacon of the church, Andrew J. Sayer, the eighteenth anniversary of whose election to the office of deacon comes on October 3d of the present year, 1903.

This history has been compiled principally from the following sources:

Church minutes from 1827 to 1834, and from 1847 to 1903.

Certificate of Incorporation.

Minutes of Holland Purchase Association from 1812 to 1827.

Minutes of Genesee Association from 1828 to 1902.

History of the church by Rev. Abner Morrill, in minutes of Genesee Baptist Association for 1867.

History of Warsaw, by A. W. Young.

The Baptist Encyclopedia, edited by William Cathcart, D. D.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Sermon by Rev. H. S. Gately, Sunday, June 28, 1903

Ephesians 2:19, 20, 21: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."

To-day we begin to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of our town. It is most proper that this celebration should begin on the Lord's day, and with appropriate sermons in the churches of the village; for the Christian religion has been the most potent influence at work in the growth and development of a village in the valley of the Oatka.

Now we, who are known as Trinity Church, a parish of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, have had a part in the religious life of Warsaw during these one hundred years. It is my purpose this morning to speak to you of the history of the work of our church during that period. The first questions that confront us are: What are we and where did we come from. The answer to both of these questions is part of the text; "Fellow-citizens with the saints of the household of God" and "Founded upon the apostles and prophets." We use the word "saints" with its New Testament meaning, which was the same as our modern term church member. The saints were those who had been separated from the world by being baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are then fellow-citizens with all men, everywhere, who have been baptized with water in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. We acknowledge God as Our Father and we are His children and therefore look upon ourselves not only as "fellow-citizens with saints," but also "of the household of God."

As to whence we came, we answer again in the words of the text: "Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets." The Apostles and their associates founded a church at Jerusalem, which spread through Judea, to Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the world. We believe that the definite organization which grew up under the hands of the last of the Apostles has been preserved down through the ages which followed, until it planted its standards in this new land, and took its part in the spiritual building up of the nation.

The "Parish of Trinity Church, in the village of Warsaw," was organized May 12, 1852. The germ of this organization, however, was planted at a much earlier date, and its friends had been for many years favored, for short periods, with the services of ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. Richard Salmon, missionary at Geneseo, in his report to the New York Convention of 1826, wrote that he was engaged for the ensuing year conditionally to preach at Wethersfield and Warsaw alternately, for one-half the time. To the Convention of 1828, he reported that he had moved to Warsaw, the center of the station; that he had here given nineteen Sundays and thirty-two lectures; that the service was performed with great zeal and propriety; and that several additions had been made to the communicants. In September, 1828, Bishop Hobart confirmed six persons. In 1829, Rev. Mr. Salmon, who appears to have moved to Medina, reported to the Convention, "That the congregation at Warsaw, and also those at Wethersfield and Sheldon, notwithstanding their destitute circumstances during the past year, are evidently flourishing; and the labors of a Missionary would unquestionably be greatly blessed." He wrote also that the Sabbath School at Warsaw, formed during his location there, of about twenty-five scholars, had been increased to an average attendance of between eighty and ninety. Being again missionary at Warsaw, he reported to the Convention of 1831, that during the thirteen months past, he had "officiated half the time at Warsaw, quarter at Sheldon, and a quarter at Wethersfield; and occasionally on Sunday evenings and on week days at Wyoming. Bishop Onderdonk, in August 1832, visited Warsaw, baptized one adult, and confirmed eleven."

Rev. Alexander Fraser, missionary at Warsaw, reported to the Convention of 1834: "When I came to Warsaw, I found it to be the day of small and feeble things indeed. * * * * I have labored the greater part of the time at Warsaw. The congregations are good, and the prospects of the church are more pleasing than at any former period." To the convention of 1835, Rev. Isaac Garvin reported that he had labored at Warsaw half the time, and divided the rest between Wethersfield and Aurora.

The Rev. Henry Tullidge, missionary at Wethersfield reported to the Convention of 1839: "I have occasionally preached a third service at Warsaw. I have preached at Warsaw several times in the Methodist and Presbyterian houses to very respectable congregations. * * * * I am not without hope that the church may again be revived there. There are still remaining some who love the Church, and would do all in their power for its support. In 1843, Bishop DeLancey preached one Sabbath in the Baptist house of worship and baptized one child."

We now come to the organization of the Society under its present title.

On the 12th of May, 1852, in pursuance of a notice previously given on two successive Sabbaths, the following named persons incorporated themselves under the act of the legislature as a religious society, to be known in law by the name and title of "The Rector, Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church in the Town of Warsaw in the County of Wyoming," John A. McElwain, John G. Meachem, Noble Morris, Ransom S. Watson, Nehemiah Park, Jr., Richard M. Tunks, Alonzo W. Wood, Charles W. Bailey. The Rev. A. D. Benedict, rector of the church and congregation, was called to the Chair, and Charles W. Bailey was appointed secretary. The meeting then proceeded to elect two Church Wardens and eight vestrymen, John A. McElwain and John G. Meachem were elected Church Wardens, and Alonzo W. Wood, Nehemiah Park, Jr., Linus W. Thayer, Noble Morris, Ransom S. Watson, Charles W. Bailey, Richard M. Tunks and Abel Webster were elected Church Vestrymen.

Mr. Noble Morris is worshipping with us this morning to commemorate that event.

A certificate of incorporation having been prepared, it was signed by the officers of the meeting, and caused to be recorded. In June, 1853, at a meeting of the Vestry, it was voted that a lot be purchased for a house of worship, and a building committee was appointed, consisting of John G. Meachem, N. Park and A. W. Wood.

On Tuesday, August 18, 1853, the corner stone of the new church building was laid. The Rev. Dr. Bolles of Batavia delivered the address. The articles in the box placed in the corner stone were, the record of the organization of the parish, the names of the Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen and of the builder; the last number of each of our village papers, a copy of the Gospel Messenger, one of the Diocesan Journal, a Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

On Ascension Day, May 25, 1854, in the morning, the building was in due form consecrated "to the worship and service of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, by the name of Trinity Church." The Rt. Rev. William H. DeLancey, D. D., first Bishop of Western New York, read the Office of Consecration and preached the sermon. In the evening he preached again and confirmed six persons; Charles Henshaw, William G. Meachem, Mrs. Maria Mowry, Mrs. Jane Andrews, Miss Sophia Sutherland and Miss Amelia J. Barber.

In March, 1864, by the will of the late Mrs. Laura S. Watson, the church came into possession of a house and lot, to be held as a parsonage, "so long as the church shall remain an organized body and shall have a regularly established rector or clergyman therein."

Since the date of the present organization, Rev. A. D. Benedict had the pastoral charge of the church, from May 12th, 1852, until April, 1855.

Rev. Wm. White Montgomery became rector June 8th, 1856, resigned April 3, 1858.

Rev. Thomas Applegate became rector June 1st, 1858, resigned June 1st, 1859.

Rev. Wm. O. Gorham became rector December 25th, 1859, and resigned June, 1862,

Rev. Noble Palmer became rector November, 1862, and resigned October, 1863.

Rev. Robert Horwood was called October 10th, 1863, to supply the parish for one year. In October, 1864, the call was renewed for another year. He resigned June, 1865.

Rev. John V. Stryker became rector March 1st, 1866 and continued in charge until October 1, 1877.

The Rev. E. J. Cook was elected rector January 1, 1878 and officiated until July 25, 1882.

The Rev. Charles T. Coerr was rector from February 1, 1883 until October 1, 1884.

The Rev. A. J. Brockway was elected rector on December 29, 1884 and remained until July 15th, 1889.

The Rev. William Gardham officiated as rector from April 24, 1890 until August 25, 1890.

The Rev. H. W. Spaulding, D. D., began his rectorship December 30, 1890 and died September 6, 1891.

The Rev. M. C. Hyde became rector May 3, 1893, and died November 18, 1899.

The Rev. H. S. Gatley became rector May 1, 1900 and remains rector at this celebration.

Since the organization of the parish in 1852 there have been baptized as recorded in the Parish Register, 311 persons; 237 persons confirmed; 87 couples married; and 168 persons buried.

The semi-centennial of the organization of the parish was celebrated in 1902. On Trinity Sunday, May 25, a corporate Communion of the parish was held. On Thursday, June 12, Edward M. H. Knapp, who had been reared in the parish, was ordained to the Diaconate. The Rev. Townsend Russell, rector of St. Thomas Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached the sermon. The Rev. Dr. Boynton of Geneseo, the Rev. Pierre Cushing of LeRoy, the Rev. Allen Prescott of Cuba, the Rev. Edwin Hoffman of Hornellsville, and the rector of this parish, assisted the Bishop of the Diocese in the laying-on-of-hands.

In the year 1900 the rectory was thoroughly renovated at a cost of about eight hundred dollars. In 1902 the church building was painted outside, and a new cross

placed upon the spire, the old one having blown down several years before. The parish at present numbers nearly one hundred communicants and is entirely free from all indebtedness. The present Wardens of the church are Nathan S. Beardslee and Eben O. McNair; the Vestrymen are James O. McClure, Jacob M. Smith, Frank C. Gould, Edward H. Morris, George W. Warren, Robert Hume, William H. Sherman, David M. Cauffman and T. DeLancey Agar.

Such is the history of our church in Warsaw during these last one hundred years, and in closing the questions might be asked: What do we stand for as a christian organization, and to what do we look forward. The text again furnishes the answer. "Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone" were the words of St. Paul and the words express what we stand for. The articles of our belief are the Apostles' Creed, which we believe to be the simplest and best statement in human language of the christian faith. And now brethren as we look forward to another hundred years of christian life let our watchwords be unity, work and hope. As we press forward toward the high calling of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, let us strive and pray that in the words of the text, we may grow "unto an holy temple in the Lord."

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION

Evangelical Association Church History at Warsaw, Wyoming County, N. Y., by Rev. I. K. Devitt

In 1845 or 1846, a pioneer preacher, of the Evangelical Association, wended his way from Pennsylvania through Steuben and Livingston counties into Wyoming county. Here he found a settlement of German families located around Warsaw that were like sheep without a shepherd, not having any German preacher near, to baptize their children and be their spiritual adviser. Having been accustomed to attend divine service on the Sabbath day in the old Vaterland, they hailed with joy this man of God sent them. Some opened their houses for holding services. Under the preached word of this earnest man of God some were led to a knowledge of sin, turned to God, sought forgiveness and united themselves with a praying band. Who this preacher was the writer has not been able to find out as yet.

In 1852-1853 evangelistic meetings were conducted by Revs. Theo. Schneider and William Oetzel, 34 were converted. Soon after they organized themselves into a class and Rev. J. Yenni was appointed pastor by the New York Conference. In the spring of 1853 they bought a house, the first frame building in the neighborhood, from Messrs. George and Luther Handy about one-quarter of a mile west of the site of the present church, moved it across the street, tore out the partitions and used it as a place of meeting until 1865 when it became too small and the present church was erected.

Among the descendants of the first members many have gone to almost every state in the Union and have taken prominent places in the church and state. Some of the brave boys and men that fell at the front came from this church.

Among the charter members were Mich. Schmidt and wife, Philip Schmidt and wife, Gottfried Goetz and

wife, Grandma Goetz, Jacob Goetz and wife, Abraham Dick and wife, Mrs. Doratha Christ, Fisher family and others. With three or four exceptions, all have gone to their reward.

The following pastors have served the church: Revs. J. Harlacher, J. Sindlinger, Franz Harlan, Mich. Eiss, A. Z. Gottwals, J. Yenni, Theo. Schneider, P. Alles, J. Wagner, Theo. Hauch, M. Pfizenger, H. Weiser, H. Holzman, J. Greuzenbach, L. Herman, C. A. Wieseman, G. F. Buesch, M. Lehn, G. Trech, J. Eberling, P. Spath, C. F. Stube, H. Koch, A. Schlenk, C. W. Neuendorf, Philip Sachs, and I. K. Devitt, the present pastor.

The church at present is in a prosperous condition and on the 30th day of August will celebrate its semi-centennial.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

The Catholic church [in Warsaw was during many years a station and afterward a mission. About the year 1850 Father McConnell established a station here and built a church on the corner of Mechanic and North streets in this village. He was succeeded in turn by Father Lawton, Father McGinnis, Father Purcell and Father Cook, the latter remaining in charge for about eight years. All these priests resided in Portageville. The first resident priest of St. Michael's parish was Rev. T. Fitzpatrick who remained four years. The building erected by Father McConnell was not sufficiently large to meet the needs of the constantly increasing congregation, and Father Fitzpatrick had it enlarged to about double its former capacity. A parsonage was purchased in 1870. On March 19, 1874, Rev. M. O'Dwyer was placed in charge by Bishop Ryan.

Father O'Dwyer was followed by Rev. Maurice Lee, who remained for several years and did good work.

Rev. James J. Leddy became priest of St. Michael's church and parish on June 22, 1887, coming to Warsaw from Westfield. He accomplished much in the way of elevating and giving tone and dignity to the parish, having the hearty co-operation of his parishioners. He placed the parish on a strong financial footing and in the erection of the present fine church edifice and parochial residence demonstrated great executive ability. He remained in Warsaw for ten years, going from here to the irremovable rectorship of St. John church in Lockport.

Rev. James J. Leddy was succeeded by Rev. Michael Noonan, who remained less than a year, and was followed by Rev. J. H. Leddy, who died on May 13, 1901, in the second year of his pastorate here. Two weeks later Rev. Thomas H. Murray came to this parish from Andover, N. Y., and though in ill health was so earnest and energetic that he accomplished much good work. He died on December 3d, 1902 and was succeeded in February 1903 by Rev. J. J. Rogers, the present rector.

P a r t T w o
" O L D H O M E D A Y "
Tuesday Afternoon, June 30, 1903



ELBERT E. FARMAN

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY JUDGE E. E. FARMAN

Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It is with great pleasure that I perform the duty assigned to me of extending to you a welcome on this memorable occasion, the celebration of Warsaw's first Centennial. To all I extend greetings and a hearty welcome. So far as I am speaking to former residents of our town I wish to emphasize this welcome, which I extend on behalf of the Centennial Association and of all the citizens of Warsaw. We welcome you to your old homes, hallowed in many instances, by the sacred reminiscences of childhood.

We are assembled today to recall the memories and honor the brave men and women, who a hundred years ago came from the east and settled in the primeval forests that then covered the now beautiful valley of the Oatka and its surrounding hills. Following lines of blazed trees, or some old trails, crossing streams without bridges, passing through swamps and marshes without roads, after weeks of laborious travel they arrived at the sight of their new home, built their log cabins, and commenced felling the tall elms whose wide-spreading branches covered the whole valley. Wild animals often made the nights hideous, and the savage Indian was, at times, a real cause of alarm.

It was a remarkable period, a new epoch in American history, the commencement of that western emigration, destined to sweep across the continent.

The echoes of the Revolution had just died away. The aspirations of a people for liberty had been realized. A nation had been born. It was in its infancy, but it had the vigor, the virility of manhood.

The Indian tribes still settled in Central New York, were no longer stimulated to hostilities by the subsidies

of a foreign power, and fears of the atrocities of former years were to a large extent, removed. The great barrier, the wall of the wilderness, defended by a dreaded foe, which had long formed the western boundary of the American settlements seemed now surmountable. Large numbers of those born in Eastern New York and New England, moved by some mysterious impulse, some of the hidden springs imbedded in man, perhaps the love of adventure, or the never satiated desire of more and better lands that characterizes the Anglo-Saxon, suddenly left their old homes and sought new ones in the unbroken solitude of a vast wilderness.

It is the result of this spirit of adventure, the love of progress, the constant reaching out for something better or more abundant, that has made this young nation one of the greatest, one of the richest and most powerful on the globe, a nation destined to be the greatest, the wealthiest, the most powerful.

It is a singular fact that for twenty centuries previous to that just past, the world made little progress in experimental science, in the means and manner of living, the art of manufacture, the mode and facilities of communication and transportation. In the arts of architecture and sculpture the ancients attained a degree of perfection that has never been surpassed. Painting was at its zenith in the days of the Renaissance. Gutenberg perfected a printing press with movable type centuries before. Fire-arms had long been in use. Whitney had then lately made the wonderful invention of the cotton-gin, but the means and modes of tilling the soil, in 1803, were as primitive as those of the ancient Parthians; the grain of the fields was cut with a sickle of the same form as those of the days of Moses; the ox-cart was no improvement upon the vehicles of the Roman; grain was threshed by the flail, or the tread of cattle as on the threshing floors of sacred history, and tossed in the wind to separate it from the chaff; all modern means of fast transportation and instantaneous communication were wholly unknown; and had not even entered the mind of the wildest, optimistic dreamer. There had been at all times, throughout the historic periods, an abundance of

metaphysicians, who, in most instances, repeated the theories, the vagaries of some of their predecessors, but as we look back through the centuries, the world in material progress, in the departments I have mentioned, seems to have stood still for more than two thousand years, making almost literally true the old adage, "there is nothing new under the sun."

Under all the adverse conditions then existing, separated from the earlier occupied portions of our country by vast tracts of forests, the settlement of Warsaw was commenced.

It is not for me to give an account of the privations, the hardships, the sufferings of these noble settlers on one hand, nor, on the other, the eminent success that crowned their arduous labors. That will be better done by others at the proper time.

I can say, however, that it was the happy fortune of these pioneers to witness the beginning of a glorious change, and some of them lived not only to see this valley, with its green fields, as beautiful as we, looking from the hillsides, behold it today, to realize the fact of the completion of a waterway connecting the Hudson with the chain of great Western lakes, but in their advanced years they heard the sounds of the moving trains, the screeching of the locomotive whistle, and received in the morning papers news sent by the electric wire from all parts of the civilized world. What marvelous changes in a single generation! The Gods of Homer were outdone! They sent their messages by swift-winged carriers. They were unable to chain the lightnings and subjugate them to their service.

Deacon Gates, the venerable grandfather of one of our speakers today, in the year 1806, spent twenty-six days on a journey through the forest from Litchfield, N. Y., only a few miles east of Utica, to Sheldon in this county. What would he then have thought, of taking his noon meal in Buffalo and lodging in New York the night of the same day, of talking directly with a friend in Boston, and then by a change in the connection of the wires, with another at the head of the then mysterious and almost unknown lakes!

The early settlers of Warsaw did well their part in producing these wonderful changes, and they and their descendants and successors, may justly be classed among the most advanced, intellectually, morally, and as Christians. Few towns, if any, have surpassed ours in these respects. Many of its sons have gone forth well armored for the battle of life, and have made records of which we may all be justly proud.

We have with us today many worthy descendants of the settlers of 1803 and 1804, and the years soon following, representative men and women, either here or in other communities where they reside. There are still larger numbers who are absent in distant states and countries. I might call the roll of a long list of honored names, both the living and the dead. Should I do so, I should undoubtedly omit many equally worthy of our admiration. Large numbers have been engaged in those pursuits that are the foundation of all material progress. I refer to agriculture and the mechanical industries. Others have been employed in the noble work of educating the young, laying the foundation for intellectual and moral communities. Still others are in the professions, ministers, lawyers, doctors. Some are writers, speakers, men and women of thought, moulders of public sentiment, leaders in the Commonwealth. Many have distinguished themselves in the service of their country, on the battlefield or in naval conflicts, defending the old flag on land and sea.

In honoring the dead and the living today, we go beyond the present territorial limits of Warsaw. Middlebury was a part of Warsaw until 1812, and Gainesville until 1814. We therefore count, with pride, the early settlers of these towns and their sons and daughters as a part of our own.

As soon as the way was opened the forests swarmed with settlers. The east was moving west. Within five years from the time that Elizur Webster built the first cabin, with its roof of elm bark, a little west of the site of the present Baptist church, the woodman's axe was heard in every part of the town. Log cabins arose with magical rapidity. The land was cleared of forest trees, and many fields were soon green with growing

wheat and corn, the latter constituting the principal product of the first settlers. It, however, required the life of a whole generation to fully clear away the immense growth of timber, the tall hemlocks, the stately maple, the nut-bearing beech, and in the valley and other low lands, the graceful elm. Many fell in the fierce battle with nature without reaping their well earned, just rewards; others saw and enjoyed the full fruition of their labors. The bears and wolves, the original occupants of the dense forest, that had been troublesome to the settlers, and the agile deer, that, though useful for food, destroyed in the night time the growing grain disappeared, and the ox, the horse, and the sheep took their place.

The land brought forth its fruits abundantly. Roads, farm and school-houses and churches were built, and today the descendants and successors of those hardy, industrious pioneers are in the full enjoyment of their rich heritage. Factories are springing up, and it now depends on the present and future residents of Warsaw by the same honest, faithful and laborious efforts that characterized the heroes who made the wilderness a land of flowers, of grains, and of fruits, a land of abundance and of happiness, not only to continue the present material prosperity, to accelerate our growth as a community, a town, but to foster our institutions of learning, to promote morality and all the Christian virtues, and thus better the condition and add to the well-being and happiness of our citizens.

In the presence of the eminent speakers of this occasion I shall not longer trespass on your time. I will only again assure you of our hearty welcome, and express the wish that those who, coming from other places, have honored us with their presence, will be so received by their old acquaintances and friends that they may return to their homes glad that they have made the visit, and ever afterwards cherish the kindest memories of the old town in the valley.

ADDRESS

BY WILLIAM HENRY MERRILL

Mr. President and Friends:—

Twenty-eight years I lived among you; twenty-eight years I have been away. Yet the return is to me, coming home. So strong and dear are the old associations! So true it is that “there are no friends like the old friends!”

I remember well entering the village for the first time, in 1847, through the newly opened “gulf road”—that winding and narrow defile which seemed deeper and more wonderful to my boyish eyes than a canyon of the Rocky Mountains would seem today. We moved into the Horace Thayer house, on lower Buffalo street, since owned by Mr. Purdy. I remember as the first playground a little triangle of grass at the intersection of Buffalo and Water streets, on the latter of which lived our cousins, the Seth M. Gateses, and Alanson Bartlett, whose then unborn sons, once my “printer’s devils,” and since then the winners of honorable success in their chosen professions, are here today.

My first school was in the district school-house on Genesee street. If I call for a show of hands by those who sat under the instructions of those faithful teachers, Julia Putnam and Urania Stevens, I am sure I shall get some responses? I thought so! Fifty-six years are not so very long if we keep the heart young. The Academy, on South Main street, was then in process of building, and the older boys utilized some of their vacation days, and earned the price of a “caravan” ticket, picking up cobble-stones on the fruitful East Hill to help forward the work of construction. Among the first teachers was Simeon D. Lewis, that true man and model citizen, whose recent sudden death I regretted the more because it deprived him of the enjoyment he would have



WILLIAM HENRY MERRILL

felt in this celebration, and forbade for the absent friends who loved him one more sight of that face "where kindness had made her home."

How many of the boys or girls of fifty years ago, I wonder, remember the new principal who sought to "rule the school by kindness?" In disregard of the wisdom of Solomon, he would "spare the rod." Indeed, he let it be known that he had no rod and did not believe in whipping. He bought slippers for the boys to wear in the school-room in place of their muddy boots. He spoke in a gentle voice of the beauty of goodness. Some of the older boys, in whom lurked still a little of the "untutored savage," received these soft overtures at first with incredulity, and then with what Grover Cleveland would call "ghoulish glee." On about the third morning—a raw day in the autumn—the new teacher found the slippers stuffed into the stove-pipe, the school-room filled with smoke, his table turned upside down, and pandemonium let loose. His stay, it hardly need be said, was short.

A very different man was his successor, Norman K. Wright—a tall, rawboned Vermonter, with the eye of a hawk and a hand of iron. I can hear again the sharp bang on the master's table with which he called the school to order, and see the glitter and twinkle of his eye as he slowly but keenly surveyed the assembled pupils. His words were few, but ominous. "I am employed" he said, "to teach this school. To teach it I must be the *master*. I am accustomed to being the master where I teach. I have heard that my predecessor tried to rule you by kindness and failed. You did not appreciate kindness, and he did not believe in corporal punishment. It pained him to whip a pupil. *I am different!*"—with a terrible emphasis. "Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to thrash a young rebel who breaks the rules." And the new teacher rubbed his strong hands together and grinned sardonically, as if in pleasant anticipation of his job.

He had not long to wait. The mischievous spirits put their heads together after school was out, and the next day during a recitation *spat* went a big paper wad on to

the blackboard. "Anson Doolittle will step to the platform," said the teacher. Young Anson—who afterward was a stalwart and brave soldier in the war for the Union and died fighting for his country—sullenly shook his curly head, braced his stout legs under the desk and grasped his seat as Prof. Wright moved toward him. Then the long fingers of the teacher's hand fastened themselves in the coat collar of the young rebel, and with a sudden twist and jerk the desk was torn from its fastenings and Anson landed on his back on the floor in front of the rostrum.

"Studying will be suspended," said the schoolmaster, and he proceeded to admonish the recalcitrant with a ruler in a manner that left no doubt either as to his purpose or his ability to rule the school.

Another most successful teacher of those early days was Horace Briggs, still living, honored, venerated and loved by all his surviving pupils—though one of them still wonders if he really had, as was said, "eyes in the back of his head" when mischief was going on, and how he managed to walk "as still as a cat" to that part of the school-room where he was least expected.

When the old Academy was outgrown and it became necessary to erect a larger and more central building, it chanced that I was a member of the Board of Trustees; and I have not forgotten the trouble we had in getting the taxpayers to vote the necessary money. At the final meeting there was a large turnout of the class which, I judge by appearances, is long since extinct among you—the tax-dodgers. As I entered the room with my faithful ally and friend, Hon. William Bristol—whose skill in electioneering contributed so much to our success—he viewed the long rows of stubborn dissenters: white-haired, dim-eyed, decrepit, but very "sot"—and made the characteristic observation; "Great Scott! I shall never again doubt the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead!" But we carried the meeting and built the school-house in spite of the reappearance of the old fellows who, as the Irishman said were "dead but not sensible of it."

This perhaps too personal retrospect of the schools of Warsaw leads me to the main thought of the brief address I have prepared—a consideration of the forces and

influences, moral, religious, social and political, which made this a finely representative town of Western New York and of the New Englandized portion of the Union.

The early settlers of Warsaw and the men who made its character and its history for the first half century were typical Americans of the original stock. They were intelligent, industrious, thrifty, moral and religious. They feared God and loved their fellow-men. Imbued with the spirit of freedom and independence, they loved Liberty, established Equality and practiced Fraternity. Descendants of the Pilgrim and Puritan fathers, they planted the school and the church wherever they went, and supplemented the work of both with a free press and an open library. It was fitting and natural that a village thus started should furnish to the country two college Presidents—Merrill Edwards Gates, formerly at the head of Rutgers and Amherst, and George Williamson Smith, of Trinity—and a large number of men eminent in all the learned professions. The Warsaw that I knew as boy and man was a fine example of pure democracy. Its only caste was that of *character*. It recognized and valued men not for what they *had*, but for what they *were*. They did not ask who your grandfather was, but how *you* "behaved yourself." The artificial aristocracy of the dollar and the Chinese worship of ancestors had not then made their appearance, though many of the families, like my own on both sides, could trace their lineage through eight generations of Americans to the French Huguenots and the English Pilgrims.

Through a common misfortune my father, Eli Merrill, was, on removing here, a poor man; but his children were never made to feel the fact. We and others in the same case were welcome and intimate in the families of the wealthiest citizens. There were no lines of division drawn by the assessment roll. The schools were common schools—open to and attended and supported by all. The churches were organized and conducted upon the principle that before God, "the maker of us all," as in just human government, all men are equal.

I lay stress upon these distinctive and fundamental conditions of American life and character in the formative

period, because they explain the Warsaw whose centennial we are celebrating with justifiable pride and affection—the Warsaw of the Websters, McWhorters, Franks, Darlings, Gateses, Judds, McElwains, Buxtons, Millers, Walkers, Fargoes, Fishers and a score of other early settlers whose names are interwoven with the history of the town.

The influence of these early associations in a truly democratic community was of great and lasting benefit to the young people of a half or a third of a century ago. It has been my good fortune to meet many distinguished men from my earliest manhood to the present time. Yet the self-respect and the respect for others inculcated here has kept me from either looking up or looking down at my fellow-men. The level glance, the hand that goes half way only, and the unbent knee are the prerogative and the mark of republican equality. They express only pardonable pride: the pride of freedom, of intelligence, of character and culture. Democracy is not a leveller as to ability, but it is, or ought to be as to rights, privileges and opportunity.

The first settler came to Warsaw in 1803. The first school was opened in 1807. The first church was organized in 1808. The first library was provided in 1823. The first newspaper was established in 1828. Thus the forces that “make for righteousness,” that increase knowledge, that bulwark liberty and strengthen free institutions followed hard upon the pioneer. The organizing spirit, giving life and direction to moral purpose, was further illustrated in the formation of a temperance society in 1826 and an anti-slavery society in 1833, among the first of such associations in this country.

Yet deeply religious and morally earnest as were these sons of the Puritans and the Huguenots, they were not bigoted nor ascetic. They were always seeking the light, and to receive it they kept an open mind. I have often said in description of my father, who was an early “come outer” in all directions, that he was an independent in religion, an abolitionist in politics, a teetotaler as to strong drink, an anti-tobacconist and a homoeopathist when this was a new school. Yet there are those present, I am sure, who will remember his tolerant spirit, his dry humor, his fund of apt stories and that cheerful philoso-

phy of life which enabled pioneers to endure their hardships with smiling fortitude.

Another characteristic of Warsaw, which I have been glad to see is still in force, was the united public spirit of its citizens. It was this which gave to us the water and gas works, the new railroad, the fine churches and school-house, the splendid soldiers' monument, and the many other evidences of enterprise, energy, taste and liberality. Fortunately, too, has the village been in its leading citizens—first of whom, in my day, I am sure we should all place the Hon. Augustus Frank, followed by the Senators Humphrey, uncle and nephew, none of whom ever wearied in thought or labor for the welfare of Warsaw. On every first of January for many years it was the custom of Mr. Frank to come to my desk in the New Yorker office and say: "Now let us make a list of the things the village needs, and then agitate and work till we get them." The list was always kept in sight, and as one by one "foundations were put under the air castles," as Thoreau said, the village improvement went on.

This public service was not always without its penalties, however. When a member of the Village Board of Trustees I labored to secure an extension of Buffalo and Mill streets across the valley—giving the town what it had before lacked, "four corners" for business purposes. The project was carried through against considerable opposition; but in doing so it was necessary to take a strip off the side of the garden of our old neighbor and friend, Capt. William Walker, a soldier of the war of 1812. He lamented the loss as I should have done. Upon my first visit after our removal to Boston in 1875 I was invited to supper by his son Lewis and his wife. The old gentleman was quite deaf, and I could not help hearing Mrs. Walker say to him as he sat in another room: "Father, Henry Merrill has come to have tea with us" "*Who?*" he asked, with his hand to his ear. "Henry Mer-rill," she answered in a louder tone. "Well," he said, "I hope he won't steal any more of my garden!" My success as a reformer and innovator in the board was so great—including a sidewalk through the Gulf to the Erie station—that no party dared renominate me for another term. Like some other re-

formers, they said I was too expensive. But nobody could wipe out the improvements!

This backward flight of memory, dear friends, almost makes it seem that I am growing old, though I trust you can see for yourself that this is not so! Despite the scant gray locks and a crow's foot here and there, in capacity for work or play, in the zest of life—even in my enthusiasms—I feel about as young as when I left you, nearly thirty years ago. And yet, though I am far from being like Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf," I realize that in the silent village of the dead just south of the living town,

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that I have pressed
In their bloom;
And the names I loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

I can see before me the faces of my boyhood's mates in the replica faces of their children—yes, and of their grandchildren. But the towering hills and the lovely valley are unchanged. The Oatka still winds its silvery course through the green fields. Along your embowered streets the familiar homes nestle with their old-time charm. And by the warmth of your welcome, and in the happiness I feel at being again among you, I know that Warsaw in its hundredth year is still the blest and beautiful village that its wandering children have remembered so long and loved so well.



MERRILL EDWARDS GATES

CENTENNIAL ORATION

BY MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, LL. D., L. H. D.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Citizens of Warsaw :

The finest flavors of life and its most satisfying enjoyments, we often miss entirely, simply because we do not understand that they may be had for the taking. The beautiful landscape which you long to see as you read of the traveler who found it in a foreign land, you may have for a walk or a drive to the hills that overlook this lovely valley of peace. The hero whose courage fires your heart when you read of his exploits, has his equal among the men you have known who once wore the blue;—perhaps in your next door neighbor and friend, if you open your eyes to see what he has borne and overcome. That perfect, self-devoting love which charms us in poem and romance, may pour out its whole life upon you, quietly blessing you without your discerning it unless your eyes are touched and you learn to know what it is that has thus blessed you, before you recognize it as white wings bear it from you to heaven. The beauty and the poetry of our every-day life may be as rich and full as we have heart to make it and eyes to see it. For, "the actual well seen is the ideal;" and the wise and the happy are those who see most and enjoy most in their daily surroundings.

To see clearly the essential end and the true value of our immediate surroundings, to know the possibilities for good in our every-day friends and our every-day life, is to possess the secret of noble and happy living.

Anniversaries help to reveal to us the truth in these matters. They show us beauty and power and the finest possibilities for good in the persons and the surroundings whose real significance we have lost sight of by reason of their very familiarity.

What father has not seen a new radiance of spiritual

beauty in the maidenly face of his daughter, when the anniversary of her birthday reminded him that she was now

“Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and rivers meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet?”

However faithfully a husband cherishes the wife whose presence at his side sweetens life and continually strengthens his heart for life's labors, there is a new, an added sense of her worth and preciousness when the anniversary of their wedding-day comes round, and all their love in past years, their united experience of life, like the Indian summer haze which in our boyhood used to glorify these Warsaw hills in late October, lend a calm beauty to her face that transfigures the time-touched features and is more calmly satisfying than the remembered beauty of her spring-time, as he looks into

“A beauteous face, in which there meet
Fair records, promises as sweet.”

And so the keener sense of hurrying time and rapid change which a father's or a mother's birthday *will* suggest to living children, often flashes into the consciousness a truer vision of the pure essential nature of parenthood, a stronger emotion of filial love and a truer appreciation of filial duties.

As time hurries us on in the journey of life, on anniversary days such as this, on these halts and camping-grounds on points of vantage where the view over the stages we have travelled in the past is clear, and memory is vivid, there come to us our truest thoughts of what has been, our clearest visions of what ought to be, and our deepest sense of privilege and blessing in what is, when we see it in its true relations.

But when such anniversaries occur in the life of a person, however pleasant the surroundings, however happy the circumstances, there is always a touch of pain in the heart. We do not speak of this pang, but it is there. After the early spring days of perpetual hope and careless joy have passed, there is a secret pang for every loving heart at the anniversary of a friend's birth—a pang that comes from the ever present knowledge that each quick-returning anniversary brings one year nearer

the time when that life shall have ceased among us. This is the reason why in some families where love is deepest such anniversaries bring more of pain than pleasure. The mortal life of any one friend is so short! The strongest man, the dearest and most gracious woman, so soon comes to the allotted period of life, that on such anniversary days, the sweetness of the present love is always shadowed by the apprehension of the coming loss.

But the anniversary of a community like this, has in it no such haunting suggestions of pain. As we go on in life (you older Warsaw boys with your wives and friends, to your experience of life I appeal!) as we go on in life and feel how short is any one man's lease of life and power, do we not have a growing satisfaction in the life we share in common in the communities and institutions which endure from generation to generation?

When a young person first feels the zest of living, he is profoundly impressed by the importance of his own life to a man. His own needs, his own desires, the development of his own powers to the full in every direction—these seem to him enough.

But a few years, bringing him on toward middle life, change all this. Scarcely has he seen clearly the ends which he wishes to attain—scarcely has he nerved his heart and braced his soul for the contest—when there falls on him like a shadow the consciousness of the brevity of his own life here. If he has fixed his eye on anything really worth attaining, when life takes him in hand with its interposed obstacles, its checks and counter-checks, its absolute denials, and ruthless and wrenching losses, he soon comes to feel keenly the frailty of his own unaided grasp upon affairs, the slender import of any one man's life, if lived and regarded as a thing by itself. He feels the need of allying his life and its work with the life and work of others whose aims and efforts coincide with his own. He feels the wish to make his span of life attain to permanence—endure—by allying it with the lives of others—with the life of the town which he helps to build up and administer—with the life of an institution that abides;—that others may carry on when he

shall have passed away. the work which he helped to begin. Through an alliance with social institutions in one form or another, every earnest and aspiring soul seeks to escape its body's doom of but a few days' existence here, and to perpetuate its influence when the right arm is palsied and the valid eye has lost its compelling power.

There is reason, then, in the very nature of mankind, for such love of our native place—of the town where many of us have spent years of our life—which binds us together as sons and daughters, residents and friends of Warsaw. All ages unite in such a celebration. Memory, realization in the present, anticipation, all have their share here, as aged men and women recall the experience of their childhood, and children and ardent youth delight in the evidence of wide-spread interest in their village home.

The deeper the love of home, the stronger the love of country. The greater the depth of soil in which love of home roots itself, the stronger the growth of personality. A common interest in the anniversary of their native town, drawing together men and women from all parts of our broad land, makes us all better citizens of the town where we now dwell. For local ties build up strong personality. And the interest which has drawn us all to this place and binds us together, is our consciousness of the shaping effect which our early life has had in determining the personality of every man and woman of us. We come from different scenes and from various places. But the difference in our surroundings in later life, the differences which mark off one from another in personal appearance, are as nothing compared with the differences which mark the intellectual, the emotional and the spiritual experiences of the men and women who make up this audience. Every person differs in mind and soul from every other, in a far more marked degree than he differs in face and features. The latest results of biological research lead us to understand that in your physical organization and in your mind there are stored up, organized under one principle of life and presided over by one will, tendencies to feeling and action, and stores of acquired experience, which represent the life of thousands of your ancestors through countless years of time and numberless generations. The general figure and the out-

line of features of any one man, are so like those of another, that one would think it impossible to devise so many differing faces as are shown in a great crowd of people. Yet, while the same general type marks all mankind, the physical differences in form and face and feature are marvellous, and we are filled with wonder if we see two persons so much alike that for a moment we hesitate in distinguishing their personality. Yet these outward differences in form and feature are as nothing compared to the differences of mind and spirit which set off one individuality from another. That remote star in the awful, dark spaces of the heavens, is not so far removed from its neighbors, as is a human spirit in its isolation of individuality, from all other spirits. This is the very essence of personality. If we had power to see the internal record made by one human spirit through all the years of its life, we should see as we look into each other's faces that every soul differs from every other soul more widely than one face can differ from another face.

"When a man dies," says Schopenhauer, "a world perishes—the world which he bore in his head." If a man's individuality was marked and strong, if he had skill to work with head or hand, if his technical knowledge was special and peculiar, we feel that the world is poorer by just so much subtracted from its working force. For knowledge to which he could turn at once, others must grope, in darkness or in half-light. The whole co-ordinated world of matter and mind that lay orderly and clear before his eyes, as far as our communication with him is concerned, has been resolved into its elements and dissipated. It is lost to us. So profoundly does nature teach us the value of a single well-directed life, the importance of each man's own personality, that we are ready to say emphatically, "When a man dies, a world perishes—the world he carried in his brain."

If the ceasing of a life among us is so serious a loss, the beginning of a conscious soul life is surely a matter of the gravest importance. If a world of knowledge perishes when a man's eyes close in death, it is no less true that a world of knowledge begins to be, when a little child's soul opens to consciousness with

the dawning of intelligence in its eyes. And when the eyes of little children begin to look out upon the world, character is plastic. The life is rapidly taking shape from its surroundings. It is this which gives to the years of early childhood their predominant influence in shaping the future life.

All we who were born in Warsaw, or who passed here the first years of our lives, have taken into the essence of our very being the physical surroundings of this village in the valley, and the intellectual standards and moral principles which through the personalities about us gave shape to our earliest impressions and conceptions of life.

Recall your earliest memories. See how the whole world as you now know it, was held for you in the small circle of home and friends which surrounded you as a little child! Each type of man and woman you have since known, was there! The face of this or that one, known in the little circle of your earliest childhood here has always since stood for you as a type. Take that self-sacrificing, strong and helpful woman whom you best know—your mother, perhaps. Her face presents itself to you whether you will or not, when your thought turns to the class of characters to which you have since learned to know that she belonged. In those early days when your life was taking color from its surroundings and shape from every touch given it, your mother was the incarnate class—the type and the individual in one.

Even the points of the compass as you first learned them in your father's home, here in Warsaw—how unchangeably the look of the landscape, North and East, is printed on your memory! Is it not the experience of many of us, to this day, that when in strange surroundings we wish to "orient" ourselves as the French phrase it, to "make our East and North come right," we go back involuntarily to the early home? Do you not get your North and East in strange places by placing yourself in thought among the old surroundings of your earlier home here in the happy valley?

So in your standards of taste, of social intercourse,

and above all, of morals, however much we may think we have changed, the earliest standards of our home in childhood, again and again present themselves with the feeling that here is after all the true form,—the real, fixed standard. These things and these persons were about us when there was in process of creation that little ordered universe, that world, that microcosm of conscious existence which each one of us carries with us through life. The elements of all our subsequent experience were there. It sometimes seems as if, since those early years, we had been always standing at the center of a sphere which has widened and enlarged as the walls of the bubble you blow grow away from its center, always reflecting the same world, but in an ever larger sphere, on a constantly broadening scale? We who were born in Warsaw, if we would, can never escape from the effect of this early environment. The world as we then knew it, the strong personalities which were then nearest to us, must always be conditioning elements in our life. This permanence of early impressions is never lost. You cannot get away from the associations of early youth. The skilled naturalist can tell by careful analysis of a section from the bone of an animal something of the territory and the soil where that animal was bred. And we are all our life of Warsaw. Warsaw is in the very marrow of your bones !

We never cease to feel the influence of those early days. The ideals and the friendships of childhood and youth, go with us through life! At unexpected times and in unlooked for ways they come back to us. I was in the gallery in the dome of St. Paul's Church in London, some years ago, and the guide had stationed us at one focus of the "Whispering Gallery," and said to us, "Now, whisper into the wall. I see a party of visitors on the other side of the focus, and undoubtedly they will answer." You know how the power of language forsakes you when brought face to face with a blank wall. "What shall I say?" I asked. "Anything," was the answer. After a moment of stupid silence, the recollection of the cadences of a dearly loved Greek professor came to me, and I recited a couplet from Byron's verses,

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece," as he used to recite them to us.

To my utter surprise there came whispered back the next few lines of those verses, with the same familiar inflection, and the question, "Who is over there who knew dear old 'Kai Gar'?" Passing around the circle, I found an old college friend, an Alpha Delta of my own chapter and my own time in college,—now President Taylor of Vassar College, and together we went up into the dome of St. Paul's and looking down on the London lying below us, we talked over the "long plans" of youth. Each one had thought the other thousands of miles away. Thus the voices and the faces of our earliest friends come back to us at unexpected times and places, through our late life. In the extreme Southwest of our broad land, at Los Angeles, California, three or four years ago, I was the guest of a club of that city at a dinner, where I found next me as a guest on the same occasion, one whom I had not seen since we parted in the school yard near the old stone academy building, on Main street here in Warsaw, nearly forty years before. I remember as if it were yesterday, the day when David Starr Jordan first appeared on the play ground, coming from his home in Gainesville. Sheffield, for many years now the honored missionary president of the Presbyterian College in North China, was lithe, slender and active among the older students of the academy; Jordan was tall, bashful, and a little slow in making acquaintance. I can see Sheffield now as he shouted to him, "Jordan, make a back" and running swiftly toward him, as Jordan turned, placed his hands on Jordan's shoulders and vaulted lightly over his head. The inevitable effort to pun upon his name by declaring that "Sheffield was safe because he had 'gone over Jordan,'" I remember was promptly seized upon by one of the younger boys. I remember, too, the astonishment in the old school-room when the new boy, Jordan, met a challenging call from Principal O. H. Stevens of the Academy, who had brought before the Botany class a specimen of grass that could not be identified, and had noticed signs of interest on the face of the new student sitting near the back of the study room, who was not a

member of the class, and had said to him: "No one seems able to identify this grass; Mr. Jordan, I see that you look as if you knew something about it. Can you tell us?" Jordan, a born naturalist, had been silent, but was quivering with interest. At the challenging question, the modest youth arose in his place, as the blade of a jack-knife rises with a straight spring, and began to pour out a flood of information upon the specimen of grass in question, giving its species and group and habitat, until he was stopped by the teacher for the very voluminousness of his knowledge. It was evident that we had among us a genius in natural science. Dr. Jordan's brilliant career at Cornell and at the University of Indiana, and now as president of Leland-Stanford University, in California, has not been a surprise to those who knew his interest in Natural Science in his school-boy days here at Warsaw. Nor was it a surprise to me, when at this dinner given by one hundred young college Alumni who were gathered at Los Angeles, after I had referred to this early incident, to hear the same inevitable tendency to pun upon the name perpetuated, and when President Jordan arose to respond, to hear the whole crowd break out into singing the rich refrain of the negro hymn, "I want to go to heaven when I die, to hear old Jordan roll." I need not tell you who watch the work of that strong educator on the Pacific coast, that President Jordan met the chorus in the same good natured spirit, and looking the crowd in the eye, demanded, "What's the matter with Jordan?" to which came the deafening shout, "He's all right." And then our early friend began his excellent little speech to them.

But it is not simply in a group of college presidents such as Sheffield of North China, Dr. Smith, who has just resigned the Presidency of Trinity College, whose early home was here on the East Hill just above the village, and David Starr Jordan, whose influence in educational matters so largely dominates the California coast; but in other circles, wherever one travels, the old friendships, the old faces, are to be found, I was traveling by stage from Flagstaff, Arizona, down to that wonderful scenery in the Grand Canon, with Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and President Nicholas Murray

Butler of Columbia College, three years since, when we were joined by one of the most prominent city superintendents of the country and his very agreeable wife, and as we were introduced, her first sentence was, "I remember you from the early days, for I was a Miss Smallwood of Warsaw."

It was not at all wonderful that I should have met in Africa beneath the shadows of the Pyramids, Warsaw memories incarnate in you, Mr. Chairman; (Judge E. E. Farman, formerly Consul General of the United States at Cairo), for at that time you represented America and home to hundreds of our countrymen who went through Egypt. But memories of our county and village came to me very unexpectedly, in an after echo of those days in Egypt with you. It was twenty years ago, when President Arthur was in the White House and I was spending a few days in Washington, when Ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, then Secretary of State, brought to my hotel a message that President Arthur would like to see me next morning at the White House. The Secretary of State, who was a Trustee of Rutgers College, kindly suggested to me that he would call with me at the White House in the morning. When we were shown into the waiting room, word came that President Arthur had been detained, and had not completed his breakfast. Mr. Frelinghuysen, as a privileged member of the Cabinet, went through to the next room, and returning in a few moments said that General Grant was in the next room waiting to see President Arthur, and would I not like to meet him? It was most natural that I should speak to General Grant of that comparatively recent journey through Egypt which he had just made under your guidance, Mr. Chairman, a few months before I had profited by the same kindly guidance in visiting some of the same scenes. I asked General Grant if he had not been surprised at the brilliance of the colors in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. "Yes," said he, "and particularly in those of the tomb of Ti. But there is not a word about that tomb in my book," he added. "I cannot write at all you know; and I took Mr. Young with me to write up the journey; and the day before we visited the tomb of Ti, the Arabs who guided us to the dark chamber in the heart of the Great

Pyramid blew out the torches, and demanded "backsheesh." This so frightened Mr. Young that he would not go next day with me to the tomb of Ti; and so there is not a word about these wonderful hieroglyphs in my book!" This very modest estimate of his ability to write, I give you as noteworthy in the man who within two or three years showed himself master of that perfect style which has made his military memoirs one of the classics of the language. In a few moments President Arthur entered, tall, perfectly dressed and courtly in manner. To my surprise, he began the conversation by referring to Wyoming County and to his early days at Perry, and his boyish admiration for the character of my father, Seth M. Gates. So the friendly associations with Warsaw, through you and General Grant in Egypt, link themselves to memories of Perry Lake and Warsaw picnics; and in the only conversation I ever had with General Grant, it was an especial gratification to have the sterling virtues of one dear to me, whose life was not without its strong influence in shaping the ideals of Warsaw, thus unexpectedly and affectionately recalled by the President of the United States, who as a boy had felt the influence of my father's character while he was in public life.

But one could multiply such instances of early associations sometimes limiting and often blessing our later life, in countless numbers; as for instance, when you (pointing to Henry Merrill, one of the Editors of the New York World, and who had delivered the previous address)—Mr. Editor, to all who knew Warsaw in the 60's pre-eminently *the* Warsaw editor, gave me letters of introduction to two youthful editors and friends of yours at Albany, New York, when I went from college and began my work in life as Principal of the Boy's Academy in that fine old Dutch town, our state Capital. I climbed the back stairs of the office of the Albany Journal and found Charles Emory Smith, scissors in hand, before the paste-pot, and was cordially received by him upon your friendly introduction. And presenting the other letter in the editorial room of the Albany Express, a life-long acquaintance and friendship with that

inimitable after-dinner raconteur, Will H. McElroy, was begun by a letter given by one Warsaw boy to another. Fifteen years later, and now quite fifteen years ago, you and I were of the party of a dozen who tendered a farewell dinner at Delmonico's to the out-going Minister of the United States to Russia, Charles Emory Smith, now editor of the Philadelphia Press, and recently post-master general, in McKinley's administration. He was one of the trio of editors with whom these letters brought me into relation; McElroy, another of them, was then writing the leaders in Horace Greeley's New York Tribune; while Mr. Whitelaw Reid was representing our country at Paris; and you yourself had then begun to preside over the great editorial forces of the New York World. But there is hardly a Warsaw boy in this audience who could not parallel these incidents from his own experience. Like the remembered tone and peal of the early church-bells here in the valley—a sound that has rung out startlingly clear in memory to many of us in distant parts of the earth—the friendships, the feelings and the standards of our early Warsaw life are with us through all our later years.

Since early associations thus follow us through life, since a common experience in this beautiful environment of these hills and this valley, has gone into the personality of each one of us, it is well for us that those who gave tone and color to the life of Warsaw, were men and women of sterling character, of high principle, of steadfast purpose and tireless will. If the standards of morality in the first half century of the life of this town had not been set high and kept high by men and women of lofty character, our debt to our environment would be far less than we now feel it to be. I need not dwell upon this fact, for none of the older men and women here can fail to recognize it; and the addresses of these last days must have impressed it afresh upon the thought of the youngest who are here. After all, example is the mightiest teacher. To have spent one's boyhood in a community where even a few strong personalities of lofty aim and resolute purpose were liv-

ing their daily life, is to have received an impulse toward right living and high achievement such as can come from no other source

Not merely local pride, but a true appreciation of the meaning of American life, and intelligent patriotism, result from spending one's early life in that stimulating atmosphere of a community where there is keen interest in social and political reforms and an unselfish regard for the welfare of the whole race. After all, the fireside is the focus of patriotism. Love of country begins at home, and shows itself in love of home and home institutions. And local interest in affairs of local government and local welfare, underlies all sound patriotism. It was the Greek's intense love of his own city, which gave to the world the word "politics"—a Greek word which means "city affairs." But with the Greek the state was a city state; and "city affairs," "politics," thus came to mean affairs of government, affairs that have to do with the management of the national life, the political state. The habit of Greek thought in thus identifying city and fatherland, the spirit of Greek local patriotism which refused to know any political ties of state or nation beyond his own city, has given definiteness and intensity to the political thinking of Europe for over twenty-five hundred years. And while the great national states of modern times have a broader and a far truer conception of the state, and have cast aside the narrow limitations of the Greek view, it remains an unchanging law of human nature—nowhere more clearly recognized or more firmly rooted than in our American system of local self-government as essential to the strongest national life,—that a true love of one's home is the basis of all sound love of country. The man who is not a good neighbor is not a true patriot. The citizen who truly loves his country, loves, too, his own town, cares for the local interests and the political and social well-being of his village, his township, his own ward and district. If we are truly loyal citizens of the United States, we are truly devoted to the welfare of the commonwealth, the town, the city where lies our own home.

And the local feeling which is strengthened by the observance of "home-week" and by such a Centennial celebration as this, should strengthen our love of our American institutions, and render us more keenly alive to the value of high ideals of local self-government in their influence upon our general government and our national life.

If the tendency of popular government is, as Bryce has told us, "to make the individual count for less, while the mass counts for more," how absolutely essential it is to the success of our American system of self-government, that each community value highly its own social and political standards, and that each citizen hold his own manhood in esteem as a sacred trust, and by active participation in the social and political life of his community and of the nation make the most of himself and of his opportunities. In no way can we serve the State more truly than by doing all that lies in our power to strengthen the personality, to enlighten the conscience, to develop the will power of every citizen with whom we come into relation.

The charge that I bring against the men of our day, is that we undervalue the force of the individual will. The tendency to organize, to incorporate, leads men to overlook the worth, the power of one man's personality. But the greater the organization, the greater the demand that arises for strong men of the right spirit, to direct it. In the end, experience with corporations and organizations, like every other phase in the history of our American institutions, lays ever increasing emphasis upon the value of a strong personality, upon the worth of one man.

Our forefathers, the Puritans and the Pilgrims,—yes, and the great Virginians who co-operated with them in shaping our national life and institutions *were men to whom their own personality was intensely real*. They were men of mighty will. Their lives will illustrate the words of Trendelenburg,—*"It is conscience that preserves the might of the will."* Earnestness, energy, lofty purpose, resolute perseverance,—all these heroic virtues il-

lustrate their lives. They had learned (in the days of sudden faction fights and street brawls, when a strong swordsman at your side meant life saved and success won) the meaning of those words of the greatest of the Puritan poets, "Happy the man who walks with that strong-siding champion, Conscience."

The most difficult of all achievements, to get one's ideas actually embodied in life and institutions, our forefathers accomplished. They were whole, manly men. They had the force of will to *live out* what other men could only dream about. How many men have dreamed the dreams of Plato, of Cicero, of Augustine and Sir Thomas More regarding an "Ideal State," "A true Commonwealth," a "Republic of God?" But generation after generation let time and life slip past in merely dreaming. Or if they sometimes made the effort to carry into effect such ideas, they soon gave up the task as one far beyond their strength. "My dear philosopher," wrote the great Catharine of Russia to Voltaire, "it is not so easy to write one's ideas on human flesh as on paper." All history bears witness to the difficulty of getting one's ideas embodied in life, worked out in institutions, even when one has the courage to try. But our forefathers were greater than those old builder-kings of Egypt, "who did their days in stone." They wrought their thoughts and purposes into life. With unfaltering persistence of purpose, *they lived their lives into institutions that moulded* a nation which today is the model for the civilized world. They not only saw the truth, but they were bent upon reducing it to practice. They understood that "living is a total act, thinking is a partial act." They took that "step from knowing to doing," which Emerson declares "is rarely taken, and when taken, is a step out of the chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness."

The well-organized governments under which the civilized people of the world now live are the highest embodiment of the result of long continued, unselfish effort on the part of the best men of successive generations. The existence of free governments, with those "cov-

enanted securities" which they afford to liberty, is no happy accident. No one object which men have proposed to themselves has called for such long-continued, strenuous, yet ennobling and beneficent effort, as has the establishment of liberty in institutions and laws. Let not us who are "to the manner born," undervalue our birthright. Too seldom do we recall the cost to earlier generations of the contests which have made possible such a government as ours. On one day in the year we are reminded that a million heroes in blue uniform gave their lives that our government might be perpetuated. On another day, in another month, the spirit of patriotism is awakened by the memory of that revolutionary struggle which freed us from the oppression of a narrow-minded English monarch. But the debt we owe to the boys in blue and to the heroes of the Continental army represents but a trifling item in the long-continued, life-consuming struggle by which there has been won and established for us that constitutional liberty which, the world over, is the proudest heirloom of the English speaking race.

The noblest battle-monuments in the world, it seems to me, are certain of the customs and the legal terms in which are fossilized the history of generations of soul-animating struggle for the establishment of human rights and their defense by law and political institutions.

Take "trial by jury of one's peers." What an enormous advance in the conception of the worth of the average man it chronicles! What obstinate and determined struggles to keep this the law of the land, so that in the scale of justice not the weight of the sword or of the long-purse, not the will of the privileged noble or the subtle policy of a worldly church with its far-reaching temporal ambitions, should be allowed to decide the question; but the facts should be found by the sound sense of twelve common men when they had heard the evidence, and the laws and customs of the land should then be fairly applied in every case. No wonder that a brilliant Englishman has declared that "the great end of

the English constitution is to get twelve honest men into a box!"

Or that safeguard of personal rights so dear to countless generations of our ancestors which finds voice in the phrase, "my house is my castle." Think you that principle was wrought into law and life and kept there through ages in which flourished plundering baron-robbers and soldiery,—without countless unchronicled deeds of daring on the part of obscure ancestors to whom we owe our social and political possibilities?

Recall the debt which constitutional government owes to the principle that "supplies for the government shall be voted by the people's representatives;" and as we remember the glorious struggle waged by Hampden and his peers, the commoners, against Charles' demand for ship-money and his audacious attempts to over-ride parliament, who does not feel himself the debtor of those heroic ancestors of ours?

Remember *lettres de cachet* in France, with the horrors of a sudden and mysterious disappearance into the living sepulchres of the Bastile,—and then recall with a thrill of pride and joy the long contest which preceded and has accompanied that simple legal form, which is the protection of the unjustly imprisoned, in which the justice says to the officer of the law, "Do thou have his body before me, to show cause why he should be detained as a prisoner." Where is there a nobler battle-monument to victories won for liberty, than in the Latin phrase so heedlessly on our lips, the right of "*habeas corpus*."

We who live in an atmosphere of freedom do not know how exhilarating is the air we breathe, until we visit those quarters of the globe where liberty is unknown. The man who has looked into the eyes of the fatalists of Asia and Africa, who has seen how heavy with oppression is the air of those lands where rules the unspeakable Turk, and then returns to this, our own dear land of liberty, finds that he is breathing an atmosphere surcharged with hope and with stimulus to joyous activity. Life has a new meaning. Opportunity opens attractively

before every man. "Every man has a fair chance and knows that he has it,"—and that is true democracy! the air is overloaded with hope!

Generations of self-denying and public-spirited effort on the part of our ancestors have made possible for us this free and joyous life, under a government that so fully "establishes justice, insures domestic tranquility, and promotes the general welfare."

Who knows what magnificent possibilities await the fuller development of our distinctively American system of government—the fullest autonomy in local affairs, with a national government for the whole, strongly enough centralized to focus the national interests and to hold the allegiance of the entire continent. What are the limits of territory over which a state, a government, may extend? They are fixed by the capacity of the government to retain a relation with all the parts of its territory so close as to insure the vital flow of the life-currents of thought, of interest, of closest representation and effective authority, between the heart at the center and the farthest extremities. These possible limits of territory for a state, have been indefinitely increased by the railroad and the telegraph, the ocean cable and the daily newspaper. A community of interests, the capacity to share the same thought and the same feeling at the same time, is dependent upon the power of the people in all parts of the land to be at the same time cognizant to important passing events, and freely to exchange views about these events; and upon their capacity so to share one another's interest, through trade and commerce, and so freely to pass from one part of the national domain to another, that the people of its different sections are in no sense aliens to one another. The history of these last years has demonstrated the truth that our transcontinental railroad lines and our mighty lake and river courses of inland commerce, are arteries, and the omnipresent network of electric wires and cables is the system of thread-like nerve-tissue in our body politic; and that by the free and constant circulation through these arteries and the quick sensitiveness of these nerves our

whole body politic is kept in a state of vigorous, healthful, unified life! What pessimist dare attempt to set limits to the possibilities of our future growth? With large hope, strong confidence and deep love, do we look to the future of our dear land.

Now the influence of the local unit in our political system, the town, upon the political life of our nation, is deep-seated and far-reaching. No student of the history of our political institutions can fail to recognize the mighty debt which self-government in America owes to the town meeting of New England. Its roots are found in the customs of our Teutonic ancestors in Germany, two thousand years ago. Its fruits are seen and felt in Washington today by all who observe our national affairs and study our political institutions. The most sympathetic observer of our American life, Bryce, the English historian and statesman, says, "The town meeting has been the most practical school of self-government in that modern country."

"Of the three or four types of system of local government which I have described, that of the town or township, with its popular primary assembly, is admittedly the best. It is the cheapest and most efficient; it is the most educative to the citizens who bear a part in it. The town meeting has been not only the source, but the school of democracy." (Bryce.)

"It is the small organisms, the towns, that are most powerful and most highly vitalized," in American life. (Bryce.)

Throughout New England the town was the political unit, and today it continues to be the political unit. The organization of the county has been hardly more than a formal judicial district, for convenience in transacting the business of the courts. Between the town and the state, no organ of government has intervened. The New England town-meeting perpetuates the old Germanic idea of personal freedom as opposed to the Roman conception of universal dominion. The New England town-meeting dignifies local self-government, and

"in the town-meeting of New England there has appeared a steady spirit of self-sufficiency."

From an article by Edward Everett Hale on the town-meeting, let me read you a paragraph or two:

"A town-meeting is a solemn matter for the day long, perhaps for two or three days. All business stops on that day. The General Court of Massachusetts itself adjourns for one or two days in March, so that its members may be present at the town-meeting of their towns." But, "there is no power on earth which can say to a New England town that it must meet on this day or on that day. The town will meet when it chooses to." "In Massachusetts we do not dictate to our sovereign." (But our Massachusetts law says, "Annual meeting in February, March or April." These spring months are designated because we follow the traditions of our Teutonic farming ancestors who in town meeting planned for the planting of the "common land" at this time of the year.)

"Whatever the day is, everybody comes. There is no decent boy over fourteen years old who would not be ashamed if he could not go to the town-meeting, to sit on the back benches, and hear Nahum Smith cross-question the 'squire or throw in his doubts about the sidewalk; or to join the applause at the discomfiture of the chairman of the school committee. There is no possible 'ring' where there is a town-meeting. There is not a 'boss' in this world who has brass enough to stand the interrogatory of that grand jury when it is in session. When the selectmen have made their report about that business of crossways, what has been done and what has not been done, then Nahum Smith may rise, whoever he be, and put the fatal question, 'I should like to be informed why the selectmen took the stone from the Red Hill quarry, and did not take it from the crossroads quarry, which is nearer?' If there is any cat beneath that meal, that cat will appear. The town-meeting opens all eyes and ears, and we must all be ready to give an account of ourselves, of what we have done and what we have not done."

Throughout the South, the county with its spacious and isolated plantations became the unit under the state;

and the township system had no life. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, adopted certain features of this county system, and attempted to incorporate them with certain features of the town system. In the states of the West and Northwest the influence of the township system is predominant in certain states, that of the county system in other states. Ohio, Indiana and Iowa have no town-meetings. On the other hand, in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, the town system has been strongly developed. Since Illinois by constitutional provision granted local option to each county in the matter of adopting the system of township organization, more than four-fifths of the one hundred and two counties of Illinois have adopted the township system. And still farther west, Nebraska and the Dakotas have been strong advocates of the town system, and in their local development have well illustrated the advantage of this local unit of self-government.

Indeed, it was through the face to face intercourse with each other in making of laws, the assessing of taxes, and the voting of supplies by the local town-meeting that our American system was developed. De Tocqueville declares, "The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people came out of the townships and took possession of the states." The town-meeting system of New England, with the Connecticut idea of equal representation for each town whatever its population, at a critical juncture in the history of the convention which framed our national constitution in 1787, when failure to unite the small states and the large states had nearly ruined our national life in its very beginning, was taken up and incorporated in our national constitution, giving us equal representation for small and large states in the Senate, and thus powerfully shaping the development of our national life from its very beginning.

The town-meeting promotes self-respect, dignity and morality in the individual citizen. I know not how it may be in the history of these later years at Warsaw; but the older residents of the town who are present can

remember, I am sure, the town meetings which were called once or twice a year in their boyhood, for the transaction of school business and other matters of general interest. In these meetings we had many of the best features of the New England town-meeting. And perhaps the best of those features was the habit of looking at every voter of the town as not only entitled to an equal voice through the ballot, but as worthy of dignified consideration and entitled to a fair hearing in all matters that concerned the life of the town, when such matters were under discussion. It is in its wholesome and sane effect upon the estimate which one neighbor has of another neighbor's political power and interest in political affairs, that the life of our villages and small towns continues to be a healthful, tonic influence in the life of the nation. Neighbors who take counsel together about political affairs which concern their own homes, the management of their own schools and their own children, and the taxation of their own property, develop and retain a respect for each other and a regard for upright action which are too easily lost when city and district bosses and party managers control the entire political activity of the state.

The hope of our American system lies in the worth of the individual citizen. When Bryce was leaving America, after years of careful study devoted to our American institutions, some one asked him what feature of American life had impressed him most deeply. His answer was striking. "That which has impressed me most deeply in your American life is the fact that every man looks into the face of every other man with respect, simply because of his citizenship." This conception of the essential dignity of citizenship is our highest American characteristic. We should guard it most jealously. And nothing tends so much to keep alive this feeling of respect as does the close intercourse of citizens with one another in an open, above-board discussion and decision of questions of local self-government, as well as questions of national political action.

Our national life is rooted in the idea that every man's .

life is of value in itself, of worth to him, and of most value to the state, when made of the most value to him himself. The keynote of our American system is found in the fullest and highest development of the individual man and woman—in the strengthening of those “sacred bases of personality” on which rests the fabric of the nation. The strength of our national life depends upon the faithfulness with which we hold by the maxim, “See that thou regard every man as having in himself, in the development of his own life, the true object and end of his being, so far as his relations with you are concerned.” “Thou shalt not debase, in thyself or in another, the highest manhood.” “Use no man as thy tool; but in thy dealing with every man, consider the importance to himself of his own life. Honor his manhood, help him to develop it, and on penalty of harm to thine own soul, see that thou sacrifice not his best interest, his highest manhood, as a means to thine own selfish ends.”

In the light of this principle only can there be wise adjustment of the conflicting claims and vexed relations of labor to capital. What capital shall do with the laborer is not a mere question of dollars and cents. It is a question of responsible persons dealing with the essential dignity of manhood in a brother man. The sacred element of personality enters into the day's labor.

When you buy of a laboring man all he has in the world to sell on that day,—his voluntary use of his own powers—and buy it at the only time when and in the only place where it can have for him any money value; in buying his working powers for the day, you are dealing with a living soul, made in God's image. The sacred obligation rests on you to see to it that you so manage the bargain as not to force him to debase himself, his own manhood. Respect in every man his right and his duty to use his own life as having in itself its own end.

This same principle finds fruitful application in political life. To seek for political influence in upright and noble ways, through convincing the reason and awakening and satisfying right desires, is an honorable ambi-

tion. But since every man is to be regarded as an intelligent agent, bound to direct his own life toward rational ends and under moral law, how disgraceful becomes the work of the politician who is known as a clever "manipulator of men." He does not appeal to reason. He does not influence men as men. He "handles" men as his blind tools. He debases manhood in himself and in others.

We see, too, what a flood of light this principle throws upon the enormous wrong done to manhood by bribery at the ballot-box, whether the price paid is the direct money bribe, or a public office, which should be a public trust, but is debased to the level of partisan plunder.

The same principle guides us in our efforts to make charitable aid to others a blessing and not a curse. We have no right to "help" a man in any way that will debase his manhood. To help others to help themselves,—to make our charity build up and not break down self-respect and manhood—this is the test of wise and true charitable work for others.

In forms of government, too, this is a testing principle. That is the best form of government which best develops the individual man in all his relations to the society in which it prevails. The ideal form of government is not the perfectly wise and good autocrat ruling, even by the best of codes, a blindly obedient people. The ideal state is an active, intelligent, upward striving people, ruling themselves at the cost of occasional failures, and with a conscious effort which strengthens and develops those who put into it thought and purpose. This is the American ideal. This is the government that best develops every man who shares in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship under its sway. This is the embodiment in the state of the maxim, "treat every man as having in the development of himself the end of his own being." This leaves no man to be used as the tool of another man. This is the principle of the government our forefathers founded. And this is the form of gov-

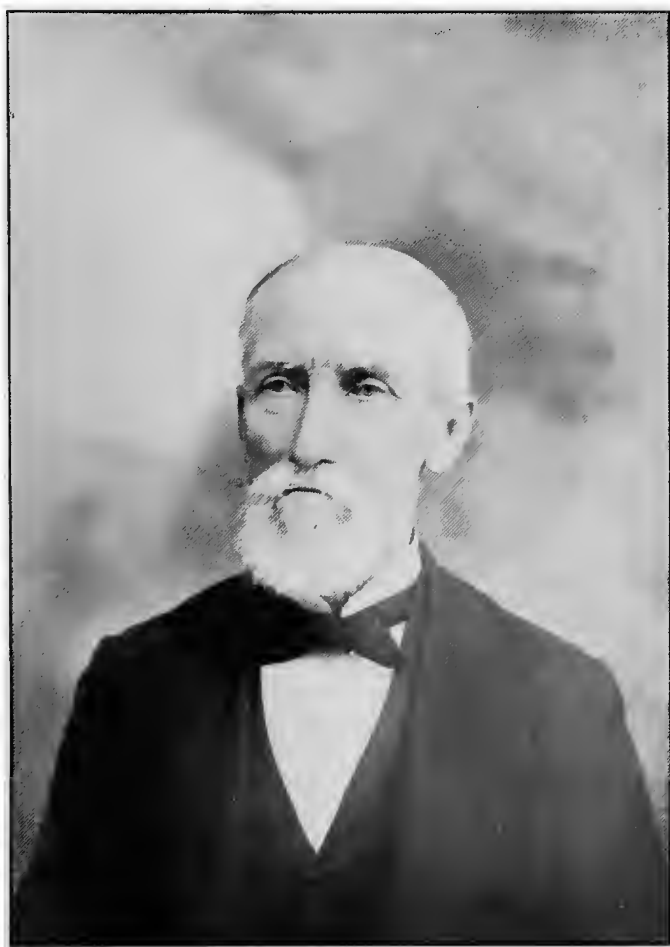
ernment which most effectively makes manly men. This builds up personality in the individual, and strengthens the body politic because it makes strong each one of its component parts.

ADDRESS

BY HARWOOD A. DUDLEY

At a recent meeting of the Orleans County Pioneer Association, one of the speakers said the word "Pioneers" was a military term and denoted a corps of soldiers sent ahead to prepare the way for the main body of the army following their lead. The term is a very apt one as applied to those hardy woodmen and woodwomen who blazed the way into this region one hundred years ago. Pioneering either in the army or in civil life usually involves hardships. Only the bravest and most hardy soldiers are selected for this service in the army and so also it was with the early settlers in this country. They left the ordinary comforts of life and many things regarded as almost indispensable in the older communities, and soldier fashion, brought their rations with them, and when these were exhausted they were thrown on their own resources and often there was a scant larder which could only be refurnished by the most primitive contrivances. Hollowing out the top of a stump to pound samp from corn with a pestle illustrates these home-made devices. With mills twenty or thirty miles away, the stump mortar and the hard wood pestle was a last resort to ward off starvation.

The early settlers in this country subdued the wildness that they and their children and their grandchildren might have fertile farms and pleasant homes and the modern conveniences of life, and we have "entered into their labors." The material pioneering for this section was done in the early years of the nineteenth century. The moral and social pioneering is not yet all accomplished. This we may do when we so live and act as to make the world better for our having lived in it. In this sense Abraham was a pioneer in spiritual religion; Roger Williams a pioneer of religious liberty; William Lloyd



HARWOOD A. DUDLEY

Garrison and Abraham Lincoln of freedom for slaves; Cromwell and Washington for civil liberty; Paul and Carey for Christian Missions; Gen. Armstrong and Booker T. Washington for education of the negroes.

Pioneering usually involves hardships. It did in the case of the early settlers, and it will in moral and social pioneering. There will be many to sneer and to oppose. But to engage in such enterprises is the only way to be saved from a narrow and selfish spirit. It means the cultivation of the heroic spirit, and nothing is better than that. It is the purest form of patriotism. One who has engaged in such work can die contented and happy, trusting posterity to give him due honor.

Very much has been said and written of the hardy man pioneer, and very much less said and written about the woman pioneer. At one of the "Old Folks' Festivals" held several years ago, the account said that "the oldest male guest was Archibald Davidson, a native of Scotland; the oldest female was 82 years of age;" but did not give her name. The "new woman" in these later years is asserting herself. She is being heard from and is not likely to be left out in the published report of any function where she is a factor. She proposes to "stand up and be counted" in any public affair where she takes a part in the proceedings.

The woman pioneer was as brave and self-sacrificing as the man pioneer, and perhaps even more so.

Those of us who are enjoying the results of pioneer labor have little conception of the trials and hardships endured by the fathers and mothers of this then, "wild country."

This township came into existence, with a name instead of a Number about the time of Napoleon Bonaparte's expedition into Russia and Poland, and Warsaw derived its cognomen from the capital of the last named country. Several other towns in this locality derived their names from Napoleon's celebrated "raid," in his scheme to control the destinies of Europe. The township, up to that time known as Number 9, was one of the series of townships, in an immense tract of land now comprised in the

eight counties of Western New York. Genesee, Orleans, Niagara, Erie, Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Allegany and Wyoming Counties now show the extent and magnitude of the tract of land known as the Holland Purchase. A company of rich Hollanders who desired to put their money out of Europe for safe keeping out of the hands of such agitators as Napoleon Bonaparte, negotiated for this land and sent on surveyors and agents like Joseph Ellicott to put the tract into lots of suitable size for sale to actual settlers. The uniform price of one dollar and fifty cents per acre made the whole region very attractive to those who desired to become settlers and to make homes for themselves and their families. Getting into this country from the older and more populous Eastern New York and from New England was a work of much time and manifold discomforts. Before 1825, when the Erie canal was opened for traffic and transfer, the entire distance from the old homes must be made on foot or with an ox cart or lumbering covered wagon drawn by strong horses. It was a journey of many days and constantly increasing difficulties as the route lay deeper in the wilderness and away from highways into a path cut through the woods, as the little caravan of three teams and the household goods and children of as many families, made their slow way into the "Genesee Country."

The log tavern, with "entertainment for man and beast" could be had for one shilling a head in a few localities, but more often the new-comers were welcomed by the hardy pioneer who had preceded by a year or two, with an open-handed hospitality which stands out in marked contrast with some of the dealings of later "promoters" and "land sharks" who were an after-product of the times in the early years of the century.

A new log house, well chinked with clay mud and whitewashed with slacked lime made a warm house in winter and a cool one in summer. No one need claim sympathy because he found an early home in a good log house. With a big fire of logs to warm it on a cold winter's night, and with plenty of home-made quilts and coverlets and a good feather bed, one could bid the winds howl and let the snow blow in drifts outside, and if some

of it sifted in, it could be easily shaken off in the morning and no harm come to any one.

I am reminded this afternoon of two or three Warsaw "stories" which I've half a mind to tell:

Tim Hinman was an early remover of buildings, and at certain seasons of the year, especially in the spring, Hinman would have more calls than he was able to respond to. But not wishing to disappoint his friends, he would make promises far beyond his ability to keep good. He promised A that he would be on hand "bright and early" Monday morning, and he would have that building on its new site before the next Saturday night. After A had gone home, B came to remind him of his promise to move his barn the next week. Tim renewed his promise to be on hand "bright and early" Monday morning. On Sunday Tim thought over his week's business. He had promised both A and B to commence moving their respective buildings the next day. Tim thought to himself "Now if I go to A's, B will be mad at me, and if I go to B's, A will be mad. Tomorrow will be a good fish day and I will go fishing."

One of the stories that is remembered is one told by Gen. Linus W. Thayer, at an early Pioneer Festival held at Silver Lake. At a time of flood, and it seems that they had floods then as well as in later times, the story runs that a daughter of a pioneer, either in Warsaw or Gainesville, (both towns were together in those days), fell into a creek and was rescued by a young man who was watching her exploit of crossing the stream. The mother of the young lady was loud in her rejoicing at the rescue of her daughter from a watery grave, and proposed to make the girl over to the young man as an expression of her gratitude. The General described the girl as not at all prepossessing even when dry and her appearance had not improved by the ducking and the fright. "She is yours," said the grateful mother. "You have rescued her from a watery grave. She is yours." The young man surveyed the proffered donation, and replied, "No, I don't want her. If she was mine I would put her right back again."

Ira Smith was an early "statesman" who thought his

abilities were not fully appreciated by his fellow citizens of Warsaw village, and in order to show how much they thought of him he was nominated and elected village trustee, and that body at its first meeting made him "Mayor". Mr. Smith's estimation of himself was increased beyond measure. He would show the people that his administration would be run in the interest of "reform". It had been the custom for the grocers, market men and merchants to display their wares on the side walk in front of their respective business places. This had long been an annoyance to Smith as well as to other people and he determined to abate the nuisance at once, and the next morning after his inauguration into office he went up Main street from Shattuck's shop to Buxton's warehouse and ordered all goods, barrels and boxes to be removed. The dealers took his warning kindly but made no effort to comply with the "Mayor's" orders. After waiting at Nicholson's shop a few minutes, Smith started on his return trip down Main street, and threw every box, barrel and crate into the gutter. He would show the people that when he ordered a thing done it must be done at once.

One of our early citizens endeavored to run his household affairs by set rules. One of these rules was that all members of the family were to be in the house by nine o'clock at night. He had boarding with him a young lady teacher—a most exemplary and model person in every way. The principal of the school was also a careful observer of all the proprieties in his conduct. These two young people on a certain Sunday evening in the summer time took a stroll up Cemetery Hill, and in their contemplative mood forgot all about the nine o'clock rule at the young lady's boarding house, and when they reached there found the house dark and the door locked. Of course the young lady was greatly chagrined, and her escort was angry beyond measure. He hurled suppressed oaths clothed in all the ancient languages of which he was master, as well as in plain English, but that did not unlock the door, and he went across the street and explained the situation to his own landlady who readily opened her guest chamber to the shut-out girl.

It is generally believed that when the Puritanic householder, who was also a trustee of the school, and the principal of the school met the next morning the earth trembled with the shock of the encounter. The Principal still grates his teeth and clenches his fists whenever he is reminded of the circumstance. The Puritanical householder and school trustee has gone, it is hoped, where the gates are not shut either at night or by day.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN

WRITTEN BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES AND SUNG BY THE

AUDIENCE

Our century flowers to-day !
From near and far away,
Homeward we come !
Beautiful, smiling vale,
Warsaw, our Home, we hail !
Hillside, and stream and dale
Welcome us home !

Through many a misty year,
Loved voices call us clear.
Forms long withdrawn
Seem to walk through the street,
Sit in the ancient seat ;
Veiled faces—long since sweet,
Bloom like the dawn.

All through the valley broad,
Sweet as the harps of God,
Dear memories sound.
Chords vibrate, ne'er to cease—
Music of home and peace,
Hope, faith that will increase,
Till glory-crowned !

Brothers, a living band,
Grasp we each other's hand,
Pledging anew—
By all the past can hold,
By seed-time—autumn's gold,
Strong friendship, as of old,
Lasting and true.

Our century rolls away,
Rounding full-orbed to-day,
To God be praise !
Our life in every part—
On farm, in shop and mart—
Our learning and our art,
Be His always !

RESOLUTION

WRITTEN BY CORNELIUS H. BRADLEY, READ BY REV. H.
E. GURNEY AND ADOPTED BY A STANDING VOTE

WHEREAS, an inscrutable Providence has removed from us by death a valued citizen and fellow-worker, Simeon D. Lewis, the chairman of one of our most important committees, it is deemed appropriate and fitting on this occasion, to which Mr. Lewis had looked forward with pleasurable anticipations, that we express publicly our feeling of sorrow for this bereavement: and, therefore,

RESOLVED, that in the loss of Mr. Lewis we have not only been deprived of an estimable resident of Warsaw for nearly half a century, but of a congenial friend, a wise counselor, a pleasant associate, and one who, had he been spared, would have added largely to the interest of this occasion. While today his voice is silent and his earthly task is done, we hold in loving remembrance his memory, not alone for what he did as a public spirited citizen but for what he was as a man; true, upright, and honorable, in whose life there was no false note.

P a r t T h r e e
S Y M P O S I U M
Tuesday Evening, June 30, 1903

ADDRESS

BY REV. GEORGE D. MILLER, D. D.

Mr. President and Friends:—

You have come back from the busy world, where by the sweat of your brow you have eaten food, to the hill where you were accustomed to coast, the glen where you were wont to picnic and the swimming pools of the Oatka. We are not afraid to deal in one truth on a margin. There is not a more beautiful home valley in all America. If you have ridden through the green fields and flowering hedge rows of England, sailed on the incomparable Italian lakes, stood on the summits of Mounts Pilatus and Rigi looking down on Lake Luzerne, wandered over the prairies of the Middle West, revelled amid the extravagance of flowers and fruits of California and have been awed into reverence while gazing from Inspiration Point into the delicately tinted gorge of the Yellowstone, you have viewed nature in grander and sublimer outline; but you have never beheld a landscape which offered better suggestions to the artist's subtle brush than this valley of Wyoming County viewed from our hills. The sap mounts the trees and the showers fall from heaven to make this a home of shade and freshness and peace in June, and in autumn nature luxuriates in her delicate tints to make this abode of man a garden of beauty.

Two natural elements combine in every strong character. The first is the hereditary stock. One hundred years suffice to pack into the physical organization the pure blood, the steady nerve and the firm but flexible muscle and tendon. Another generation stores the mind with great thoughts and logical alacrity. Still another attunes body and mind to the nature of the Infinite. Every great sentence of Emerson's was the voice of his grandparents. It was no wanton stock of degenerate sons and daughters who first learned to call these hillsides home. The old countries and New England contributed their strength to our citizenship; the Scotchman trans-

ported hither his love of the Highlands and running streams; the Irishman found here a close resemblance to his emerald slopes; the Huguenot found here a truer liberty and a broader democracy; the New Englander, born to be a pioneer, found here a favorable soil for his sturdy roots. All of them experienced a home feeling among these hills, and we are not surprised that you love to come back to them.

Another element in the formation of character is its environment. The ability to conquer nature makes man a hero. A knowledge of the language of nature makes the scientist; the interpretation of nature is the sweetest poetry; and fellowship with the soul of nature makes the Christian. And so, the persons who live amid such surroundings as these have the best equipment for noble sons and daughters.

The statisticians tell us that eighty-five per cent. of the successful men of New York are natives of the villages and the country. Eighty per cent. of the college students of today come from the country. The same is true of seventeen of our presidents. The close fellowship with nature, the space for thought and development, combined with a heritage of strong physical and moral force fit the children of the villages and hillsides to become sons of Anak in the land of achievement. From this inheritance of sturdy character and this environment of wholesome influences, there have entered the two streams which have given the impetus and direction to the life of this valley.

One hundred years of Warsaw's history have left a record for men and women scarcely eclipsed by any community in the State. The names of these are familiar in every household. Four college presidents have received their first education here. These have been gifted with eloquence, righteousness and executive ability as well as learning. Representatives in the House and Senate, and members of our State Legislature who carried weighty influence; financiers who have headed great enterprises because of the caution and prudence, the far-sightedness and honesty which they have learned in the life of this community; naval officers of renown, who have discovered for us the secrets of the seas; teachers who have been

great educators; missionaries in foreign lands; journalists who could write learnedly on any subject from Egyptian hieroglyphics to the latest street-boy larceny; ministers of the gospel and able women whose wholesome influence in many quarters is making this world better.

And, too, there is the strong home life; that home life which has been untouched by the degenerating influence of great populations, that home life which has been strong yet sweet, progressive, yet conservative, so that our mothers were able to put into our lives the power that would make us true men and women. But the achievements of today leave no room for pessimism. The young men and women are going each year from Warsaw to places of trust and success. All the great colleges of the East have their names registered as students. Each commencement season reports back to us some Warsaw boy or girl among the prize winners. But these are only the indications of what is abundant. The mineral wealth of our Wyoming families is by no means exhausted, and every fresh survey of our family life reveals wealth untold for the future of our men and women. When another anniversary shall be celebrated our wealth of great names shall eclipse those of today.

ELIZUR WEBSTER and JONATHAN YOUNG

BY ELIZABETH YOUNG

It is a peculiar interest that attaches itself to any beginning, whether it be the sublime work of God's creation, when "in the beginning God created the heavens and earth," or whether it be the lesser work of man's creation, when he enters the wilderness and by his own hands "causeth the solitary place to rejoice and be glad, even to come forth and blossom as the rose." And so we come to have a respect if not a veneration for the brave pioneers who opened up the country, endured the hardships and made for the generations following a cultivated and attractive place which we have only to enter in and possess.

Such a man was Elizur Webster who in 1803, then living in Hampton, Washington county, N. Y., with the wisdom of a sage, determined to go west and open up a place where no white man had ever been, and at the age of 36 years he started forth to make a home for himself and family in the wilds of a western forest. He continued his journey westward until he reached Wright's Corners, in the town of Middlebury where a settlement had been commenced the year previous by Jabish Warren, also of Hampton; and, felling the trees made his own highway of advance into the wilderness. During his lone wanderings through the forest, prospecting for a place to locate, when the darkness of night settled upon him and he had not where to lay his head, this brave man would find protection under some fallen tree and wrapping his blanket about him "lie down to pleasant dreams."

His shrewdness appeared in the method by which he attained his desire to be the first settler in the township. He had by personal inspection mapped out the town, finding the center by his own survey, for which he used a measuring line made of elm or basswood bark, and a compass; and with such accuracy as to deviate

but a few rods from the center afterwards determined by actual survey. He then went to the land office in Batavia to negotiate a purchase. Mr. Ellicott, the agent, refused to order a survey to be made for Mr. Webster's accommodation, on the ground that applications were constantly being made for unsurveyed land when there was plenty of good land already surveyed. But an added weight was given to Mr. Webster's persistent request by the fact that he had \$1,000 to "pay down" on his purchase. Mr. Ellicott, therefore, relented and ordered the survey to be made. But the reports of the surveyors to their agents were altogether unfavorable as to the quality of the land embraced within the survey. Both the surveyors and agents were ignorant of the quality of the land at, or about the center, but the keen insight of the settler had not failed to discover the well-watered, fertile country of the plain so well adapted for manufacture and agriculture, and a spot which might be made beautiful for the habitation of man.

Mr. Webster's purchase included more than three thousand acres lying mostly along and in the valley of Oatka Creek. The contract price was \$1.50 an acre, and Mr. Ellicott, not having at that time much knowledge of the land in this locality, was very much annoyed afterwards, it is said, to find that he had unwittingly disposed of the best land in the township at the lowest price. Most of Mr. Webster's purchase was made on credit; or, as was sometimes done, "booked" to him for a trifling sum, not exceeding a dollar a lot for a specific term, six months more or less, during which time he might sell to other parties at an advanced price.

He sold most of these lands to settlers at an advance of fifty cents an acre, they usually assuming his contract at the land office by taking an article as original purchasers and paying him his additional charge.

Mr. Webster immediately entered upon his purchased possession, made a small opening in the forest and built a log house a few rods back of the present site of the Baptist church. After the completion of this structure, Mr. Webster returned to Hampton and the

same year removed his family, a wife and five children, and his household effects to Warsaw. He came with two teams, a team of horses being driven by himself and the other team, two yoke of oxen driven alternately by Shubael Morris and Amos Keeney, who came to seek new homes on the Holland purchase. They were either accompanied or immediately followed by Lyman Morris, also from Hampton. During the first winter there were not more than three or four families in that lone forest, whose silence was broken only by sound of the chopper's axe and the music of the howling wolves.

From this weird picture we look forward one hundred years and behold the dreary wilderness transformed into a beautiful and enterprising village.

Judge Webster, so conspicuous in the embryo stage of our village, was a man of unique personality. In appearance a fine specimen of manhood, stalwart in frame, about six feet in height, broad and well developed, of erect and dignified bearing. He possessed clear judgment, strong individuality, was original and independent in mind and manner, and I add the testimony of a contemporaneous settler, that he was a man of irreproachable character; not dependent upon his wealth for the salutary influence which emanated from him. My informant says that of his benefactions he had no means of knowing, but is certain of one thing, "that in those troublous times incident to, and following the War of 1812 his name was not coupled with the names of those who, in the scarcity of provisions in 1816, were oppressors of the needy; that, on the other hand he was always kind to the poor and that from his door none ever went empty away." As an employer of scores of men in his large hay fields and in other labor he was a kind of regulator in keeping the prices up to a fair standard.

In 1808, at the first town meeting for the election of officers, Judge Webster was chosen Supervisor, which office he held by successive elections for seven years. In 1813 he was appointed one of the associate judges of the County Court. In 1816 and 1817 he was a representative of the County of Genesee in the Legislature, and in 1821 a member of the Constitutional Convention. Although

his education was limited, his common sense and discriminating judgment more than supplied the meagreness of his literary attainments. He has been heard to say, that when acting as Justice he paid little attention to the "pettifoggers" and seldom looked into a law book; but law, being said to be founded on reason and the principles of justice, he made these the guide of his decisions, not one of which had ever been reversed.

In 1837 Judge Webster removed to Ripley, Chautauqua County, having bought a large tract of fine farming land sloping away from the shores of Lake Erie, where a number of his sons and daughters settled around him. Although Judge Webster was famous only in a limited sphere, yet as far and long as the history of Warsaw is known his name should be remembered. He lived for a purpose, and gained his highest ambition. By his sagacity and industry he accumulated what was, for that time, a large fortune; but, better than that, by his nobility of character and manly virtues he gained the honor and esteem of all who knew him; and in 1854, in the eighty-seventh year of his age was ended the long, active, useful life of Warsaw's first settler.

* * * *

In 1816, Jonathan Young and his wife, Nancy Beck Young, removed from Carlisle, Schoharie County, with a family of six children and settled on a farm two and one-half miles west of Warsaw village. To all of their children were given good, Biblical names, suggestive perhaps of the hope and desire of their parents that they might emulate the lives of those godly Bible characters. Suffice it to say not one brought dishonor to his name. Peter Young was for many years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, and Abraham T. Young became a minister of the gospel. The relations between the families of Judge Webster and Jonathan Young became intimate and as a natural result Andrew W. Young married Eliza, Judge Webster's daughter and the first-born child of Warsaw. Andrew White Young commenced his active life in early youth having attained the honor of school master's degree before the close of his thirteenth year. In manhood he entered into public life and received a share of public

honors. He was a lover of his country and of good citizenship and to this end wrote a number of books on Civil Government; but to a devoted Warsawian his name and memory will be best perpetuated as the village historian. He actively engaged in all works of social reform; for temperance, universal freedom, education and religion; for whatever was for the promotion of the welfare of his fellow men he wielded his pen and lifted his voice. Only one of our many worthy fathers, who by their lives and their deeds have given Warsaw a character and a history of which their children are justly proud and should strive to maintain. To our forefathers, who through hardship and privations laid so well the foundations of our village, we offer our salutations of grateful remembrance; and to our fathers who built upon these foundations the superstructure of Godliness, intelligence and righteous living we render a tribute of immortal praise.

WILLIAM WEBSTER

BY WILLIAM E. WEBSTER

William Webster was born in Hampton, N. Y., in 1787, and came to Warsaw with Elizur Webster, his elder brother in 1803. They were descendants of Governor John Webster, who settled in Hartford, Conn., in 1636, and was appointed Governor of Connecticut by the King of England in 1656. William Webster was but 16 years of age when he came to Warsaw and was one of the three who made the first burial in the old cemetery. They made the coffin from a wagon box, carried it over the Oatka Creek on a log and buried it on the hillside. He lived with Elizur Webster until he reached his majority and did five years of hard work in assisting to clear the land in this vicinity. When he became 21 years of age his brother Elizur gave him the choice between one hundred acres of land and one hundred dollars. He chose the land, situated at South Warsaw on the east side of the highway and known as the "Old Webster Farm," and contracted for 100 acres more on the west side of the highway, which he owned many years. About one-half of these two farms has been sold off to other parties, and each remaining part of the old homestead has passed into other hands once, but both are now owned by descendants of William Webster. He was twice married; his first wife was the daughter of Col. Elkanah Day and died about two years after their marriage. He afterward married Charlotte Phelps, a sister of Isaac N. Phelps who kept the "underground" railway for runaway slaves from the South. Among those whom he secreted was the wife of William Burghart, her mother and brother, William Martin.

William Webster had a longer residence in Warsaw than any other of the first settlers and died in 1876, upon the farm which he cleared and where he spent 68 years of his life, and is buried in the old cemetery where he

assisted in the first burial. His wife survived him about two years and is buried by his side. They had eleven children, only one of whom is now living, Mrs. Susan Webster Hitchcock of Wyoming Village, who is in Warsaw to attend the Centennial celebration. She is 86 years of age and is the only one living of the children of those first "old settlers,"

William Webster and his wife were among the first members of the Presbyterian Church and remained such until their death. He was elected a trustee of that church in 1824. He rendered much assistance in recruiting a military company during the war of 1812 but was unable to enter the service himself. He was elected a Justice of the Peace and served as such many years and built an elaborate office, for those days, in which to hold court. One of the oldest attorneys of Warsaw told me some years ago that William Webster was one of the best Justices that Warsaw ever had. He settled many cases without trial, by good advice and counsel, and no decision which he rendered after trial was ever reversed by a higher court when appealed to. He was also known as an efficient "Tyer of Knots," matrimonial knots, and could say that which many of our clergymen cannot say, they never came untied. I have the record book of many of the marriage ceremonies performed by him, dating back to 1834 and many of the names are familiar to our older residents.

It was my pleasure and privilege to live in the same house with my grandfather Webster from the time I was nine years old until I was thirteen, and my brother and I used to go to his room in the evening and sit by the old fire-place and listen to many stories told by him and my grandmother about the early settlement of our town, of the many years of hard labor and of being deprived of many of the necessities of life. These men and women were men and women of courage, ambition and self denial; for it takes courage to be a successful Pioneer, and we, the descendants of the old Pioneers of Warsaw should cherish and revere their memory for it is by their courage, hard work and self-denial that we enjoy the comforts and luxury of the 20th century. William Webster

lived an honorable and upright life, always casting his influence for right as he saw it, and I am proud to say that I am the grandson of one of those old "first settlers."

AMOS KEENEY

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

The subject of this sketch and one of the earliest settlers of our town, Amos Keeney, was born in East Hartford, Conn., April 8th, 1778. While yet a lad he journeyed west to Hampton, Washington County, N. Y., and soon after made the acquaintance of Elizur Webster, a man of means and the one who played such an important part in the settlement of this town. It was at Hampton that Amos Keeney first met and afterward married Patty Brooks, who was destined to share the hardships and perils of their new western home. In the fall of 1803 Amos Keeney accompanied Judge Webster to Warsaw, driving one of his teams. He had bargained with Mr. Webster for fifty acres of land to be paid for by clearing ten acres of his land for him. Domestic affairs necessitating his return, he traveled back to Hampton on foot accompanied by Lyman Morris who had also contracted for land here. Returning the following March, he built his log cabin, and chopped and cleared two acres toward paying for his land on the north side of what is now Buffalo street, between Main street and the Oatka creek. Again he started for Hampton on foot and after severe hardships and nearly losing his life while fording the Genesee river, he finally reached his destination, having paid his last sixpence for food and lodging.

The following October he and Lyman Morris came back with their families, Mr. Keeney having a wife and three children and Mr. Morris a wife and two children. One wagon drawn by an ox team sufficed to carry all the household effects and the families of both men. When within ten miles of Warsaw the king-bolt of the wagon broke and they were forced to camp in the wilderness which was infested with wild animals. The following day another trial was made but the wooden

bolt failed them and they were obliged to abandon their wagon and household goods and started for their destination on foot, making knapsacks of their overcoats. Mr. Keeney carried his two eldest children, Betsey and Harry, while his wife carried the baby who was about six months old.

It seems that Mr. Keeney's hardships had just begun, for he owed ten dollars or more for the transportation of his belongings; his stock of provisions had been reduced to a few pounds of flour and part of a salt fish; his cabin was a primitive affair—it had no chimney except a large opening in the roof and the fireplace had not even a stone back-wall, the fire being kept at safe distance from the wooden structure. From Mrs. Keeney's scanty wardrobe a flannel skirt was sold to Sterling Stearns for wheat and flour, and a chintz dress to Josiah Hovey for his eldest daughter, for the delivery of twelve bushels of corn at Geneseo where Mr. Hovey had raised it during the preceding summer. It now remained for him to transport his corn from Geneseo to Conesus for grinding, and then home. To accomplish this he hired an ox-team and after a few days' journey succeeded in his enterprise.

He now had a considerable supply of bread-stuff, but how was he to preserve so great a bulk of corn meal from spoiling? He cut from a hollow basswood tree several pieces three feet long, shaved off the bark and smoothed them inside, and into these vessels he placed the meal in layers two inches deep, separated by flat stones. In this manner it was preserved and, with the flour previously bought, lasted about a year. One of these basswood barrels is still in existence and is the property of Mrs. James E. Bishop of this village, a granddaughter of Amos Keeney.

Such was the pioneer life of Amos Keeney, a hardy, God-fearing man. He lived to the good old age of 92 years and was blessed with nine children.

THE FARGO FAMILY

BY PALMER C. FARGO

Nehemiah Fargo was born in Bozra, Conn., on January 10, 1764, and was married in June, 1783, to Mary Chapman. They resided in Bozra about ten years after their marriage and then, successively, at Colchester and Hebron, in Connecticut; Sandisfield and Great Barrington, Mass.; Green River and Geneseo, N. Y. At the latter place Mr. Fargo worked on the Wadsworth estate one year and after putting in his crops he took his axe on his shoulder and started through the woods, coming out at Warsaw, where he immediately negotiated for a piece of land, and made an opening preparatory to building a log house, to which he returned in the fall and completed all except hanging the doors. He built the house double, large enough to accommodate any weary traveler or home-seeker who might come his way. Therefore, he became really the first keeper of a public house in town, though he never did that as a profession or as a business. In the spring he loaded up for the last time his belongings on a cart drawn by oxen and a wagon with horses, and after three days, going by the way of LeRoy and over Bethany Hill he arrived at Warsaw.

This was in 1804. Mr. Fargo made a large purchase of land; more than one-third of the village of Warsaw occupies a portion of his investment. He gave to the Presbyterians the land on which their church stands and in return, it is said, was given his choice of pews. He settled on the place, corner Main and Livingston streets where his son Allen Fargo resided for so many years and which is now occupied by his great grandson, Wilber G. Fargo. Nehemiah Fargo was a prominent factor in the early history of Warsaw and many of his descendants still reside here and are active and influential in the affairs of the town.

Now, as I am only a half-blood Fargo I feel it might

not be out of place if I should say a word in honor of my maternal grandmother, who was also a pioneer, and whom I hold with as much reverence and respect as I do the one whose name I bear. Hezekiah Scoville was born in Orwell, Vermont, in the year 1777. He married Amy Thompson of the same place, coming to Warsaw in 1810 or 1811, bringing with him that which stood him in good stead, a skilled pair of hands in woodcraft, and he built largely, or helped to build, the frame churches in this community and many of the houses, building for himself the first frame house on the West hill, just east of the Sharp school house, and that house is doing service today as a dwelling. In that house my father and mother, Palmer Fargo and Caroline W. Scoville, were married in 1818. He also brought with him that venerable townsman, whom many of you remember and from whom he learned the art of woodcraft, Chester Howard, who built, it is said, more churches than any other man who ever lived in Western New York of his day, and we remember him with great respect, and many of his descendants are still in this community. Hezekiah Scoville was a musician. He was the first of our singing masters, using not the eight notes but the three syllables in the gamut, and used to lead the choir and the devotional services.

THE MUNGER FAMILY

BY EMMA R. MUNGER

Of the pioneers in Warsaw in the early part of the last century there came three Munger brothers, representatives of a family which had been living in Connecticut more than 150 years. They came from good old Puritan stock, the kind of men that made New England stand for civil and religious liberty and that helped to give to Western New York the same character of independence in thought and action. Nicholas Munger, the ancestor of the Mungers in America, came from Kent, England, to the New Haven Colony in 1639. Nearly every one of his great grandsons were Revolutionary soldiers. One of them, John Munger, born in Bethlehem, Conn., in 1749, had four children who became residents of Warsaw. He himself came here in 1824 and lived here until his death in 1830. His grave can be seen in the old cemetery.

Of these four children one, Elizabeth, the wife of David Martin and the mother of David Clark Martin, came here in 1813. Another, Ebenezer, came here in 1806 but afterwards moved to Pennsylvania. The two best known were John and Samuel Munger. Deacon John Munger, as he was familiarly known, came here in 1806 and was a resident of Warsaw for 58 years. He lived for many years on the farm just south of the west side cemetery, where he built and operated the first tannery in the town. He and his wife were among the first members of the Presbyterian church, and it may be remembered that in his will he left several thousand dollars for the erection of a church building. Samuel Munger came with his wife and five children to Warsaw from Roxbury, Conn., in March, 1816. Their journey occupied six weeks, their only conveyance being an ox sled. Their two oldest sons, Morgan and Robert, walked almost every step of the way. Upon their arrival they went to work immediately to help their father cut away the forest on the west hill

to make a new home. Morgan Munger spent the remainder of his life on the farm which his father cleared, having added to it from time to time until he owned a large tract of land. He was honest, frugal, industrious, generous to his neighbors, a man of strictly upright life. His wife, who was left at his death with a family of ten children to rear, was a woman of remarkable force and energy of character.

Robert Raymond Munger, who is no doubt remembered by many of the older people of the town, started out in life with nothing to aid him except an indomitable will, yet before his death he owned many valuable pieces of property, both farming land and town property. Between 1838 and 1844 he owned and conducted the old Columbian Hotel which stood on the site of the present postoffice. In 1854 he started the grist mill at the south end of the village, the mill long known as the Chase mill. The mill-stones which have recently been placed at the foot of the path at the old cemetery were the ones which he put in the mill at that time, and the tall poplar trees standing there he also planted the same year. While he was Highway Commissioner, about 1867, he built the stone arch over the Oatka on South Main street, using the flat stones from the creek bed to build the walls. He was frequently told during its construction that the walls would not last. They stand today a testimony to his good sense and honest work. Robert Raymond Munger was known as a typical, shrewd, energetic Yankee, a man of sound judgment and absolutely honest life. Though he was somewhat conservative in his opinions, yet he was progressive in his business. Both he and his brother were firm believers in the temperance cause and in the anti-slavery movement.

Of the descendants of Samuel Munger, twenty-one are residents of Warsaw, fourteen being descendants of Morgan Munger and seven descendants of Robert Raymond Munger. Of the children and grandchildren of Robert Raymond Munger here and elsewhere it happens that five are millers and five are school teachers. Five, too, is the number of the generations of Mungers buried in Warsaw. Though the Mungers have never achieved fame, yet the younger generation living feel that they have a right and just

pride in the heritage of an untarnished name from the courageous pioneers who helped to found Warsaw's prosperity.

REMARKS

BY LEWIS E. WALKER

Mr. Chairman:—

I assure you that I feel very much at home here to-day for, if family records are correct I began my career on the very spot where this tent is located, on the 15th of May, 1826, and have been a resident of Warsaw ever since with the exception of six years—three in Vermont and three in Ohio. On the last day of July, 1854, I bought a little bookstore of Nehemiah Park, and have continued to supply you with books, papers and magazines, which possibly may account for the fine literary taste and attainments of the residents of this town.

My father, William Walker, was born in St. Albans, Vermont, on March 13, 1793, and came to Warsaw in 1823, where he continued to reside until his death in 1885 at the age of ninety years and one month. He was long identified with the best interests of the town. I find his name on the records in connection with building the stone school house and in building the two bridges—not the one referred to by Miss Munger but those built at a previous time, the one on Buffalo street and on Main street.

All you need to know of the Walker family is, that we are here, and we are represented throughout this county and this section of the state. I am very glad to see you all today; and what gives me special pleasure in this assemblage is the fact that all the heads are not gray. It is a joy to see here so many young men and women who have been reared in this community, in these churches and these schools, and who are a credit to this place or to any place where they may live.

WILLIAM BRISTOL

BY BELLE BRISTOL KURTZ

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Two years after Mr. Webster located in this town my grandfather, William Bristol, came from Canaan, Columbia County, as surveyor for the Holland Land Company. His son, your fellow townsman of that name, was to have spoken of him tonight. Although my father is a young man, having recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday—like Oliver Wendell Holmes, preferring to be “eighty years young than forty years old”—and is more vigorous than many of half his age, he decided a few hours ago that owing to a slight hoarseness it would not be prudent for him to speak in the night air and therefore delegated to me the pleasant task of referring briefly to my ancestors.

I knew that my grandfather came to this locality in 1805; that he was active in the political and social life of that time; that he felled the first tree in the wilderness of that part of the county now known as Gainesville; that he cleared the forest for the first road leading from Warsaw to Pike, but I did not realize how closely he was connected with the early history of this town until I took up the History of Warsaw this afternoon and found his name associated with the names of the early settlers like the Websters and Keeneys and others of whom we have heard this evening. In speaking of the friendships of that time and of the simplicity of the life, the historian says: “Who doubts that William Bristol and family of No. 8 had a good time when they made a visit to Judge Webster’s, seven miles away, on a sled drawn by oxen?”

Mr. Bristol served in the war of 1812 as lieutenant in Captain Wilson’s company of cavalry. When in some encounter their company had with the Indians Julius Whitlock’s horse was killed from under him and the Company

fled leaving him behind, his friend William Bristol went back and rescued him. The history also tells of the religious society formed in 1812 with Ezra Walker as moderator, Chauncey Sheldon, clerk; John Munger, Zera Tanner and William Bristol among the trustees. That society was called "Union." There are now many denominations but they are all working, thank God, harmoniously and unitedly for the good of the citizens and community.

Of Mr. Bristol's three sons and three daughters, my father is the only one left, but descendants of his sons Francis and Benjamin are with us tonight. Many of the old family still live in the county; some with the old pioneer spirit of the grandfather, are helping to build up new settlements and some blazing their way through forests of sage brush beyond the Rockies.

My grandfather showed rare judgment in the selection of a wife when he chose Martha Stevens, born in Worcester, Mass, a woman with the strong New England character, eminently fitted for life in a new country. Together they dispensed a generous hospitality and were kind and sympathetic neighbors. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to those early settlers for preparing for us this beautiful valley we enjoy today. We admire their courage and bravery, their patience under all the hardships they endured. Their lives are an inspiration! But more than all are we grateful that they were noble, upright, God-fearing men and women whose splendid characters have been transmitted to the men and women of this generation, like the eloquent, scholarly men we have heard today, and the energetic townspeople who have planned this delightful Centennial reunion and celebration which will never be forgotten.

LINUS W. THAYER

BY BLANCHE L. THAYER

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It might provide an interesting contrast and add some spice to these tales about our worthy ancestors if I could claim descent for the Thayer family from the "Three Thayers" who were hanged in the public square in Buffalo in the "good old days." Certainly crime brings fame—at least in the newspapers, to a family otherwise unheard of. But unfortunately our family is in no way connected, I believe, with the aforementioned murders and therefore I must speak on topics more commonplace.

This centennial celebration is not only a pleasurable occasion, but a very instructive one for us of the younger generation. After listening to the eloquent addresses this afternoon I said to an old school friend of mine, "Those speeches make us believe that we all had noble ancestors." "Not only that," he replied, "but they make us believe that *we* have a *future*." And in thinking of that future it is especially wholesome for those of us who see so much luxury in our large cities to hear of the days when life was simpler; when it was not necessary in order for a boy to be contented that he should have at his command, for pleasure, horses, a bicycle, a motor cycle and an automobile. Our forefathers probably were not much more unhappy in the long run than we are, and yet their pleasures were of such a simple kind that they scarce seem pleasures at all to us.

The committee who asked me to speak on the Thayer family intended, I am sure, that I should commemorate that one who for a considerable period stood at the head, it is conceded, of the legal profession in this county, my grandfather, General Linus W. Thayer. He was born in Warsaw, in the limits of the present town of Gainesville in 1811 and died here in 1892. He began the practice of law in Perry in 1839, but removed to Warsaw in 1841;

so that he practiced in this town for fifty-one years. It may be of interest to read the list of lawyers who studied in his office: Hon. Andrew Thayer and Judge Wallace Thayer of Oregon; Vine W. Kingsley of New York City; Daniel C. Nichols of Chicago; Charles Henshaw, afterwards Judge of Genesee County; Samuel S. Spring, afterwards Judge of Cattaraugus County; Charles W. Bailey, formerly Clerk of Wyoming County; Edwin Thayer of Buffalo; Leonard W. Smith, formerly Treasurer of Wyoming County; Henry C. Page of Nebraska; M. E. Bartlett, C. T. Bartlett, I. Sam Johnson, L. L. Thayer and Augustus Harrington of Warsaw. His law partners were: Levi Gibbs, James R. Doolittle, Charles Henshaw, L. W. Smith, Henry C. Page, L. L. Thayer.

The success that he won and the reasons whereby he won it have always been exceedingly interesting to me. Living on a farm till he was seventeen; for the next ten years teaching school winters and working on the farm summers with the exception of two spent in study at Lima, N. Y., studying by himself with such few books as he could afford to buy, often baffled but never overcome by adverse circumstances, he rose to such a position in his profession that for many years there was not an important law case in the state in which he was not counsel on one side or the other.

The remarkable persistence and determination shown throughout his life is not unknown to many of you here. He always had the courage of his convictions and never lost a suit for lack of courage to press it. He might be beaten in a preliminary struggle, but he never retreated when in his judgment there was a fighting chance. Many instances might be cited from his practice when he refused to submit to an adverse decision and finally demonstrated by the result in the Court of Appeals that he had been right and the lower tribunals wrong. It is said that on many occasions his earnestness and perseverance brought to the court a comprehension of the principles for which he was contending when other men would have abandoned the fight from sheer physical exhaustion.

It is men and women of such spirit and courage that have made our town known far beyond these hills of ours,

and it is to all of us, their descendants who have received such an inheritance more inspiring than great wealth, to whom Warsaw looks for similar examples of fearlessness and honorable success even though it may be won in an humble field.

REMINISCENCES.

BY COMMANDER ZERA L. TANNER, U. S. N.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—

When I was told that I might be called upon for a few extempore remarks I sat down and began to prepare a really eloquent speech, which even Dr. Gates would have listened to with a show of patience, if not interest, when along came a fellow who said, "Oh, go on and tell some reminiscences of what you did when you were a boy." I said, "I won't tell the best things I did—I wouldn't dare tell—and the other things would not be worth telling." "Well," he said, "tell them anything."

Of course I had an idea of going back to my great-grandfather in the French and Indian war, and saying how he fought there and in the Revolution, and how my grandfather came to Warsaw in 1808 and established himself, and I was going to give you a pretty good history of the Tanner family. Then a lady came along—"Oh," she said, "Tell them about how you stole the ladder from the straw-stack." I said, "I wouldn't dare to do it for one of the girls is here to-night." I would no more dare to tell that story in her presence than I would dare to jump overboard. What should I say? An attempt to follow my career of nearly 68 years wouldn't do on a three minute limit. Then another one said, "Tell them something about Bering Sea, something that you did, something that you caught from the bottom of the sea, and how you got it." "There is the limit again," I replied.

Well, really, it only seems the other day that I was delving on the west hill farms for bread and butter, and while it was pretty rough work I don't know that I ever complained much; but at the age of sixteen I graduated into the foundry; you all know where that is, and I think the three years that I spent there were

among the most valuable to me in my subsequent career of any three years of my life. My education was procured in the primitive schools of the west hill largely; with a year or two at the parochial school which I will say very little about, and one year with our friend Dr. Briggs, probably the best teacher that ever lived or taught in Western New York, a man we all loved and venerated; we all recognized his interest in us, and he had more than ordinary interest in me for the simple fact that I needed all the interest, all the attention that he could give me. There is just one thing that I have always laid up against the Professor. Dolph Barber had a seat just behind mine. Of course we had our writing lessons. I worked pretty hard over mine. He would come in, and say, "Well that will do pretty well for you." Dolph wrote an elegant hand. He would go around to Dolph, a couple of seats away and say, "Barber that is all right," but he would make some little suggestion to perfect Dolph's hand. All there was about it, he thought my hand was so bad that it was hopeless, and gave me up. "Well enough for you."

After three years in the foundry I started for the old country, with impaired health and a worthless patent. I spent a year in England. I did recuperate my health to a certain extent and spent what spare change I had on this patent and then I took to the sea. I did it at the instance of an old friend and ship owner. He said, "It's all very well for you to stand around here and recuperate, but go on this ship; here is a ship going to sail next week for India; go there, work or not as you like, and it will do you more good than all of your change of climate." I went. I was just foolish enough to go. I did not go with the privilege of working or not working, but as one of the crew, and I worked. But my ill health disappeared in less than a month. I never have found it since, and from that day I determined that the sea should be my profession. I followed it in the merchant service until the outbreak of the Rebellion. Then, of course, I went into the navy and served throughout the war as a volunteer officer. At its close I received a commission in the regular service, passed through the regular grades from Ensign, Master, Lieutenant, Lieutenant-

Commander, to Commander, and finally in 1897 I retired as all naval officers do, at the age of 62 years. Since then I have been my own master to a certain extent. In order that we should not run wild Congress passed a law giving the Secretary of the Navy the right to order any retired officer to duty. Well, it was not long before I was caught, but I said nothing about that. It was during the Spanish War. I served several months at the Navy Department in Washington, then went to San Francisco where I made a contract for the construction of the Samoan coaling station; then to Honolulu, where I secured a site for another naval station, and there I was called the "Land-Grabber,"—I suppose because of my success in securing a suitable location for the station. I returned to my own quarters in Washington and retired again at the close of the Spanish war, my own master to the extent that they have never forced me to receive orders or to perform duty.

I fear that I have about reached my limit, for I see the president watching me very closely, and I will bid you all good night.

THE SMALLWOOD FAMILY

BY MABEL E. SMALLWOOD

The Smallwoods are one of the few English families whose ancestors did not come over in the Mayflower. William Smallwood, the founder of this branch of the family in America, came to this country in 1810 and landed at Alexandria. He had intended, probably, to settle somewhere in Maryland, but the sight of negro slaves, bought and sold like cattle, roused his warm heart to such indignation that he refused to live in a state which would countenance such an outrage. Accordingly he bought horses, and carts into which he loaded the family possessions and such of the family as could not walk, and set out to find "God's country," where the boasted American freedom and equality really did exist.

Why he did not stop in Pennsylvania I do not know, unless it was too near to slavery, but he passed through that state to this, and after a few years spent in working for other men and studying the region, he took from the Holland Land Company the land which still forms the old home farm for all our Smallwood family. In a little log cabin upon this he established his family; a wife, four daughters and three sons and set out with their help to clear the land and form a home. Soon a larger log cabin was built and later a frame house which forms part of the house now standing. Like the loyal Englishman he was, he set his house well away from the road and imported English hawthorne for hedges to surround and shield it.

From this home his children married, only one, Michael, remaining with him. None of the others settled in this county and their history is not connected with that of Warsaw. We would not be ashamed of them if they were.

Michael married Elizabeth Beedon, of Perry, in 1830, and their children, two sons and five daughters, whom

many of you know, were born in the old house, grew to manhood and womanhood there, and are now at work in the world, bearing their share of its burdens wherever they are. Their living children, the fourth generation of Smallwoods here, number twenty-six, and are not far enough along in life to make it safe to brag of them. Unless they make fairly decent citizens, however, all laws of heredity may be omitted from future books.

They are somewhat hampered by family facts and traditions. They have to side with the under dog, for their sturdy old great grandfather was an active abolitionist until he died, and counted it one of his great blessings that the Lord permitted him to live away beyond the allotted "three score and ten," until his own glad eyes had read the Emancipation Proclamation, and his own eager ears had heard the shouts of thanksgiving when Lee's army laid down its arms.

They have to be Methodists, sooner or later, and really ought to be Methodist ministers. They are obliged by force of ancestry to know more or less of books and most of them have to teach at least a few years. This, by the way, may be equally hard on the families upon whom they practice. Even if they spend much time in cities they must often return to mother nature and renew their strength like that fabled hero of old, whose strength returned at every contact with the earth.

All the family traditions are against great wealth, so if you ever meet a rich Smallwood you may be certain he does not belong to our branch. It is equally unlikely if he is very poor. We belong rather to the common people, whom Lincoln thought the Lord must love because he had made so many of them.

One of the greatest trials of our generation is in selecting partners to share our family glory. Our ancestors have used great judgment in such selections, so that unprejudiced observers have sometimes thought the annexed members were really an improvement upon the genuine article. Up to date this generation has been equally fortunate, but you can see that the responsibility is great. We can only promise to use our best judgment.

The fifth generation of Smallwoods in this country

consists of four small youngsters, more interesting just now to us than to the world at large. We pray for them that they may inherit as clean a record as we did, and pass it on without tarnish to their children's children.

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REMINISCENCES

Warsaw Academy Fifty Years Ago

BY DR. HORACE BRIGGS

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Without preliminaries I proceed to say that I succeeded Mr. Charles J. Judd as principal of the old Warsaw Union School in 1847, I think. Mr. Judd was a model teacher and a Christian gentleman. He had large experience, and a prestige superior to that of any other teacher that I knew in the county. It was presumption in me, a young man with limited experience, to follow a teacher with such a record, but Mr. Judd had decided to abandon the profession, and I was invited to occupy his place in the old building, which has been referred to several times; the cobblestone structure on South Main street, bearing on its pebbly front in large letters the words "Warsaw Academy". It was a Union school when I entered it, but I think it was incorporated as an academy the year afterwards. My associates were Miss Emeline D. Howard, Miss Kate Crosby, Miss Urania Stevens, a Miss Hawkins, Miss Annette Richards and others, along down the years, and Miss Franc Phelps of Mount Morris, a very popular society woman. It would be pleasant for me to talk about the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of my associates. They had them well developed. But this is a public occasion, this is a popular meeting, and those ladies are not here to defend themselves; and so I proceed to say that they did good service in the discharge of their duties in the school, and especially had it not been for the wise counsel and the loyal support that Miss Howard gave me, the school would doubtless have had another principal long before I left for Alexander in 1854.

We registered generally, about 350 scholars every year, in three departments, and more than one-third of them

were in the Senior department. I don't think I ever worked so hard in my life, nor did I ever have a deeper interest in any school over which I had supervision, than in Warsaw Academy. It was my first large school, and there were included in it some of the brightest minds that it was my good privilege ever to instruct.

We got along with little friction down through the years, and we made a record—it would not be becoming in me to give it value—the people here know best about that.

I come here to-night and look around upon these faces to find recognition. I feel like a stranger in a strange land. I know scarcely one, or very few, at least. You don't know Joseph and Joseph doesn't know you. Time has been playing tricks with us, and we all wear masks, we don't know each other; and as I look around I feel—well, at the risk of casting a shadow upon your festivities—I feel like asking, "Where are they"? Doubtless, if I should call the roll here to-night, quite a number would be able to answer "Ad Sum"—I am present. I know that others have found homes in other towns and in other states, and the mossy marbles on yonder hill tell where many others lie sleeping. I went up there to-day to read, and think and listen.

This afternoon I revisited the old schoolhouse, and that room, my room, sacred with many memories. I brushed away the dust, found a seat and settled down to think, to listen again. I resigned myself entirely to imagination and let it play with me. I think I must have fallen into a trance; I do not know what the condition was; I suppose philosophers would call it psychic subjectiveness. It was a day dream. It was perhaps a state of hallucination. Imagination transfigured everything. It soon rehabilitated and refilled the whole room. Every desk was there and every seat had an occupant—sixty double desks and a hundred and twenty shadowy pupils, but they were real to me. They greeted their old preceptor with their wonted smile. It was his old school of 1849.

I have had put into my hands a catalogue published in that year, and if you will bear with me, Mr. Presi-

dent, I will read some of their names. Adolphus Barber—I met him to-day for the first time in many years;—the Caner boys; John Crocker, and Johnny was a nice boy; William H. Darling, our first college student; Henry J. Doolittle—I think he was referred to today by one of the speakers by mistake; Wheeler Fargo; Walter Fargo; John A. Gates; I am calling the roll of a very few only and at random; Charles M. Judd; Abram Lawrence, I think I met him on the street the other day; E. D. McKay—I should like to stop and talk about McKay. I tried, and failed, to get some flowers to put on his coffin at Southern Pines in North Carolina; Joseph M. Nicholson, Granville Nicholson; George, Albert and William H. Walker, and I think that others of the family were in school after that; Calista Bronson; and then came the Bartletts; Lucy Bishop—I met her today; Helen Buxton; Caroline Barber; the Bassett girls, quite a number of them; Mary Cutting, Harriet Crocker, Delia Cole, Lucy and Frances Carpenter, Mary E. Darling, Julia Darling and Jennie Darling; Caroline E. Gould;—what a memory for me, for I lived in the family for years—Harriet Gates and Mary Gates, and Mary E. Lynde, Delia Miller, Mary McElwain, Frances Patterson, Adelia C. Walker, Lucy Young, Elizabeth Young, Martha Young, and Mary Young. These persons were so photographed in my memory that I seemed to recognize almost every one in the room before me.

Now, you know something about the after history of these people probably—I know very little or nothing, for it is a far cry back over this space of a half century or more.

While looking into their faces I noticed sadness upon some of them, sorrow had doubtless touched them; the dove of Peace had left its home in their hearts and flown away. They had probably lost their grip, had been defeated; but most of them appeared bright, cheery, fresh, blooming, happy, joyous young people as I knew them in early days. I looked into their faces with questions—What have you gotten out of life! How have you borne yourselves during these years! And there seemed to come a still small voice from out that spectral throng,—still

and small, yet clear and distinct, oracular and impressive, and this was the message: "Tell every educator whom you meet to give some time every day to instruction in ethics; for moral instruction, instruction in duties to our friends and neighbors, to our country and its flag, such as we learned from the little old book that we studied with you called 'Watts on the Mind,' has done more for us than any other one study that we ever pursued."

The engine on the distant hill aroused me from my reverie, my hallucination. I looked around, I was alone. There was the same dust covered floor, the cobwebs were hanging from the ceiling and there was that old black-board—Oh, what memories—concealing volumes of the history of the school beneath its black surface, and details of scenes stranger than those of Arabian Nights. Reluctantly I left the place, for it was my little Mount of Transfiguration; but I brought away this message, and I pass it on to you: My fellow teachers, if such are present, and those who aspire to become instructors of the young, remember that the schoolmaster and the school ma'm, and the conscientious mother hold in their hands the destinies of our country; nay more, the destinies of the human race, and I trust that the time is soon coming when instruction in moral duties shall be given at every fireside, and shall find a place in the curriculum of every school in our land.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. DANN

BY J. EDWIN DANN

My father, Charles Henry Dann, was born in Delaware County, N. Y. His education, begun in the country schools, was continued in Delaware Literary Institute and Williams College; I will not say was completed, for he was a student all his life. After leaving college he taught in Schoharie, N. Y., and later was principal of Keeseville Academy.

My mother, Jerusha Waterbury, was born in Schoharie. While a student in the Academy she met the young teacher, Charles Dann. In 1849 she was graduated from Troy Female Seminary. Following her graduation she taught in Jordan Academy, in Brockport Collegiate Institute, and with an associate principal founded Penn Yan Female Seminary.

In September 1854, Perry Academy was opened. The *Wyoming County Advertiser* of that date speaks in glowing terms of the new principal, Charles H. Dann, and of the preceptress, Miss Jerusha Waterbury. On January 3d, 1855, these two were married in Perry.

Mr. Dann taught in several towns of Western New York, was principal of No. 10 in Rochester, and came to Warsaw in 1863. He was principal of Warsaw Academy from 1863 until 1870 and later was engaged in the nursery business.

Three children came to Warsaw with my parents, Alice, Charles, and Mary; Townsend had been taken away. Willis, Irving and Edwin were born here. From the *Warsaw home*, Alice, Charlie, Willis and Irving were called to the *better home*. Charles H. Dann passed away July 5, 1888, and Mrs. Dann on April 22, 1901.

One of my father's old pupils writes: "Mr. Dann is the one teacher of my life that I look back to with deep gratitude. He was a fine scholar, a man of pure motive, and noble character."

Of my mother, one of her friends says: "She was

one of God's noble women, always doing good and making those around her happy."

I am proud to speak to you of my parents. Proud of my father, an earnest student, a wise and faithful teacher, a Christian gentleman. Proud of my mother, strong, brave, courageous. Showing herself friendly she had many friends, and a host of young people whom she helped and inspired bear her in loving memory. The lives of our parents are a daily inspiration to their children, and the memory of the home they founded, of their help and counsel, and the lives they lived, is our rich inheritance.

JOSHUA H. DARLING

BY HARRISON DARLING JENKS, M. D.

In the year 1830 there appeared in the little village of Warsaw a young man, tall, erect of carriage and dignified in bearing, Joshua Harrison Darling. He was born twenty-two years before in Henniker, New Hampshire, the son of Judge Joshua Darling, at one time President of the Senate of New Hampshire, an alumnus of Dartmouth College, as was also the grandfather. His ancestors were among the early settlers of New England, coming from England to Massachusetts in 1643.

This young man, from the traditions and culture of a prominent New England family had decided to cast his lot with the then just settled Western country, the present locality of Warsaw.

At first a clerk in the general store of Dr. Augustus Frank; he soon became a partner of Andrew W. Young in the same sort of business. Shortly after, this partnership was dissolved, and on the corner where the present National Bank now stands he carried on a general store for the next twenty years.

At the end of this period, 1851, the need of a bank nearer than Batavia became apparent, and with foresight characteristic of the man, Mr. Darling established a State Bank, the first in this county. For fourteen years, during a period of great financial stringency, when state banks were daily suspending operations, when failures were an every day occurrence, Mr. Darling successfully conducted his bank, the soundness of which was never in question. We have in our possession a state bank note on the Wyoming County Bank, dated October, 1859, signed, J. H. Darling, President, and J. Harrison Darling, Cashier. After passing through this critical time and through the Civil War he availed himself of the National Bank Law of 1863, and in 1865 reorganized his bank into a National

one. Of this bank he was President until his death on March 24, 1869.

Of acknowledged financial ability, yet his high moral character and integrity were the crowning characteristics of his life. Deeply religious in his nature he freely, but unostentatiously gave to the church, the church of his fathers from the early settlement of New England, and almost every matter of public interest in this village received his counsel and financial aid. He gave \$10,000 toward the erection of the Congregational church and gave the new organ which cost \$2,000, in addition. By his will he also gave \$150 a year for ten years for the support of the church. What he gave in charities and benevolent enterprises was always with good judgment and in a quiet manner, not even his most intimate friends really knowing the extent of his benefactions.

His interest in school matters is shown in this quotation from a letter written February 8, 1850, in reference to the Free School Act:

"There continues to be considerable opposition to the Free School Law, but it will stand, I think. It may be amended some for the better at the present session of our Legislature."

Being a strong anti-slavery man, thoroughly opposed to the extension of slavery, he early became identified with the Republican party as the party most likely to effect a settlement of the slavery question, and was in 1860 sent as a delegate to the National Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President.

In 1832, Mr. Darling married Miss Lucretia Frank of Granville, N. Y. Seven children were the result of this union, of whom only the eldest and the youngest survive, Mrs. Mary Jenks of Warsaw and Mrs. Frances Neeld of Chicago.

In 1845 he married Miss Laura Mosher of Canandaigua, by whom he had seven children, two of whom are living, Mrs. Margaret Chapman of Elyria, Ohio, and Miss Grace Darling of New York. In 1862 he married Miss Clara Beebe of Litchfield, Conn., who survives him and is now living in Wallingford, Conn.

Mr. Darling died in March 1869 at the age of 60

years, in the full maturity of his powers, and good deeds illumined his life to the end. Indeed, the good which he did is living today and helps to make Warsaw what it is at this one hundredth anniversary. The workman dies, but the work goes on.

Finally, in these days when our large cities are filling with men from foreign shores, 700,000 or more already this year; when there are many sections of large cities to which the English language has become a stranger, celebrations like this serve to remind us that we should be glad that we Warsawians, past and present, have a history to which we can proudly look, that we Americans as a whole can amalgamate this great crowd of foreigners into good American timber. If we can but apply the principles of the inspiring address of this afternoon toward making good citizens of this horde of emigrants, our ancestors have, indeed, not lived in vain.

THE GATES FAMILY

BY ELIZA GATES MILNE

Seth Gates, my grandfather, was the first member of the Gates family to settle in Warsaw. He was born in Preston, Conn., in 1775. He married January 1st, 1800, in Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Miss Abigail Merrill of that place. She was born in West Hartford, Conn., December 19th, 1777. Their first child, Seth Merrill Gates, my father, was born October 16th, 1800, in Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

¶Six years after their marriage, in the spring of 1806, they made the pilgrimage to Western New York, and settled in Sheldon, his house being the third one built there. At a Pioneer meeting held in Warsaw fifty-four years later, in 1860, Mr. Gates said of this journey: "My father was twenty-six days on the road, and hard driving at that." All this region was then known as Genesee County, and it was not until two years later, in 1808, that the towns of Warsaw and Sheldon were separated from the rest. It proved to be within the boundaries of this latter town that my grandfather had settled, with a few other hardy pioneers, and there he lived for most of his life, enduring bravely the same hardships his neighbors had to endure and helping in the development of the wilderness.

In 1808, the same year the township was separated from the surrounding ones, he helped to organize the Baptist church there and was soon after elected one of its deacons. In the War of 1812 he commanded a company of Light Infantry on the frontiers until the battle of Queenston had so thinned its ranks that it was annexed to another company. In 1834 my grandfather moved to Warsaw. Three more children were born to them in Sheldon; Chauncey, Calista and Delia.

Warsaw was now a thriving settlement although not incorporated as a village until nine years later; in 1843,

It was made the county seat of Wyoming County in 1841. Its inhabitants were already far removed from the extreme privations that had been borne by the early settlers. For about twelve years there had been little, if any fear of wild animals in the immediate vicinity, and the bounty of five dollars apiece for the scalp and ears of each wolf taken and killed in the county, had not been claimed since 1821. However, as late as 1830, only four years before this time, the records show that the men were called out for a wolf hunt, about three miles west of here, in Orangeville. But the settlements themselves were now quite safe and prosperous, coming out slowly, but surely from beneath the burden of heavy taxation made necessary by the war of 1812. Home industries had to compete with the British trade which had been suspended during the war, and a market for what little surplus grain or produce was raised was still too distant to be easily available. The struggle for a bare existence may be said to have continued until the completion of the Erie canal in 1825, which brought to these Western New York people speedy and permanent relief.

Deacon Seth Gates came to Warsaw in this early stage of its prosperity and here he spent the remainder of his life, about fourteen years, living in the house on Genesee street. He was always active in sustaining the preaching of the gospel, schools and all benevolent and charitable enterprises, and he remained always a member of the Baptist church. He died November 9th, 1847. His wife survived him about four years. Doubtless he had been led to come to this village by the desire to spend his remaining years with his children, as business interests were leading them to this village. His eldest daughter, Calista, had married Isaac C. Bronson of Sheldon, and they were living in Warsaw at this time, Mr. Bronson having associated himself in the mercantile business with Dr. Augustus Frank in 1832. Mr. Bronson was for over twenty years closely identified with the business enterprises of this village, in the boot, shoe and leather trade and then as one of the owners of a woolen factory where an extensive manufacturing business was carried on. That factory building was after-

ward sold and turned into a grist-mill, at the extreme south end of the village where we all remember it. He was for several years postmaster and later took an active part in securing the construction of the Attica and Hornellsville Railroad and was one of its directors.

Mr. and Mrs. Bronson removed in 1854 to Rockford, Ill. They had a family of eleven children, eight of whom were born in Warsaw. Four are living now but none of them remained in Warsaw after their parents removed. Deacon Gates' second daughter, Delia, lived here with her parents until her marriage to the Rev. A. H. Stowell. They had four children but none of them ever resided in Warsaw.

The second son of Deacon Gates, Chauncey C. Gates, was born in Sheldon, June 16, 1810. He came to Warsaw about the same time his father did and engaged in the mercantile business with his brother-in-law, Isaac C. Bronson. In 1837 he became a partner in the business and continued in it until 1843 when he sold out his share to A. G. Hammond. From that time he carried on the hardware and stove business under the firms of Gates & Garretsee, and C. C. Gates & Co., and others, for many years. He married in 1848, Mary Elizabeth Butler who was born in Henniker, N. H., April 10th, 1825, and brought her to the old homestead at the head of Gene-see street, where his mother was still living, his father having died the previous year. Here they made their home the whole of their married life their house being always a place where their friends, young and old, found a cordial welcome and where they loved to gather.

Mr. Gates died in 1897 and his wife in 1903. They had five children all now living; William Chauncey Gates of Auburn, Walter Harrison Gates of Scotts Bluff, Neb., Willard Merrill Gates of Geneva, Mrs. L. H. Humphrey and Mrs. F. J. Humphrey or Warsaw.

Seth M. Gates, the eldest son of Deacon Gates, did not live in Warsaw during its early history, but in the neighboring town of Sheldon and, later, LeRoy. In 1820 he left his father's farm in Sheldon, where he had worked until then and went to Middlebury Academy for three years, teaching school winters, his first school being

taught in South Warsaw, in 1821. In 1823 he began the study of law in the office of the Hon. Heman J. Redfield of LeRoy, and was admitted to the bar in 1827, when he formed a law-partnership with Augustus P. Hascall of LeRoy. He resided in that village until 1843, and there became known as a bold, fearless and successful champion of all measures for the public welfare. The LeRoy Gazette, in an editorial published at the time of my father's death, said in part: "It is now thirty-four years since his residence in Le Roy terminated, and yet fresh in the memory of all of our older classes of citizens are the distinguishing characteristics of the young lawyer in his opening career, which have marked his whole life. His inflexible love of justice and hatred of oppression, his clear intellect to discover the right, his unbending will in the pursuit of duty, his stern integrity and high sense of honor while yet a young man among us, led him early to take a conspicuous position and to be our chosen representative in places of honor and trust. First as Supervisor, then as Member of Assembly, and afterwards for two successive terms, Representative in Congress—the town, County and Congressional districts respectively called for his services, which in every position were ably and faithfully bestowed. In this brief notice we can merely advert to Mr. Gates' public career. With moral and intellectual qualities such as those with which he was endowed, it could not have been otherwise than that he should have been in full sympathy with the anti-slavery movement with which the country was agitated, upon his first entrance into public life. With the most prominent of the leaders he became at once a trusted counselor and an active coadjutor. The necessity, or policy, of a third party organization, to check the aggressions of the slave power, which the extreme leaders had resolved upon, found in Mr. Gates a steady opponent and his trenchant controversy with Gerrit Smith and Horace Greeley upon this subject made for him a state reputation which brought him into close political relations with Governor Seward and the anti-slavery members of Congress. It was there that he joined that noble band whose struggles for the Right of Petition and to restrict the area of slavery

aroused the nation to the enormity of the evil with which they were contending. It is enough to say of Mr. Gates that he was the active and trusted friend of such men as John Quincy Adams, Slade and Giddings during this eventful period. He was their peer, and 'there were giants in those days.'"

It was in 1832 while my father was in the State Legislature, that he helped secure the passage of an Act authorizing the building of the Tonawanda railroad from Rochester to Attica. There he also joined with others in an effort to secure the construction of a railroad from Warsaw to Le Roy, along the valley of the Oatka, but although the right was secured from the Legislature and over \$100,000 worth of the stock was subscribed for, the project was afterwards abandoned. "Had that road been built at that time the population of Warsaw would probably have increased several thousand," said Andrew Young, in his History, "and long before this time (1869) have been extended South—intersecting other railroads—to the coal mines of Pennsylvania and thence to Pittsburgh." This was actually done by the building of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh road, a few years after that was written. But what a grand project it was to build this railroad for the development of Warsaw and LeRoy away back as early as 1834! In 1838 he was elected to Congress as an Anti-slavery Whig and, being re-elected in 1840 he served two terms there. At the close of the XXVIIth Congress, at the request of John Quincy Adams, he drew up a protest against the annexation of Texas, proving that it was a project to extend the area of slavery. This protest was signed by all the anti-slavery members of Congress, and this action is alluded to in later histories as the first organized effort in Congress to check the spread of slavery.

By transmitting the address of the World's Convention held in London in 1840, under his own frank to the governors of the states, he so exasperated the slave-holders that no less than five governors mentioned the fact in their next messages, and a rich planter in Savannah, Ga., offered a reward of \$500 for the delivery of the offending Member of Congress, dead or alive, in that city! Nor

was the accomplishment of that purpose so unlikely then as one might, in these more peaceful times, believe.

In the midst of this brilliant and promising political career my father was attacked by a second severe stroke of paralysis, warning him of a constitutional weakness, and his physicians told him that he must give up political life and even leave his profession, the law. It has long seemed to me that the spirit in which he "embraced the inevitable," and with no false parade of disappointment, with no complaint either public or private, of a broken life or a thwarted career, resigned all hope of further political preferment and retired to a comparatively uneventful life, showed the real metal of the man. He moved to Warsaw in 1844, to be near his parents and brother and sisters, all of whom were then living here, and occupied himself with various business interests, after a year giving up even the practice of his profession.

In Le Roy he had united with the Presbyterian Church upon his conversion at the age of thirty-three, but upon coming to Warsaw he chose the Congregational Church, partly, no doubt, on account of its advanced position in regard to slavery. This church he supported by his active interest, by his rare gifts of voice and pen, and by earnest personal work as long as he lived. He was for a long time the church clerk and for thirteen successive years the superintendent of its Sabbath School. But his work was not confined to the church to which he belonged and which he loved so well. He was an earnest and outspoken temperance man, practicing and teaching total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage and from any traffic in them. Yet his judgment led him on this question, as it had in regard to slavery, to oppose the formation of a third political party, and here, as before, his forcible pen was used to defend what he felt was right and to oppose what he thought would be a great mistake.

Educational matters had his interested and intelligent support, always. He had been one of the original founders of Ingham University in LeRoy, one of the first institutions in the country established for the higher education of women. He was also one of the early sup-

porters of Oberlin College, paying for several scholarships there for many years. He took an active part in the organization of the Free-Soil party in 1848, a movement which resulted later in the formation of the Republican party, and his well known record in anti-slavery matters led to his nomination again at this time to public office, when as their candidate for Lieutenant Governor he ran several thousand votes ahead of his ticket. His record as an Anti-Mason is not less honorable and consistent than as an anti-slavery man and a temperance reformer, and up to the very end of his long life he was unchanged in his belief in the undesirability of a Christian's belonging to the Masonic order or kindred ones.

He married in LeRoy in 1827, Miss Eliza Keyes of that place and they had seven children, six of whom survived their mother whose death occurred in Le Roy in 1840. He married for his second wife, in 1841, Miss Fanny Jeannette Parsons of Lisle, Broome Co., N. Y., and they had five children, four of whom are now living, their mother having died in Warsaw, in 1866. In 1867 he married Mrs. Ann Cornelia Bishop, widow of the late W. S. Bishop of Rochester and daughter of the late Colonel Nathaniel Rochester.

In closing I venture to quote from an editorial in *The Western New-Yorker*, written shortly after his death: "The character of a man like Seth M. Gates cannot be estimated in its completeness by the aspect which it presented to the public. He needed to be known in the private companionship and more intimate ways of his life to be fully appreciated. Men knew him mainly as a bold controversialist and fearless champion of what he deemed to be just. To them he seemed an armed warrior, always on guard and always with battle-axe in hand, alike ready to repel an attack or to make one.

"Those who knew him best found this man of steel to be one of the most genial and warm-hearted of friends. His large culture and his knowledge of men and of the world, that had been amplified by the years of three-quarters of a century, made him the most interesting of associates. His mind was observant, his apprehension alert and accurate, and his judgment almost unerring. These

qualities of his, together with the power of arranging his thoughts in well-chosen and forceful language, gave a value to his conversation that few possessed.

"In a small literary association of which he was a member for the last few years of his life the charm of his peculiar qualities shone at its best. The intimacy of the circle revealed him in new lights to those who thought they knew him well before. His years largely exceeded those of the oldest of them all, but the sprightliness of his mind and his readiness to meet every call for a literary contribution was a marvel to them all. Be it a poem, a historic essay, a reminiscence of the political conflicts he had passed through, a story, or a song of the olden time, it was all the same to him—he was ready for each and all of them, and he entered into the interest of each with a zest that was of itself an inspiration to all around him. His burden of seventy-five years was not a burden to him. His remarkable temperament seemed to transfigure the years as they came and went and change them to a glory. He was never an old man, for he kept his heart always young. Only a year before his death he said to a friend who had spoken of his advancing age, that in all his life he had never enjoyed the days the Lord was giving him better than he did then.

"What a faithful and friendly counselor he was those can tell best whose footsteps his judgment has guided. The man who could be as stern as Fate when the occasion demanded it—was as tender and pitying as a woman at a spectacle of suffering or wrong.

"While he will be remembered longest among men for those great qualities and heroic virtues that became him so well, others, and these among the most intimate of the friends of his latter years, will praise him for those gentler elements of his character that did not so much attract the public eye, but were a perpetual surprise and a perpetual joy to all who were within reach of their influence."

William Lloyd Garrison, in a letter written at this same time to the bereaved family said: "Indeed he was made up of such grand elements that to think of him is to be at once reminded of the portraiture of Abdiel, by Milton in *Paradise Lost*. For such was Seth M. Gates, bold for the

truth, uncompromising for the right, faithful to a sensitive and an enlightened conscience, devoid of all fear of the Adversary and his machinations, strong in the conflict of freedom with oppression, serene and confident in the midst of fiery trials and deadly perils, untainted by selfish considerations, choosing to be popularly misunderstood and maligned rather than to be false to his conviction of duty to God, his fellow-men and his country; patriotic in the purest sense of the term and noble in his aims and ambitions.”

Of my father's family of twelve children it remains only to be said that six of them are now living, five sons, and one daughter whose greatest claim to fame here and now is that she was the first one of the children of Seth M. Gates born in Warsaw and that the many happy years of childhood and youth spent in this village until her marriage took her away, made it to her always, as it still seems, the loveliest village of the whole world; and to have been present at the exercises of this Centennial celebration one of the pleasantest experiences of her whole life.

JAMES WEBSTER and SYLVANUS HAWLEY

BY ELLA HAWLEY CROSSETT

James Webster, the grandfather of John B. Crossett, was one of the pioneers of Warsaw who filled quite a place in its history. He was a carpenter and cabinet-maker, and built the first frame house in Buffalo, in 1800. He was with the Wadsworths in Geneseo for a time, then went back east but returned to the then western country, Wyoming (or Genesee) county in 1810. He often employed thirty carpenters and his wife always had several apprentices in the family. He was the contractor for the old Presbyterian church, afterwards used as the planing mill. He also built the house now occupied by Charles L. Morris, for Judge Webster; the residence of Albert P. Gage for Dr. Sheldon; one for Captain Fargo, and others. He lived to be 83 years old, so that many now living here remember him well.

Sylvanus Holly, or Hawley, my grandfather, came to Warsaw from White Hall in 1816, with his brother David.

They had married sisters by the name of Waldo, and decided to spell their name Hawley instead of Holly. In 1822 other brothers came here and held to the original name. Alanson Holly, John and Milton Holly were identified with the growth of the town for many years. Alanson published the *Wyoming County Mirror* and was one of the members of the first school board for higher education which was established in 1853.

John Waldo Hawley, my father, lived in Gainesville for a few years, but the most of his life was identified with the business interests of Warsaw. He built the store now occupied by M. W. Campbell. After salt was discovered he and members of his family built the Hawley Salt Works, naming it for him. Since the works were sold to the National Salt Company, his son, Warren W. Hawley, has had the management of the salt works here.

The traits of character of the family have been fidel-

ity to the truth, temperance, liberality in religious thought and interest in the growth of freedom of the citizens of our Republic to have their opinions expressed at the ballot box, or in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "by no means excluding women." Two of the four college presidents spoken of by one of our speakers, namely, David Starr Jordan and Devello Sheffield, came from the Hawley family.

On my mother's side, among the pioneers, was Elder Pattison, pastor of the Baptist Church here in 1818. Two of his sons were ministers; one a doctor; one daughter married Dr. Binney and they went as missionaries to India. Lucy Pattison married Warren Thorpe. They lived for many years on the farm south of the cemetery. Grandfather Thorpe had charge of the cemetery and set out the fine maple trees that surround the grounds. There are still a few people in town who can say that they have known five generations on both my fathers's and mother's side, and it behooves the present generations to endeavor to keep up the good record of their ancestors.

MIDDLEBURY FAMILIES

BY IRVING B. SMITH

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am asked to speak as a representative of an old family, or of old families of Middlebury. You may ask what that has to do with a Warsaw centennial. I reply that for the first few years of Warsaw's history—until 1812—Middlebury was a part of Warsaw. It is only just to credit much of our present glory to the glorious beginnings made in Middlebury one year before the wilderness of the present Warsaw was discovered. The time allowed forbids even the mention of the illustrious names of pioneers who began Warsaw on Middlebury soil; Jabez Warren, Amzi Wright, Silas Newell and many others. Mr. Newell was the real founder and early builder of that little village down the valley known as Wyoming. He seems to have been to Wyoming in those days what Mrs. Coonley Ward has been in these more recent times—"The whole thing." Then there is the long line of Ewells introduced by the seven brothers from Massachusetts who seemed to have belonged to the aristocracy as they brought into the wilderness a barrel of pork and a half bushel of potatoes.

But I must not radiate from the whole town of Middlebury as a starter. Take one feature of the town, the old Middlebury Academy. How could I even hint at the glory of that institution of learning and ever finish my talk? How much the present renown of our Warsaw is due to the output of this famous old school! Many of Warsaw's most noted men brought from thence knowledge and inspiration. One name, that of Seth M. Gates, has been several times mentioned here. Seth M. Gates was one of the graduates of Middlebury Academy. In passing we might notice the fact that the great Warsaw salt interest was born in Middlebury.

If I should start from my own family center, how many

of you would listen to the long family story of the Smiths? John and Samuel were in Attica in 1805; then came Isaac Smith, my grandfather, who was then a Revolutionary veteran and who lived to the advanced age of 93 years. There can be no question of the Smith superiority as they seem almost without beginning or end. Again I might notice my maternal grandfather, Aaron Bailey, who came into Attica in 1808, a shoemaker who "whipped the cat," that is, went about from house to house making up cowhide shoes for the family just before winter set in. If I had time I would introduce you to the pioneer honors of my "better half" and confuse you in the wilderness of the great Miller family. I will not expand along any of these lines but simply say that both my wife and myself are *wonderfully descended*.

We hold this Centennial to remind ourselves of the good that has been done in the progress of a hundred years, to remember some of those who did it, and to note how we are historically connected with the benefits. The pictures of our beginning and of the struggles of progress cannot help but make us more appreciative, more sensible of obligations, and more patriotic. In this way we keep firm hold upon our institutions, our Americanism, and in this way we become inspired with the spirit of our fathers. In these days of our prosperity and comparative ease it takes just such reminiscences to energize our loyalty and refresh our patriotism. Thus breathing in something of the spirit of our pioneer fathers and mothers, we are kept from a spirit of indifference. Some one has said that there are three great enemies to our national life; violence, corruption, indifference, but the greatest of these is indifference.

We have here among us a great flood of people from across the sea who cannot trace their ancestry to these early settlers. When these foreigners look back through the line of progenitorship they are not one with us, but when we all look back through the declaration of independence made by those first people here upon American soil, where they declare: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, &c," we find that these are one with us. What really constitutes an American? This question was once disputed between a

man born in America and a man born in England but naturalized an American citizen. The American born said: "You are an Englishman since you were born in England." "No," said the man born in England, "I am no longer an Englishman, I am a naturalized American citizen; I have renounced my allegiance to the crown of England. I have adopted America and America has adopted me. I believe in America. I am filled with American ideas and therefore I am an American." "No you are not, as you were born in England; I am an American, born here in America." "Well," replied the man born in England, "our old cat found a brood of kittens in an old stove oven; I suppose you would say they are therefore biscuits."

With the broad and true brotherly old declaration before us, all truly loyal Americans are brothers as though they were of one flesh and of one blood. Such is the mystic cord of true fellowship among our American citizens. There will be unity of patriotic hearts as long as there is love of freedom in the world.

We need to cultivate a knowledge of our beginning and our progress as a people and to consecrate such knowledge in love and true fellowship. Knowledge of our institutions is sanctified by love of our institutions and our people. In our efforts to emphasize home, there springs up a home patriotism which is the beginning of all true patriotism. Principal Wicks, of the Syracuse High School, is accustomed to train his pupils along lines of practical citizenship. At the time of a heated political campaign, involving the question of the tariff, his pupil congress was discussing the issue. One boy arose and said: "Mr. President, we don't want any free, foreign salt here in Syracuse; what we want to do is to fill ourselves up on American Salt so that we shall be ready to die for our country." Is it not a good thing to become thoroughly salted with American ideas so that we may live or die for our country upon occasion? Warsaw will be henceforth dearer to ourselves and dearer to our children for this Centennial's intellectual and spiritual salting.

I have particularly noticed the gladness of those who have come back to Warsaw for this occasion, and I think I can discover some manifestations of regret for ever

having left this goodly town for other parts of the world. Now I am sure that we would all be glad to add to our Centennial invitation a long welcome to every prodigal son and daughter. What you see here provided for these few Centennial days is only the "fatted calf;" there is left a whole herd which we are willing to slaughter in your interest.

HON. AUGUSTUS FRANK

DR. AUGUSTUS FRANK; REV. JOSEPH E. NASSAU

Augustus Frank, born at Warsaw, July 17, 1826, was the son of Dr. Augustus and Jane Patterson Frank. His early education was secured in the schools of Warsaw and from private instruction. At an early age his attention was turned to the mercantile business, first entering his father's store. But in 1847, when he was twenty-one years of age, he established a business for himself, which he pursued with unusual success. His natural interest in public matters and his desire to promote the general welfare, combined with his eminent fitness for such service, early called him into a broader field of activity.

His father, Dr. Augustus Frank, was born in Canaan, Conn., January 12, 1792. In early life the family moved to Granville in this state where he completed his education. He studied medicine at Dorset, Vermont, and began the practice of his profession at Victor, New York, where he remained three years. In 1817 he came to this village and formed a partnership with Dr. Sheldon, first in a professional and soon afterward in a mercantile business. This partnership was dissolved in 1822. Dr. Frank continued in the mercantile business until his death. He was also largely interested in various manufacturing establishments and real estate transactions. He took an active part in the measures designed to promote the prosperity of the town, and the moral and intellectual improvement of the community. His efforts in the cause of temperance were unremitting to the last, and contributed largely to its advancement. He was among the first to take part in the anti-slavery movement and aided in the formation of a society in this town. In 1842 Dr. Frank was appointed an Associate Judge of Wyoming County, which office he held until 1846. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and was a liberal

contributor to that and other religious and benevolent institutions.

He was married to Jerusha H. Baldwin, at Dorset, Vt., September 12, 1816. She died March 15, 1825. They had three children. Two died in infancy. The third, Henriett, became the wife of Edward A. McKay, a lawyer of Naples, New York. Dr. Frank married for his second wife Miss Jane Patterson of Londonderry, New Hampshire. To them were born seven children: Augustus; Elizabeth W., who became the wife of Rev. Joseph E. Nassau; George Washington, who now lives in Lincoln, Nebraska; Jennie P., who became the wife of Edward K. Greene, of Montreal, Canada; Mary A. who became the wife of Philo D. Browne and lives in Oakland, California.

Dr. Frank died January 26, 1851, at the age of fifty-nine years. Mrs. Jane Patterson Frank died February 19, 1867, at the age of seventy-one years.

Rev. Joseph Eastburn Nassau, D.D., who married Dr. Frank's eldest daughter, was born in Norristown, Pa., March 12, 1827. He came of distinguished Presbyterian ancestry, his father being a minister and his grandfather an elder in that denomination. He was graduated with honor from the class of 1846 in Lafayette College, and acted as tutor for two years in his Alma Mater. He then taught the classics for three years in a seminary for young women at Lawrenceville, N. J. After graduating in 1852, from Princeton Theological Seminary, he founded an institute for young women in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and remained as its principal for two years. Having accepted a call to the Presbyterian church of Warsaw, N. Y., he was there installed as pastor by the Presbytery of Genesee River, October 24, 1855, and remained in this, his only pastorate, until his death in 1894. In 1872 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater. Dr. Nassau was for more than 38 years Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Genesee, several times Commissioner to the General Assembly, and was twice Moderator of the Synod of New York. He acted for many years as a trustee of Ingham University at Le Roy, and of the Academy at Geneseo.

He was of a genial, lovely disposition, of great intel-

lectual ability and strength of character—a man whose influence will long remain helpful in the town and church he loved so well. On October 16th, 1856, he married Miss Elizabeth W. Frank, who was a true “Pastor’s wife” in every sense of the word, and a fitting helpmeet to this man of God. Mrs. Nassau, with two daughters, Mrs. Z. J. Lusk, and Mrs. Wm. E. Miller, survive him.

Hon. Augustus Frank became identified with public matters in his very early manhood. In 1850–1852 he took an active interest in the construction of that branch of the Erie Railroad which connects Hornellsville with Buffalo, was made one of its directors and afterwards was elected Vice-President. In 1856 he went to Philadelphia as delegate to the first National convention of the Republican party. In 1858, when he was thirty-two years of age, he was elected representative in the United States Congress from his district which then comprised Allegany, Wyoming and Genesee Counties. His business capacity, his uniform courtesy and his sterling integrity early won for him a place of importance in the affairs of the nation.

In 1860 his constituents testified to their admiration for their representative by returning him to the thirty-seventh Congress by a majority of nearly eight thousand. In 1862 the district had been changed to Wyoming, Genesee and Niagara counties from which he was elected to the famous thirty-eighth Congress. He was thus in Congress during and previous to the whole period of the Civil War. He was a strong supporter of the policy of the Administration, and an assiduous laborer for every measure for the suppression of slavery.

The crowning act of his national career was the service which he rendered towards the passage of the XIIIth Amendment to the Constitution which prohibited slavery anywhere within the national domain. The press throughout the country gave the credit for the final passage of the measure to Mr. Ashley of Ohio and to Mr. Frank of Warsaw. The New York Tribune in its issue of February 1, 1865, said, “To two Republicans in particular does the nation owe a debt of gratitude—to James M. Ashley of Toledo, Ohio, and Augustus Frank of Warsaw, New York.

They held the laboring oars." The Washington correspondent said at the time, "It will not be out of place for me to say here that the supervision and direction of this policy was confided to the Honorable Augustus Frank, to whose clear insight and discreet management there is perhaps more due than to any other member, in the work of securing this grand consummation. In this connection I have good reason to know that his services were invaluable. He watched the progress of the measure, improved opportunities, and pressed upon every doubting one the duty and expediency of an affirmative vote. The result is all that we could ask. It reflects honor on an able representative who has performed his duty faithfully and well. Let me add, upon one too, who retires from his position in the present Congress, after three terms of successful service, with an honorable record, and with the regrets of many friends who have been cognizant of his influence and usefulness."

In 1867 Mr. Frank was chosen one of the delegates-at-large to the Constitutional Convention of this state. The other names on the ticket were such eminent men as Charles Andrews, Sanford E. Church, George F. Comstock, George William Curtis, Samuel J. Tilden, William M. Evarts, Charles J. Folger, Horace Greeley, Francis Kernan and William A. Wheeler. In 1870 he became one of the managers of the State Hospital for the Insane at Buffalo. In 1888 he was a member of the Electoral College which elected Harrison and Morton. In 1894 he again became delegate-at-large to the State Constitutional Convention. In this convention he made few speeches, but exercised a strong influence on his associates and in committee work because of his ability, integrity and large experience in public matters. He was the chairman of the committee on banking and currency, and was a member of the committee on preamble and bill of rights. Mr. Frank was one of the commissioners for the preservation of the public parks of the State of New York, and held positions as trustee or on the board of managers of several benevolent, charitable and educational institutions. Soon after his retirement from Congress Mr. Frank established a banking business in Warsaw. The Bank of Warsaw was established by

him in 1871. His broad influence, his well established integrity, his exceptional executive ability, and his large experience well fitted him to carry this business successfully for a quarter of a century. He had previously helped to organize the Wyoming County National Bank of which he was for several years a director. He was also a director of the Rochester Trust and Safe Deposit Company. He was one of the projectors and a director of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad. Many other branches of business in and near Warsaw received the touch of his personal influence.

His regard for the soldiers of the Civil War was shown by his efforts to secure the Soldiers' Monument for Wyoming County. He contributed liberally towards its purchase and gave much time and thought to its erection. He was vice-president of the Monument Association, of which Hon. William P. Letchworth is president.

Mr. Frank was deeply interested in the material, moral and spiritual welfare of his own community. He was for several years the President of the Wyoming County Pioneer Association. He gave much time and foresight to the development of the salt industry in this valley. He agitated constantly, by addresses and newspaper articles, the importance of public improvements and the cause of temperance in Warsaw. Many of the advantages which make Warsaw an attractive village in which to live are due to his unwearied advocacy.

Religious institutions received a large share of his interest and beneficence. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Warsaw, and for more than forty-five years was active in its Board of Trustees. The present church building was made possible by the contributions both from himself and his friends in New York whom he interested in the movement. It was his policy to contribute liberally to every branch of the work of this church including its missionary and benevolent causes. But he was generous also of his time, never being too busy to consider any question which would help the religious life of his community and in any denomination. His attractive personality, his genial disposition, his high

ideals, his broad knowledge of public matters and his large interest in living questions; his sterling integrity, his strong and persistent devotion to the right, his kindness and sympathy towards those needing his assistance, and his deep spirituality made him the center of a host of friends and acquaintances. His death at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York on April 29th, 1895, at the age of sixty-eight years, was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

Mr. Frank was married in 1867, to Miss Agnes McNair, the daughter of William W. McNair of Groveland. Of their two children William Augustus died in childhood, and Mary Louise is now Mrs. George D. Miller, of Rochester.



CORNER MAIN AND BUFFALO STREETS

HON. WOLCOTT J. HUMPHREY

Wolcott Julius Humphrey, son of Deacon Theophilus and Cynthia Hayden Humphrey, was born on November 11, 1817, at Canton, Connecticut—one of seventeen children. When he was two years old the family moved to Sheldon, New York, where the home was a large farm, and not only agriculture was pursued, but also the trades of tanning, shoemaking and harnessmaking. Wolcott was given a common school education supplemented by study with a neighboring clergyman. He was brought up with a thorough knowledge of all the home industries. Later he became a merchant, and followed that business for twenty-four years at Varysburg, Sheldon Center, North Java, and Bloomington, Illinois.

Early in life Mr. Humphrey began public service. When twenty years old he entered the New York State Militia; in 1840 he was chosen Colonel of the 9th Regiment, 8th Brigade, New York State Artillery and resigned in 1844. He held various town offices; in 1850 was Census Marshal in six towns of his county; in 1849, '53, and '60, was postmaster of his town, which position he resigned. In 1850 he was elected to the Assembly, and returned in 1851, his political talents and constant activity giving him a leading position in that body. He was Chairman of the Committee on Railroads, and reported the Central Railroad Bill authorizing the consolidation and establishing the existing restrictions of that road. He was also chosen by caucus to take charge of the Prohibitory Liquor Law passed at that session.

During the Civil War he was enrolling officer for the U. S. Government, and was mobbed while in discharge of his duties. He served two terms in the New York Senate, being first elected in 1865, and again in 1867 from the Thirtieth District, (Wyoming, Livingston and Allegany Counties) by a majority of 5,240. In the first term he became a member of the Committees on Railroads, Inter-

nal Affairs, and Printing, and Chairman of the Committee on Roads and Bridges. In the latter session he was a member of the Committees on Finance and Banks, and Chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation; and on a Joint Library. He was a faithful, indefatigable worker, and was recognized as one of the most able of the non-speech-making Senators. He was an acknowledged leader in his section of the State, being a member of the Republican County Committee for thirty years, and for twenty years of that time its Chairman. During those years he was a delegate to more than half the Republican State Conventions, and was a member of the National Conventions of 1876 and 1880. He was a Whig so long as that party existed, and then a Republican of the staunchest fibre.

In the history of Warsaw, Mr. Humphrey was a prominent figure from 1864, the date of his removal to that place, until his death. In 1869 he became interested in the Wyoming County National Bank and two years later was elected President, holding that position throughout the remainder of his life. He was President of the Warsaw Water and Gas Companies, and of the Cemetery Association. He was a Trustee of the Congregational Church for twenty years. For eight years he was a member and for three years President of the Board of Trustees of the State School for the Blind at Batavia, New York.

Mr. Humphrey died on January 19th, 1890—but in the memories of those who knew him he lives—a courageous, cultured, courteous gentleman; a gentleman of fine presence, great nervous energy, warm friendships, and good impulses; a man of wisdom, ability, integrity and honor; a generous and noble man.

He was married on March 30th, 1841, to Miss Amanda Martindale, daughter of Major William A. Martindale of Dorset, Vermont. She died June 17th, 1873, at Sonora, California. No children were born of this marriage. On July 8th, 1874, he was married to Miss Hannah Adams, daughter of Hugh Mulholland of Parma, N. Y. Mrs. Humphrey has continued her husband's work at the School for the Blind at Batavia, having been appointed a Trustee in 1893 by Gov. Flower, re-appointed in 1898 by Gov.

Black, and re-appointed again in 1903 by Gov. Odell. She is also the vice-president of the Wyoming County National Bank. Children by second marriage, Annabel, born February 1st, 1876, a graduate of Ogontz School; Wolcott Julius, born October 29th, 1877, a graduate of Williams College and now President of the Wyoming County National Bank, having been elected to that position in 1902.

HON. L. H. HUMPHREY

Lester Hayden Humphrey was born in Sheldon, Wyoming County, January 22, 1850, the youngest child of Lester H. and Hannah Blakeley Humphrey. When sixteen years of age he removed with his parents to Warsaw, where he resided until his death in 1902, and where he was honored and esteemed in the highest degree. At the age of nineteen years he engaged in tanning and the leather trade, which he sold out in 1872 to accept a position in the Wyoming County National Bank.

On January 22nd, 1873, Mr. Humphrey was elected vice-president of the bank, and from that time until 1888 was its executive officer. In 1885 he became associated with Dr. W. C. Gouinlock in the manufacture of salt at Warsaw, and in 1887 they erected a salt plant at Hutchinson, Kansas. In 1888 Mr. Humphrey resigned his position in the bank at Warsaw in order to devote himself more closely to his salt interests, and for the next two years he spent fully one half of his time in Hutchinson, having especial charge of that branch of the firm's business until it was sold out in 1890.

On January 22nd, 1890, his fortieth birthday, Mr. Humphrey was elected president of the Wyoming County National Bank to succeed his uncle, the Hon. Wolcott J. Humphrey, who had just died. This position he still held at the time of his death.

In 1891 he disposed of a portion of his salt interests in Warsaw, and in 1893 his partnership with Dr. Gouinlock was dissolved, Mr. Humphrey retiring from the firm. Previous to this he became associated with M. E. Calkins in the erection of a salt plant at Pavilion and also had large interests in salt works at Ithaca, all of which he sold to the National Salt Company in the spring of 1899. He had large business interests in Warsaw and was identified with all movements for the advancement, growth and improvement of the town.

Mr. Humphrey was the acknowledged leader of the

Republican party in Wyoming County for a long time, as well as a strong factor in state politics. For twelve years he had been chairman of the county central committee, and a zealous and efficient worker for the interests of his party. In the fall of 1895 he was elected Senator from the forty-sixth district, the term being then three years. He was again elected in 1898, and re-elected in 1900, and was known as one of the most careful, conservative, honest and courteous gentleman who ever sat in the State Senate.

Senator Humphrey died in Albany on March 17th, 1902, after a brief illness, aged 52 years. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Harriet Gates, to whom he was married on September 1st, 1898, and by three children, Onias S. Humphrey, Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey Dibble and Miss Maude S. Humphrey.

Senator Humphrey's first wife and the mother of his children, was Miss Maude Wilton Skinner, only child of Judge O. C. Skinner of Quincy, Ill., to whom he was married on May 18th, 1875, and who died on February 25th, 1897.

P a r t F o u r
MONUMENT DEDICATION

a n d

GRAND ARMY DAY

Wednesday, July 1st, 1903



COUNTY BUILDINGS AND SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

A beautiful granite shaft, erected in memory of the soldiers of Wyoming County has stood in the center of this village since 1877, and it was decided that its formal dedication and transfer should have a prominent place in the proceedings of Centennial week.

On the 30th of May, 1872, an association was organized called The Wyoming County Soldiers' Monument Association, with Hon. William P. Letchworth, President ; Hon. Augustus Frank, Vice-President ; Col. Abram B. Lawrence, Secretary ; and Loyd A. Hayward, Treasurer. On March 3d, 1873, an act was passed by Congress appropriating captured Confederate cannon and sixteen iron balls for the use of the Association. By an act of the Legislature of New York State passed May 9, 1873, the Wyoming County Mutual Insurance Company was authorized to sell and dispose of 110 shares of the stock of the Warsaw Water Works Company and to pay over the same or the proceeds thereof to the Treasurer of the Wyoming County Soldiers' Monument Association, to be used and employed by said Association for the erection of a monument to the soldiers of Wyoming County who fell in the War of the Rebellion.

Through the efforts of this Association and others

interested in the matter, voluntary subscriptions were obtained until the monument fund was completed.

At a meeting held in this village on September 8, 1877, a committee was appointed to select a site for the monument within the limits of the county, and the village of Warsaw was decided upon for its location. The memorial chosen was the beautiful granite shaft which was on exhibition at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. The column is of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a bronze statue of an American soldier, of heroic size. The shaft rests upon a fortress-shaped base of nearly twenty feet, with salient angles, upon which are laid as trophies the four captured cannon donated by Congress. These cannon are of brass and were cast at Macon, Ga., at a time when the Confederacy was in dire need of artillery, and the material from which they were cast was obtained from church bells given to the Confederate authorities for that purpose. The cost of two of the guns was paid into the monument fund by President Letchworth, he taking them to his own place, Glen Iris, and the money being used to procure the bronze figure which surmounts the shaft. Under the principal granite base are deposited many valuable records, including the names of 1,575 Wyoming County soldiers.

In the winter of 1903 a bill was passed by the Legislature authorizing the transfer of this monument from the Wyoming County Monument Association to a board of perpetual trustees, consisting of the

County Judge, County Clerk, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, and President of the Village of Warsaw, and their successors in office.

Wednesday, July 1st, 1903, was Grand Army and Monument Dedication Day in the Centennial program, the veterans, their wives and families being guests of Gibbs Post and the Woman's Relief Corps. At 11:30 A. M. a fine dinner was served in the opera house to more than five hundred visitors, and at 5 o'clock a supper to at least one hundred.

The entertainment was in charge of the following committees:

GIBBS POST EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—John W. Hatch, Hon. I. Sam Johnson, J. M. Smith, H. O. Holly, W. H. Cornell, E. M. Jennings, H. W. Burlingame, M. W. Norton.

GIBBS POST RECEPTION COMMITTEE—John W. Hatch, H. W. Burlingame, Wilson Agar, John T. Knox, Charles H. Crocker, E. M. Jennings, I. Sam Johnson.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS RECEPTION COMMITTEE—Mrs. John W. Hatch, Mrs. Mary Harman, Dr. Cora Cornell, Mrs. Mary Gray, Mrs. Irving B. Smith, Mrs. E. R. Robinson.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE: Mrs. Florence E. Smith, Mrs. Frank Davidson, Mrs. Florence Kidder, Mrs. Emma Smith, Mrs. Charles Holly, Mrs. Emma Martin, Mrs. H. S. Baker, Mrs. Porter B. Munger, Mrs. H. W. Burlingame, Mrs. Frances Bixby, Mrs. Sarah Richards, Mrs. John Gayer, Mrs. Charles H. Crocker.

The Monument Association and Dedication Committees were as follows:

MONUMENT ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Hon. William Pryor Letchworth, LL. D., Col. A. B. Lawrence, Maj. H. A. Dudley, Capt. Francis Murphy, John W. Hatch.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE—Hon. E. E. Farman, LL. D.,

Col. A. B. Lawrence, Hon. James E. Norton, Hon. James H. Loomis, Col. James O. McClure, Dr. W. C. Gouinlock, President J. C. Buxton, Prof. Irving B. Smith, Mrs. Augustus Frank, Mrs. Wolcott J. Humphrey, Mrs. Henry Page, Miss Agnes Cleveland, Mrs. Chauncey S. Pettibone, Mrs. John B. Crossett.

DEDICATION COMMITTEE—Arcade, William Howard; Attica, A. G. Rykert; Bennington, Eugene Plumley; Castile, Frank Thomas; Covington, William H. Clark; Eagle, J. D. Eager; Gainesville, M. W. Marchant; Genesee Falls, Robert Rae, M. D.; Java, Hiram Carpenter; Middlebury, Simeon Howard; Orangeville, James Tilton; Pike, E. Newcomb; Perry, William B. Tallman; Sheldon, John M. Jones; Wethersfield, Hon. Daniel B. Whipple; Warsaw, Prof. Irving B. Smith.

GIBBS POST CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE—John W. Hatch, Commander; Hon. I. Sam Johnson, Jacob M. Smith, Homer O. Holly, William H. Cornell, Col. A. B. Lawrence, Maj. H. A. Dudley.

The Veteran Parade formed on East Buffalo Street at 12: 30 o'clock. At its head were State Department Commander John S. Koster, of Port Leyden; Charles A. Orr, Past Department Commander, of Buffalo; Samuel McAuliffe, Inspector-General, of Rochester and the Warsaw Concert Band.

These Grand Army Posts were represented as bodies :

Gibbs Post, Warsaw; John P. Robinson Post, Perry; R. P. Taylor Post, Attica; Buford Post, Johnsonsburg; John M. Hutchinson Post, Pavilion; Wing Post, Eagle; George H. Pierce Post, Castile; A. A. Curtis Post, Genesee.

Besides these there were present as guests of Gibbs Post, members of the Grand Army from Rochester, Buffalo, and many towns in Wyoming and adjoining counties. After a march of about half a mile, the

Grand Army men filed into the big tent and took seats which had been reserved for them.

At precisely 2 o'clock the reveille was sounded by Burt Kidder of Buffalo, on an artillery bugle which was in the United States service for four years, from 1861 to 1865.

Colonel A. B. Lawrence, Secretary of the Soldiers' Monument Association, presided, in the absence of the President, Hon. William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D., who was detained at his home by illness.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY COL. A. B. LAWRENCE

Warsaw extends welcome to Wyoming County veterans and friends. The regretful absence of our President, the Honorable William Pryor Letchworth, by reason of sickness, from which he has not sufficiently recovered to be with us here today, imposes upon me the duty which his letter of yesterday's date explains; and we are also reminded of the great loss sustained in the death of our Vice-President, the Honorable Augustus Frank, whose zealous and untiring interest in and regard for the Volunteers of '61 and '65, associated with President Letchworth, and our Treasurer L. A. Hayward, also deceased, has made possible the ceremony of dedication of this monument today. This letter of President Letchworth's will explain itself:

GLEN IRIS, PORTAGE P. O. N. Y., June 30, 1903.
Colonel A. B. Lawrence

Secretary of the Wyoming County Soldiers'
Monument Association.

Dear Sir:

In consequence of illness it will be impracticable for me to be present at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Warsaw to-morrow, and in my unavoidable absence I venture to request that you will discharge the duties naturally devolving upon me in carrying out the program prepared for this occasion.

Though debarred from the long-anticipated pleasure of meeting with those who will assemble in your village to-morrow, it affords me unspeakable gratification to reflect that the obstacles have been removed which for many years stood in the way of adapting the grounds about the monument to the beautiful column they encircle, and that the time has arrived for its formal dedication.

Among those who were actively interested in the

erection of the monument, including the late Honorable Augustus Frank, who labored zealously for the completion of this Memorial to the soldiers of 1861-65, there is one whose name should not be overlooked on this occasion. I refer to the late Dennis R. Alward, formerly connected with the American Embassy in London, whose attention to this subject greatly aided in originating the plan upon which the monument was built.

Please extend my congratulations to the citizens of Wyoming County upon the completion of a monument unsurpassed for the chasteness and elegance of its design, which will stand for centuries an object of beauty, and will evoke from generations yet to come, feelings of admiration and gratitude toward the brave men who suffered and died for their country and whose heroic deeds it commemorates. I am,

Yours with great respect,
WM. PRYOR LETCHWORTH.

One of the greatest regrets of my life, shared I believe by all present and who shall hear of this, is that the words of presentation and tribute to the Volunteers of 1861-65, and dedication to their memory, cannot be pronounced by our President Letchworth, whose name and fame stands high on the roll of honor for his life service, seeking the betterment of his fellow men, especially the unfortunate, with conditions approved and adopted in this and foreign lands—and I have the honor to give you the words prepared by him for this presentation and dedication.

“In the name of the Wyoming County Soldiers’ Monument Association, and in compliance with the wishes of those here assembled, this Memorial is dedicated—a loving tribute to the brave men of Wyoming County who offered their lives in defense of their country,—1597 of whose names are recorded on a roll deposited beneath this monument; it is also a lasting testimonial to the valor of all our Soldiers and Sailors who fought for the flag and whose heroic deeds, crowned with success, kept the United States a Nation and preserved for those who come after them the priceless heritage of union and liberty.”

ADDRESS

BY HON. WILLIAM BRISTOL

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Grand Army, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The causes which provoked and precipitated the War of the Rebellion are not so well understood by the present generation as they will be when the complete history of the great struggle shall have been written.

The question of negro slavery was a bone of contention from the organization of the Republic, until its final abolishment at the close of the Civil War; although there was what might perhaps be called armed neutrality from the time of the Missouri Compromise between the two sections of the country until the agitation regarding the organization of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the inauguration of the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. For a short time the Compromise measure of 1852 allayed the storm which had been for several years gathering, but in 1854 it broke out with renewed force which disrupted the political parties and resulted that year in the division of the voters of the State of New York into three political parties—so evenly divided that it required the official canvass to decide the result.

That year the anti-Nebraska party was started, composed of members of all the other political parties, except the politician. That was the last of the Whig, and Know-nothing and Abolition parties—some of the members going to the Democratic party, while the remainder, joining the Radical or Barnburner element organized the Republican party and nominated Fremont for President in 1856. He was defeated by the vote of the solid South combined with Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and James Buchanan was elected. Then the Southern states, under

their doctrine of squatter sovereignty, undertook to force slavery into the territories of Kansas and Nebraska.

The history of that struggle is familiar to you all—their failure to accomplish this purpose was the final and immediate cause of the War of the Rebellion—the pretext being the election, under the Constitution and laws of the United States, of Abraham Lincoln as President. They then tried to accomplish with bayonets what they had failed to accomplish with ballots.

The scene changes—now, members of the Grand Army, you make your appearance as important factors in the long struggle for the maintenance of the government.

I have often talked of, and to the soldiers of our Civil War and always with the kindest thoughts of my heart and words of my lips, but never have I, nor can I express all that I feel, because language sufficiently strong is not at my command.

I am called upon to say something today as the only surviving member of the old War Committee appointed by Governor Morgan to aid in making New York State foremost in the ranks to put down the Rebellion. The other members of the Committee from this county were General Thayer, Judge Comstock, John B. Folsom and John B. Skinner, 2nd; Judge Grover and others from Allegany and Livingston Counties, making up the Committee.

Early in 1862 the exigency of the times seemed to make it necessary that very conservative men should represent the people or the government, as dissatisfaction with the slow progress made toward putting down the Rebellion on the one hand, and the “peace at all hazards” party on the other, made the condition of affairs gloomy indeed, and not until late in that summer was there much earnest and united effort made toward putting volunteers into the field.

Early in August, 1862, I received from Governor Morgan the notice of my appointment as member of the War Committee for this Senatorial District. Before the close of that month the 130th and 136th regiments were put in the field and from that time on every effort was made

by the Committee to fill the depleted ranks of the army, and raise men and money to sustain the Government.

As an illustration of the unsettled condition of the country, the brave and gallant General Wadsworth, while fighting for his country was nominated for Governor of New York and defeated by Governor Seymour, the peace candidate, on the ground that the war was a failure—and Horace Greeley, the greatest editor of the age, and the brilliant Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, were crying, "On to Richmond," and planning to defeat Lincoln's re-nomination and put Salmon P. Chase in his place. On the other hand the conservative element, who were displeased with Fremont's proclamation, issued while he was commanding the army in Missouri, were aiding the enemy by their "do nothing" policy.

Monarchies were watching the results of the conflict with the hope and expectation of seeing the failure of republican government and to substitute the two warring factions, like the South American States. France was trying to place one of her subjects on the throne of Mexico—England was preparing to recognize the Confederate Government, and only autocratic Russia had a kind word for the American Republic.

Then came Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation which frightened the conservative element of the Republican party. The Republican convention of 1863 reported a resolution of approval of the general policy of the Administration, but had not the courage to approve the Emancipation Proclamation.

The committee on resolutions was composed of two members from each judicial district with Henry J. Raymond as chairman, and among the members were George Opdyke of New York, Dennis McCarthy of Syracuse, and Augustus Frank of Warsaw. Mr. Raymond said that the object of presenting the platform was to unite the people—not for party purposes, but in the interest of our common country.

That resolution did not satisfy the body of the convention, but it seemed likely to pass until George W. Demars,

a young man who stood in the back part of the hall, wrote and sent to the chairman the following resolution:

Resolved—"That the Proclamation of President Lincoln decreeing the emancipation of slaves of rebels who refuse to lay down their arms, receiving as it does the support of every true soldier and general of the army of the Union, and every patriot at home, demands from all loyal men a cordial endorsement, and this convention demands an emphatic and unqualified approval."

A man whose name is not embalmed in history moved to lay the resolution on the table. I had the honor of representing in part this county in that convention, and stood beside the young man when he wrote and sent his resolution to the chairman. A vote was about to be taken when some one suggested that it would be well to hear from the mover of the resolution. Allow me to quote the closing words of Mr. Demars' remarks on that occasion:

"And in that glorious day, in that coming time, when the star of peace again beams upon our horizon, and in the sky there is no cloud to mar the prospects of our glory and our happiness; and when, on the green fields of peace, reunited confederations come and assemble again, with brother hand to hand, with brother heart to heart, all the people of the United States—all the people south as well as north—will feel that when you carry 'out this measure, you take a curse off the shoulders of every true union man; all the people will feel that the glory and dignity, and the strength and the honor of this Republic lay wrapped in the swaddling bands of the Emancipation Proclamation."

Amid all the difficulties surrounding the President, he stood unmoved, undaunted—the colossal figure of the 19th century. He said to France that the Monroe Doctrine would be maintained at all hazards.

The representatives of the Protestant and Catholic churches of this country—Henry Ward Beecher and Bishop Hughes—visited England. Beecher by his eloquence and courage silenced a mob and compelled them to listen to him. Bishop Hughes, by his shrewd diplomacy, changed the current of feeling in England toward this country and thus put an end to the Confederacy's last hope of recognition. President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation aroused the patriotic feeling of the whole civilized

world, and from the hour of its promulgation victory was assured.

Members of the Grand Army of the Republic! the men who make up your organization in this county belonged to thirty-one different regiments.

The 104th of Col. Rorbach and Col. Prey engaged in fifteen battles, from Cedar Mountain to Fredericksburg. The Fifth New York Cavalry, Col. Hammond, renowned for having made the first sabre charge of the war, in which Ashley's troops were driven from the Shenandoah Valley; the 9th Cavalry with its untarnished record of 161 battles; the First New York Dragoons, with its brilliant record of daring deeds from Deserted House to Winchester and the stirring times at Appomattox with eight successive days of fighting; the 136th, which won laurels at Lookout Mountain in that triumphant march of Sherman's to the sea—and in that great battle of Gettysburg of which this day is the fortieth anniversary. Comrades, you all have a right to be proud of the part you bore in that fierce struggle for the maintenance of this government. The history of this country for the last half century is as familiar to you as to me, for you have been active participants in the startling events which make the grandest record of any government under the shining sun, and the greatest meed of praise is due to men of the Grand Army of the Republic for their share in the glorious result. In the years to come the history of this country will read more like fable than fact. Forty-two years ago the civil war began. Thirty-eight years ago the last call for troops was made; thirty-eight years ago last April, Lee surrendered to Grant; thirty-eight years ago the 15th of last April President Lincoln was assassinated. A turbulent crowd of working men gathered in front of the New York World Office, determined to avenge the death of the martyred president, and their hands were stayed from violence by a word from General Garfield, who was himself to be, later on, an assassin's victim.

Thirty-eight years ago on the second of June, General Ulysses S. Grant, the polar star in America's constellation of brilliant officers, issued his famous

order disbanding the army, and more than two millions of soldiers were mustered out of service. Thus rapidly as well as peacefully and joyously was the mightiest army which ever fought for a Republic restored to the tranquil paths of thrift and industry, melting back by regiments into quiet citizenship, with nothing to distinguish them from their fellow citizens except their own proud consciousness of having served and saved the country.

And now, men and women of Wyoming County, I take this occasion to thank you for the efficient aid rendered the war committee in the discharge of its duties. You contributed money to pay bounties to soldiers, you paid taxes without a murmur, you paid cheerfully our share of the millions of money expended by the government, and now you complete your obligation in the dedication this day, of yonder beautiful monument, to the living and the dead soldiers of this county. The president of this Monument Association, the Hon William Pryor Letchworth, should ever be held in grateful remembrance, as should also the late Hon. Augustus Frank, for generous contributions and for efforts in the purchase, location and erection of this monument.

Remember that these soldiers and their comrades saved for us the grandest country on earth, a country that commands the respect of the whole world and leads all nations. Let us not forget the sacrifices made, the noble work accomplished by the women of our country and see to it that the qualifications for suffrage be those of education and not of sex.

Who shall say that the clear, far-reaching vision of the sainted mothers of the soldiers whose memory is perpetuated by that monument, may not rest upon this scene today and that they will plead for the continued happiness, peace, prosperity and perpetuity of this grand Republic!

DEDICATORY ADDRESS

BY GENERAL E. S. OTIS, U. S. A.

To those of us who have passed the meridian of life, the reflections which this occasion arouses are responsive to our most cherished memories and anticipations. To those of a later generation they should be an inspiring lesson in the duties of citizenship.

You have builded this monument to commemorate the public services of representatives who went out from among you and participated in the dangers incident to war. You have erected it in token of your appreciation of their patriotism, as manifested in their devotion to country which was attended by hardships innumerable—even the sacrifice of life. It is a tribute of affection, regard and obligation to those who by heroic deeds through great tribulations won for you, in the brunt of many hard fought battles, security and peace.

And still, if it only thus far symbolizes your intent in constructing it, if its meaning is thus circumscribed, it conveys no novel lesson—none which numberless ancient memorials did not reflect. Affection for the departed is a natural instinct of humanity. Reverence for the dead who have conferred substantial benefits through sacrificing labors has been a common sentiment for ages. Exalted appreciation of individual sacrifice for country is as old as national existence, and among civilized people has always received outward expression in highly wrought designs in enduring material. The Spartans who erected the marble monument to attest the valor of the three hundred defenders of the Pass of Thermopylae; the Romans who reared in the Eternal City, column, arch and memorial building to signalize the victories of her sons of Mars, that, as declared, their merits might not lie sepulchred and be forgotten, were actuated by this ever prevailing desire to preserve from oblivion their national military achievements and to honor those

by whose labors and powers those achievements were accomplished.

But this monument has a more significant meaning than those of by-gone periods. You who have fashioned it have embodied therein your ideals of manhood's worth and excellence—ideals which distinguish a modern civilization based on individual liberty and the sovereignty of the people. No longer do brute force and personal violence excite approbation; no longer is that form of personal courage which characterized the age of chivalry applauded; no longer can the victories of an alien, subsidized soldiery, or an army for conquest, awaken disinterested enthusiasm. Our countrymen would not sustain a war unless they considered its prosecution subservient to justice, and they never have engaged in one in which the moving impulse was subjugation, or territorial expansion. In all instances our wars have had their origin and support in a demand for some positive political right, in defense of imperilled government or for needful social amelioration; and thus I believe it will always be. It is only when national honor or the supremacy of the law is assailed, or when some requisite element of our civilization is dangerously threatened, that an appeal to arms can secure popular consent. Even our late so-called glorious war for oppressed humanity's sake was inspired and occasioned by the national insult received in the harbor of Havana. With us, war can only result when defense of some essential principle of our highly developed civil polity becomes urgent. The more vital the principle—if its maintenance involves the life of the nation, or the security of society, the more pronounced will be the popular response to its demands, and the higher will be the public consideration for those who actively participate in its dangers.

Our estimate, too, of the degree of excellence displayed in individual action differs from that which prevailed in former times. The measure of regard in which the soldier is now held is conditioned both by the nature of his services and the character of the cause in which they are rendered. Approved valor must take the form and wear the garb of virtue. The strength which it then dis-

plays and the perils it encounters determine the quality and extent of the approbation it will receive.

Again, our wars, whether foreign or sectional, have not been fought with an alien, mercenary or professional soldiery. In all our great contests our troops have very largely consisted of native citizens who have voluntarily abandoned for the time their peaceful occupations, and taken up arms to establish or crystallize important tenets in our accepted science of political government. With no thought of individual advantage, anticipating much personal suffering and the possibility if not probability of violent death; young in years, enthusiastic, and prepared to engage creditably in professional pursuits and business enterprises, or in the full vigor of manhood and enjoying the rewards of peaceful vocations, they have of their own volition been marshalled for battle and have thus far preserved the integrity of the nation and the rights of the citizen. Not in any armed struggle of the world has this characteristic been so marked as in our Civil War. In none other has there been so great a ratio of earnest, cultured and truly patriotic soldiers as our armies then contained. And never before were such mighty hosts assembled as during that memorable four years of the country's agonizing travail.

To the memory of this class of our citizens you have reared this beautiful shaft. In real significance, and as you would have it understood, it is a tribute to all who, through vicarious sufferings experienced on the exhaustive march, in the rigors of camp, in the nightly vigil, in attending physical ailments and in the deadly wrestle of battle, helped to redeem, and as we hope, make secure forever the basic principles of republican government which were then in jeopardy. It is your consideration for the performance of a certain specific duty by this class that has prompted you to fashion and raise this monument in their behalf. It is not reared to exalt the brilliant achievements of any individual either in war or peace; not to ascribe honor to one who, gifted with superior intellectual abilities, has employed them successfully for the glory of state; not to present as a model for public contemplation and inspiration the sem-

blance of the loved philanthropist who has blessed his day and generation by countless humanitarian deeds; but to memorialize for all time the members of a class of our countrymen—few of them publicly known, mostly unknown, few still living, for the most part dead and gone, many of whom were sanctified by a glorious death in the hard fought contests for the supremacy of truth and righteousness, which dwelling in the bosom of God, have in these latter days begun to illumine the minds and direct the aspirations of well intentioned men.

Why should your sense of obligations or the influences generated by the chords of sympathy move you to construct this work? Let the monument speak. "In memory of the defenders of our country, who though citizens became soldiers, not from ambition or lust of war, but from devotion to country and to assert the sovereignty of her laws; and who by valor and by sacrifice through unmeasured suffering and death preserved the honor and integrity of the nation and maintained the principles of free government in America." You thus honor these men, not because they were soldiers, not because they suffered great hardships and exhibited individual courage in war; not that their valor brought victory and with it peace to a distracted country, but because at a period when representative government was in peril, when the safeguards which upheld society were endangered, when the established maxims of our modern civilization were challenged, they willingly offered themselves as sacrifices for the welfare of their fellow men and for the cause of humanity. Never before were such transcendent problems submitted to the arbitrament of war. They involved all progress which had been made in civil and religious liberty during more than three centuries of time and presented for defense the legal supports, the checks and balances, which had been devised and developed through long continued toil and suffering to insure it. They involved the security of the tenets upon which our social and domestic institutions depend and by which the old Saxon love of personal freedom, happily divorced from license, has found satisfactory solution in equality of individual rights and privileges. In fine, they involved

the great issue, important to all the world, whether man has sufficient intelligence to create a thoroughly representative government and sufficient virtue to defend and maintain it.

This summary of the character and importance of the principles exposed to the hazard of conflict is by no means extravagant. Not alone was there at stake the dismemberment of the nation with consequent loss of prestige, population, wealth, and means of protection against foreign aggression, with the certainty of future dire contentions between its divided parts; but also what was of greater consequence, the rule which prescribes submission to the will of majorities exercised within conceded limitations, which is the basis of representative government, of organized society living under it, and of every law upon which our political and civil institutions rest.

The permanency of our representative government depends on the will of the people and the strength of their determination to uphold it. They may safely modify it or invent new expedients to attain results if vital agencies remain properly adjusted, but the mandates it proclaims must be obeyed until recalled by the authority which issued them. Created and inspired by the people, it acts on the individual. Animated by the most advanced intelligence and the highest moral convictions to which man has attained, controlled by the best impulses of humanity, moving apace with the evolution of society to a constantly progressive standard of excellence, it demands implicit obedience from the person, and, while safeguarding his liberties, gives tendency to his aims and aspirations. It cannot be destroyed except through indifference, or by the hand of its creator.

During a series of years factions, rebelling against its salutary restraints, assailed it with invective and specious argument. Representatives of the press, the pulpit and the political forum, swayed by party strife or unholy ambition, sought to dethrone it by assaulting the principles which give it life and energy. Captious criticism and sophistry, silent as to the blessings it confers but magnifying its annoyances, resorted to deceptive theories and misapplied aphorisms to debauch public opinion re-

garding its significance. "The tyranny of majorities," "legitimate resistance of an oppressed minority," "the right of revolution," the rights of communities to arrest the operation of law considered by them injurious to their interests, the power of the State to determine the validity of United States legislation, and other like expressions and forms of casuistry denote the cant and character of the logic then employed. The result of these efforts was, as all know, a people divided in opinion—one portion denying and the other asserting the sovereignty of the nation in matters entrusted to its keeping. Those denying allegiance and obligation could not plead oppression, nor the violation of any of their constitutional rights or privileges. Their excuse, if one can be discovered, is found in their apprehension that, possibly, new legal provisions might interfere with or destroy institutions which were uncongenial with the tendency of modern sentiment.

This apprehension, however, was not the exciting cause of the division. The question whether the black man should remain bond or become free was not at that time of sufficient import to arouse the bitter antagonisms which were then displayed, although society had reached that stage of progress and had so extended its appreciation of justice as to acknowledge "that tyranny was not the birth-right of any particular type of the human race, that slavery was not the eternal law of nature." But the real moving impulse was the advocacy of an asserted absolute political right apparently intimately connected with existing affairs. The claim was, the right of a portion of our citizens to withdraw at will their support from a government set up, quickened and empowered by all to exact obedience from all. This assertion by one section of country and its positive denial by another, really occasioned the intemperate excitement which fanned the spark of discontent into a flame of revolt too violent for argument or entreaty to subdue. It was the ever living craving for absolute freedom of action and thought in the inflexible, uncompromising nature of the descendant of the Saxon, now sadly unmindful of the necessary restraints which the best perfected system of laws must impose, which forced dissension into open rebellion. Nothing but a firm conviction in the justness of denied demands, with

a courage to sustain them at every cost, could mass the inhabitants of one part of the United States against those of another part in order to try conclusions on the field of battle; and whatever the impressions and intentions of political leaders, that mass was honest and incited by what it conceived to be the spirit of liberty and patriotism.

Shall these misguided citizens of several of the States of the Union be allowed to withdraw in peace? Shall they be permitted to arrest the rightful application of the laws and defy the majesty of a common government which all had covenanted to uphold and respect? Shall they be permitted to destroy a government which embodied the highest conceptions of justice, mercy and the elements of civil liberty as yet vouchsafed to man, which secured our past and encouraged our future,—our only hope for protection against social and political chaos? The response was immediate and unequivocal. That great popular uprising to assert the supremacy of law was the greatest moral lesson ever presented to the world.

Considering, therefore, the character and temperament of the men who composed the armies contending on either side of that bloody controversy, the war in so far as all armies were concerned may be said to have been one of high resolve and strong conviction, marked by superior individual courage and mighty determination. No wonder it was protracted and sanguinary. Being of such a nature it was not possible to bring it to a conclusion until one of the two opposing forces was exhausted. Contemplating its cost, reflecting upon its sacrifices, sufferings and sorrows—sacrifices rendered and sufferings sustained by those actively participating; sacrifices, sufferings and sorrows endured by relatives and devoted friends who were compelled to bear the burdens of wasting anxiety, of great privations and grief without the recompense in excitement, occupation and consequent temporary self-forgetfulness which active war bestows—and thereupon estimating the results obtained by such vast expenditures, the thought already advanced recurs; that the substantial benefits enjoyed by man in his relation to society and government have been

gained through superlative endeavor and bitter experiences. Although the war was pitifully cruel, the harvest has been abundant; and one of the pleasing reflections regarding the war is due to the fact that all concerned, both friend and former foe, have cheerfully accepted results. None wish that the issues had been differently decided. We speak of a restored Union, of a re-united people, of the advantages of profound peace and the permitted rapid development of a country, rich in material resources, of magnificent geographical extent. For all these blessings we should be devoutly thankful; but they are of minor importance compared to the gracious boon conferred on our people, and humanity in general, by the glorious triumphs of law, order and civilization.

We knew when the war terminated that the integrity of the nation had been preserved; that the false logic which had sought to prove its infirmity could no longer become a source of danger; that the people possessed the strength, inclination and determination to defend their public institutions and government, and what was of even more consequence, that they had abundantly manifested the courage and civic virtue to maintain the supremacy of established law by every means at their command. We did not then know the marvelous vitality of the republic which had been preserved, and the amazing progress it was destined to make in the short period of a little more than one-third of a century toward social, moral, commercial and political ascendancy among nations. Hence we can appreciate at present better than ever before the prominence of the principles which the war permanently settled and the value of the services of the men who assisted to win the great victory.

To what nobler cause or more deserving class of men could you give this enduring proof of your regard and affection? Those whose deeds we here to-day commemorate—those who made the sacrifice of health and manly strength that truth might prevail; those who surrendered life, soon at least to be demanded by nature, as a debt due to their country, performed a memorable duty and fulfilled a glorious destiny. They need not your pity nor

any manifestations of sorrow, but deserve your praise and esteem. Could they speak to you they would commend your action in erecting this monument and say that it is what they most desired; for by it you not only show the highest appreciation of their services, but you appeal directly to the manhood, patriotism and sense of duty of the men of coming generations to sustain the principles for which they contended. And herein is witnessed its two-fold significance: it lovingly perpetuates the memory of those to whom it is ascribed, and shall be to future citizens for many years a lesson in the sanctity of law, and an inspiration to make personal sacrifices for its support.

In closing permit me to refer to that other class of citizens—those who labored so constantly for the public welfare and deserve the lasting gratitude of their countrymen. Although prevented by controlling circumstances from taking an active part in the contests of the battlefield, they contributed materially, and as much if not more than all others, of the means which make success possible. By their efforts to arouse and intensify a public, patriotic spirit, by their vigorous support of the measures adopted for the overthrow of rebellion, by their encouragement and support of those who went forth to battle, and the sympathy and aid they gave to those left to the care and protection of neighbors and friends; indeed by the spontaneous manifestations of the highest impulses of benevolence, philanthropy and patriotism, they nobly sustained the arm of government throughout that entire period of passionate contention.

And here as a further proof of the sentiments which prompted their action, they have builded with their own hands, as it were, this enduring tribute to the memory of the martyrs who died for country, that the knowledge of their services might be preserved, that the importance of the principles for which they gave life may be fittingly exalted, and that the patriotic instruction which the lessons of the War conveys may be perpetuated.

To them be all honor and praise and may they be everlastingly remembered by a grateful people.

As we look upon this monument which they have con-

structed, so suggestive of the divine truths on which all the hopes of humanity depend, it assumes infinite proportions. It reaches to Heaven and the smiles of God shall forever illumine it.

ADDRESS

BY COMMANDER ZERA L. TANNER, U. S. N.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I deem it an honor as well as a pleasure, to be permitted to participate in the dedication of yonder monument to the men who fought the fight which preserved our national union; the men who left their peaceful avocations, their homes, their families, everything that man loves in this life, and took up arms for the defense of their country. These men had the courage of their convictions, they believed they were right, and they had confidence in their ability to win the fight. This confidence was voiced by President Lincoln in a singularly prophetic speech at the very outset of the war when he said, "The lingering chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield to every loving heart all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when touched, as they surely will be, by the gentler angels of our nature."

Mr. President, we appreciate the beauties of yonder monument and we revere the sentiment which prompted its erection by the survivors of the Civil War and their friends and neighbors in this community. We all love its graceful lines and its imposing appearance, for it is our loving memorial to the men whom we delight to honor. Under its shadow the veteran stands face to face with the events that led up to the war; in his mind's eye he sees visions of many weary days and nights of ceaseless action and of anxious watchfulness on land and sea. From his vantage ground he views in retrospect the progress of the war and is thrilled again with the patriotic emotions which forced him, I might say, to take up arms and to fall into the ranks at his country's call. There were dark and gloomy times during those four long years of strife, but finally the cause of the Union prevailed, and we came out of the fires of rebellion with renewed na-



COMMANDER ZERA L. TANNER, U. S. N.

tional life and vigor, which have gained for us a leading position among the great world powers; and the United States stands today an evidence of advanced civilization and an advocate for justice and fair dealing among the nations of the earth.

Comrades, we honor ourselves in paying homage to those brave men who fought the good fight, and it behooves us also to make grateful acknowledgement for the service rendered to the Union cause by the American women. It has been said, and truthfully said, that their influence in the great struggle was second only to that of the forces in the field.

Comrades, this beautiful monument should be a perpetual monitor to the actors in the Civil War, inspiring us to use our best endeavors to instill into the hearts of our youth the noble attributes of honor, virtue and patriotism, in that they may be the better prepared to take our places as we pass over to the Great Majority. Mr. President, I am a believer in our American youth. It is my firm belief that the rising generation will be worthy successors of the men of '61, and I know of no greater honor to which they could aspire. I believe also that the sacred memories kept green in the minds of our youth by association with yonder monument, dedicated today to their sires, will, as the ages roll by, exert a beneficent influence over the lives of untold generations of American manhood.

ADDRESS

BY GENERAL JOHN S. KOSTER, DEPARTMENT COMMANDER
G. A. R.

[In introducing General Koster, Hon. I. Sam Johnson said: "Comrades; General Koster, or what there is left of him, comes here to respond on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is not all here—that good right arm was left at Cold Harbor, but we elected him Department Commander because he was a fighting man. Before I introduce him I want to say that Gibbs Post thanks you, Comrades, for coming here today to assist us and you have done nobly to come in such large numbers as representatives of the Grand Army. That monument is yours—it is not a Warsaw monument. I take great pleasure in introducing to you our fighting Commander, General Koster, Department Commander of the State of New York.]

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Standing here to unite with you in the dedicatory services of this beautiful monument to the memory of the brave and patriotic soldiers and sailors of the County of Wyoming, who served in the Union army and navy in the Civil War of 1861-1865, permit me as Commander of the great Department of New York to thank you for your courteous invitation to participate in the ceremonies of this notable occasion.

It signalizes the happy completion of the labors and efforts of your Monument Association, in the erection and dedication of this splendid tribute from the County of Wyoming, to the noble valor and loyalty of her sons in that mighty struggle for the preservation and perpetuity of our great republic.

I regret that the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic is not here to greet you, and realize that in me you will find a poor substitute. It was at the request of Comrade Johnson that I came here to

join in these interesting ceremonies. As Department Commander let me commend and honor your patriotic work and congratulate you upon its completion.

Your gallant soldier and sailor boys, who fought for the flag in the awful battles of that Civil War, in the Fifth and Ninth Cavalry, in the One Hundred and Fourth and the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiments, Co. K, 17th N. Y., the First New York Dragoons, the Fourth and Eighth Heavy Artillery, the Twenty-first New York, the Fiftieth Engineers and many other fighting regiments, were and are worthy of this beautiful testimonial to their glorious deeds and patriotic fidelity to duty.

The Grand Army of the Republic speaks for itself in almost every town, village and hamlet, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and its noble deeds of charity and fraternity are known to all. Its members fought for the honor of our flag and the integrity of our country, and they cherish the memory of their departed comrades with fidelity and lasting love. Well do I recall the scenes at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, when my regiment charged the Confederate troops on those blazing and terrible heights. Our colors fell time after time, but never halted in the charge, until Sergeant Plunkett, with both arms shot off, fell to the ground, his blood staining its torn folds.

Comrades, we are rapidly passing away, and soon the parting volleys and the call of the bugles sounding "Taps; Lights Out" will be heard over the graves of the surviving veterans of that great conflict and nothing will be left but the history of your matchless heroism and valiant deeds in the cause of liberty and humanity. But, thank God, you saved our country from disunion, and placed our flag in the fore-front of all the ensigns of the world, and will bequeath to our posterity the grandest gift which men can give to their sons and daughters.

This is what the Grand Army and their comrades will leave to this nation, and in honor and confiding faith they believe the coming generations will defend the flag and our country with the same strong arms and hearts as did their sires in the years now flown.

Fellow-citizens of a younger generation! To you we

look to defend and preserve our beloved country, and to instruct your children in these lessons of loyalty and duty to the flag. Will you keep this sacred trust? I believe you will, and may God bless you and yours in this respect.

Stand by the flag, the flag of freedom's pride,
Stand by the flag your fathers fought to save,
Stand by the flag for which those heroes died,
Stand by the flag, that it may forever wave.

REMARKS

BY FRANK COFFEE, JR., (17 Years of Age)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I represent today my father, Mr. Frank Coffee of Sydney, Australia. He would have given much to have been here with you to-day in person at this Centennial, for Warsaw is dear to my father. It is associated with that memory which is dear to any man—the memory of his boyhood and old time friends. But business knows no master and so he cabled me to represent him.

I am a stranger to you and to Warsaw. Some of the older citizens here no doubt, remember my grandfather, Mr. Charles Coffee, or, as he was more familiarly called, "Charlie" Coffee.

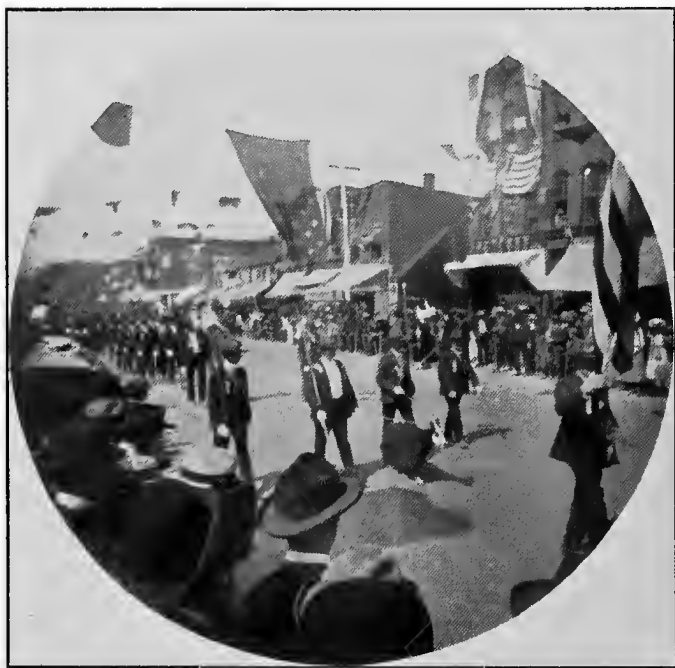
In 1862 he enlisted in Company E, 136th New York Volunteers. September 3d, of the same year, he was mustered into service. May 27th, 1863, he was honorably discharged, afflicted with chronic rheumatism contracted on the field. It was from this complaint that he gave up his life in 1870. And a noble life it was, too! He won the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

Col. A. B. Lawrence informs me that my grandfather's name is on the roll of those who went from Wyoming County, and, who by their deeds proved that Warsaw and Wyoming County had men who were ready, not only to talk, but to do and die, if necessary, to preserve the unity of the States of America.

My father was born here in Warsaw in 1852, April 12th. He has told me of picking berries and sliding down the hill on which now stands the B., R. & P. Ry. depot, of the raps he got across his back in the old school-room. And he has told me of being a "printer's devil" in the office of The Western New-Yorker. He remembers Mr. Owen and many others quite well. He has had pictures taken of different views in and around Warsaw by Mr. Salisbury, your photographer. But there is one which

he prizes above all others. It is a large one and a fine one—of the monument erected to the memory of those heroes of '61-'65. It is the Soldiers' Monument yonder.

My father has been in Australia for 26 years, but he has not forgotten his native land. No citizen of Warsaw ever has, for that matter. He has not forgotten Warsaw—as he sends me here to represent him today. And he will always remember with pride those who have answered the roll call of the Great First Sergeant, up there.



G. A. R. VETERANS

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE

BY BESSIE CHANDLER PARKER

The blue skies bend today o'er fields of plenty,
The stars look down on homes of love and peace,
The air is full of sounds and scents of summer,
The harvest waits, the flocks and herds increase.

We listen, but there is no sound of battle,
We hark, no roll of drums, no bugle call,
We watch, and see no smoke of campfire burning,
And all our swords hang idle on the wall.
Only in city park and country village,
All through the land these graven shafts arise,
Telling the story of our grief and glory,
Pointing, like marble fingers to the skies.

Telling the story of those men who left us,
To walk with death, where battle raged and burned,
Telling the story of our loved and loving,
Who went, so many, and so few returned.
How must our thought go out in love and pity,
To those fair southern fields, where all alone,
Deep in their nameless graves, our dead are lying,
Swept to the end, down paths and ways unknown.
And yet today, above us, unsullied,
Flies the same flag for which they gave their all,
The flag they followed through the smoke of battle,
Their glory living, after that, their pall.

Though links of iron have firmly bound our country,
Though magic wires her distances have spanned,
Still that dear blood, shed for her preservation,
Is the true bond which holds our land.
We stand today in loving contemplation,
Of those who freedom's stony pathway trod,
Feeling our pulses, the heart beat of the nation,
Having one flag, one country and one God!

ADDRESS

BY GEN. S. F. MCAULIFF, INSPECTOR GENERAL

Comrades :

I did not expect until a few minutes ago to say anything to you. I will not come before you with the old story which you have heard many and many a time, that I had a speech prepared and that somebody stole it from my pockets, for that would be a lie, and you never knew a soldier to tell a lie.

What greater inspiration does a man need than to stand in the presence of representatives of more than twenty-two hundred of the greatest battles that have ever been recorded in ancient or modern times. Here stand before me men who have climbed the heights of Lookout Mountain unbidden and carried the battle flag of the Union up to the very gates of Heaven. Here stand before me men who threaded the mazes of the Wilderness; who stood in the burning woods at Laurel Hill; at Spottsylvania Court House, where for twenty long hours the sound of cannon never ceased; who fought at Cold Harbor, at Petersburg, at Five Forks, and carried Old Glory in triumph at Appomattox; raised it to the highest and loftiest pinnacle of fame, a beacon light to all the world that here is a land of liberty.

You who live in the present time know but little of the sacrifices, of the toils, the suffering that these men endured that you might to-day enjoy prosperity and peace. To them you owe much. The debt can never be paid. Honor them not only on the days when you have your celebrations, but honor them three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Young man, when you meet a man with a bronze button upon his breast, doff your hat to him, for he left you a legacy such as the world never saw before and never will hear of again in any other nation except here in the United States of America.

We who have followed that old flag amidst shot and shell, who followed it even up to the cannon's mouth, learned to love and revere it. The greatest eulogy that I ever heard in reference to that flag was uttered by Bishop Simpson at Chicago, when he said: "Nail it up there high on the mast, just a little below the banner of the Cross; hunt the world over, the flag of every nation on earth, where can you find another flag fit to take the same place that that would take?"

There is no other flag that represents so much as that flag does; there is no other flag that has cost so much in life and treasure, and there is no other flag for which life and treasure were more freely given. We had an army such as the world never saw before and perhaps never will again. Out of the ranks of that army were men fitted to command armies. The present commanding general of the United States army rose from the ranks of a Massachusetts regiment. Only a short time ago when the combined armies of Europe were with the United States army in China, it was a Yankee boy among them all who lifted the old flag and laid it upon the walls of Pekin before any other nation could place their banner there. The fortitude of the American soldier was something that has called forth the encomiums of the world. Under the most trying circumstances they would always willingly and cheerfully perform their duties, doing their part like men.

I have heard the story of a young captain at Antietam, who was fatally wounded through both thighs, and as he lay at night gazing up at the stars, unable to move or to get a drop of water to quench the thirst which was consuming him, he began to sing:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The refrain was taken up by a wounded comrade near by, and then by another and another, until nearly a hundred wounded soldiers were singing that grand old hymn that we all learned in childhood. Who has not heard the story of Company D, the "Die-no-mores," and

their midnight attack upon Fort Fisher. The young captain as he went farther and farther over the sand dunes shouted to his men, "Follow me, Die-no-mores, follow me," until at last he fell fatally wounded. His men fought their way to the parapets, and all save one, from whose lips I heard the story, followed their young captain that night into the gates of the Eternal City. Where on earth can you find men more devoted to a cause than you find in the American army in the men who fought from '61 to '65?

Still, my comrades, we should not take all the glory to ourselves. The women, the women of America, helped to fight these battles. To them all honor, all glory. They were the ones who stood behind the men who stood behind the guns. They were the ones who encouraged you by word, by counsel, and by loving sentiments which they sent to you in letters, to stand up like men and come back to them as heroes, but not come back as cowards.

I remember a story that was told to me by Chaplain Ferguson at the encampment at Utica, when he said that in the early part of the war, in a small school-house, he was addressing a company of young men, endeavoring to get some of them to enlist. In the back part of the school room there was a class of men we used to call copperheads. They had tried to disturb the meeting and to discourage any one from enlisting. Finally from among their ranks a young man stepped forward to sign his name, and as he did so one of the men shouted to him, "Jim, what will your wife say?" Quicker than lightning Jim turned around and said, "My wife says she would rather be the widow of a soldier than the wife of a coward." And that, comrades, was the kind of material the American women were made of and the kind that stands with us to-day.

REMARKS

BY COL. CHARLES A. ORR, U. S. PENSION AGENT

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I regret very much my inability to say a few words to you, for the reason that I am suffering from a disability which makes it very difficult for me to speak. I am not on the program even. I came here at the invitation of Comrade Johnson, and I am very happy that Mrs. Orr and I have had the privilege of enjoying this delightful Centennial celebration.

I was very much pleased with the exercises last night, and also very greatly interested. I was born but a few miles from Warsaw, and there is an old comrade here from my old town who belongs to the same Post, the Post named for my brother, Robert Orr, who was killed at Fredericksburg. He drove twenty-six miles to get here. I have always kept my legal residence at my birthplace and never expect to change it unless I move to Warsaw. I am very glad that I am here to participate in these patriotic ceremonies. I was especially interested in the remarks the young ladies made here on this platform last night. You are to be congratulated, greatly so, on the splendid appearance of Warsaw. I have attended Department and National Encampments from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco, and I never saw more beautiful decorations than you have on this Main street of Warsaw, and not only on the main street, but on all the side streets. It shows great civic pride as well as interest and enthusiasm in your Centennial celebration.

HIGH SCHOOL BANQUET

On Wednesday evening, July 1st, the Alumni of the Warsaw High School gave a banquet that will long be remembered for the number of graduates present and the brilliancy and interest of the occasion. The banquet was given in the Town Hall, tables being arranged in three long lines the length of the hall with one running across the room at the south end. Covers were laid for one hundred and ninety guests, and a fine menu was served by Teal of Rochester. Principal George W. Glasier presided as toastmaster and called for responses to the following toasts: "Our High School," Prof. Irving B. Smith; "The Class of '77," Prof. Floyd J. Bartlett of Auburn; "The Class of '03," Lloyd B. Wheeler of Bliss; "The Board of Education," Mrs. Ella Hawley Crossett; "Our College Boys," Emery D. Webster; "Our College Girls," Miss Margery Gouinlock; "Athletics," Charles B. Smallwood; "Our Professional Men," Addison W. Fisher; "Our Normal Graduates," Prof. Charles D. Seely of Brockport; "Reminiscences," Miss Mary E. Dann of Hempstead, Long Island.

REMINISCENCES

READ BY MISS MARY E. DANN AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
BANQUET

Your committee so wise, has done one thing amiss,
In giving a place to a subject like this;
No dearth of material under my text,
No deep anxious thought as to what to say next,
But floods of fond memories over me flow—
And floods are not popular here, we all know.

I could talk to my pupils, of days that are flown;
You primary youngsters, dear me, how you've grown,
Or my students in High School—we worked, and we worked
With test-tubes and magnets, and nobody shirked;
We analyzed flowers, found fossils in stones,
And examined the joints of the slim Mr. Bones.

I could talk to my schoolmates of days long ago,
Can it be on their heads I see traces of snow?
If I say that we always were studious and good,
That we learned every lesson, and did as we should,
There are some right before me who might make me blush
And say, "Martie, don't tell; and Floyd, won't you hush."

But the pictures of childhood are brightest and best,
When we turn but to these, we forget all the rest.
I see a stone building, a yard full of trees,
And wide open windows that catch every breeze;
Of students a hundred, or possibly more,
Of teachers, say three, with now and then four,

And my father presiding, ah, now you can see
Why these long-distant days should fascinate me.
There are some of you here, will agree, when I say,
The tasks were well done, in that far away day.
You worked as he bid, and when college days came
To your joy and to his, you were not put to shame.

A few stupid books tucked away on a shelf;
Some rocks, and an air-pump—I've seen them myself,
But pupils and teachers were eager for more,
There were lectures and concerts and fees at the door,

With the citizens' help, and the state fund beside
 Apparatus and books soon fill all with pride.
 There were public exams., when the parents all came,
 And the ministers called on each pupil, by name,
 Of Latin and Greek, Trigonometry, too,
 Of Science or History, to tell what they knew,
 While the Board of Trustees, with their faces intent,
 Were trying to show that they knew what it meant.

Exhibitions were held at least once a year,
 Would you see the old programs? I have them right here—
 With speaking, and music, and essays so bright,
 And tableaux and plays, they'd have lasted all night,
 But begun at 6:30 they ended quite soon,
 And the youngsters went home by the light of the moon.

Of sports they had some, in those days we recall,
 For big boys and teacher, together played ball,
 And my father's old journal quite thrillingly tells
 How they swung Indian clubs and played with dumb-bells.
 And the girls in the front yard, fine days after school,
 Were strengthening their lungs, by playing at goal.

One plump little girl, with brown curls, who was I,
 Would try hard to laugh, but wanted to cry,
 When they started her on a long run, for she knew
 That her breath would give out, e're the journey was
 through.

A slap on her shoulder, and then, don't you see,
 She's taken a captive, to another girl's tree.

But I fear you will think—it would be only human—
 That short-winded girl makes a long-winded woman,
 So I make you my bow, e're you're tired out quite,
 And give you my thanks as I wish you good night.
 For each, and for all, in the days that will come,
 Here's Tiny Tim's wish, may God bless every one.

P a r t F i v e
GOVERNOR'S DAY
Thursday, July 2, 1903



TENT SCENE, GOVERNOR ODELL SPEAKING

GOVERNOR'S DAY

One hundred guns at sunrise opened the last, and in the matter of crowds the greatest day of Warsaw's Centennial Celebration.

Governor Odell was escorted from the Erie station amid cheers and music, and held an informal reception at the Gridley Hotel. Long before the hour set for his appearance the enormous tent was filled literally to overflowing, for the crowd fringed the outer edge of the canvas a distance of twelve or fifteen feet around its entire circumference. At half past 11 o'clock, in accordance with the punctuality which had marked every stated event of the week, the Governor appeared upon the platform and was most enthusiastically received. Before beginning his address he had a pleasant word to say of Warsaw and its citizens, and paid a high tribute to the late Senator L. H. Humphrey.

At half past twelve o'clock a banquet was given in the Town Hall in honor of Governor Odell, two hundred guests being present, including many distinguished visitors.

ADDRESS

BY GOVERNOR B. B. ODELL, JR.

When we measure the age of our government by the span of years; when we consider its achievements and wondrous growth and compare it with older civilizations, celebrations such as this serve but to stimulate patriotic impulses and bring respect for a people who have made of the experiment of democracy a republic whose position among the nations of the world is most commanding. The history of our common country is the glory of all, and the conspicuous part taken by the patriots of our own commonwealth in the great struggle which brought our Union into existence is the especial pride of the people of New York. There is no spot within this great state but that has its stories of valor and heroism, and the struggles of its pioneers in pushing civilization and intelligence to the west and north; the perils endured by them, and their self-sacrificing devotion, while not always evidenced perhaps by monuments, yet is shown by the sturdy growth which has made our state the greatest commonwealth of the nation. Its fertile fields were the scenes of privation, defeats and victories, and the devotion of the people of the Revolutionary period to the cause of liberty is held in grateful recollection by their descendants whose adherence to the principles for which they fought insures the permanence of our republic.

It seems but yesterday that the Fort Stanwix line which left the major portion of the state in the possession of the savage tribes of the Six Nations, marked the western boundary of our commonwealth. The adventurous trader and the hardy explorer had brought stories of the richness of the vast regions beyond—tales of the Mohawk and the Genesee and of the great inland seas which were afterwards to become the outlet for the commerce and wealth of the far off West. Indian warfare and French invasion gave additional evidence of that

which awaited the vigor of manhood and the daring of the frontiersman. At the close of the Revolutionary war therefore it is not surprising that the attention of those who were charged with the administration of the state's affairs should have been directed to the development of the natural resources which had so long lain dormant, and it was the enterprise of our citizens which saved to New York the commerce which made of it the most important port in the civilized world.

Education is the bulwark and strength of our republic. Contentment and happiness are its handmaidens. Whatever, therefore, adds to our comfort insures loyalty and brings advancement and prosperity. We too often disregard momentous events and periods in the history of our state and country, and are somewhat careless in awarding the credit that is due to those who in their desire for freedom made possible the string of villages and cities which everywhere within the borders of this commonwealth are an ever present reminder of the achievements and glories of the past. It is a pleasure, therefore, to find upon an occasion such as this so many patriotic citizens gathered together for the purpose of recalling and celebrating such events. A republic such as ours could not exist were its policy to be controlled and dictated by envy and discontent, or by a careless disregard of our own privileges or the rights of others. America stands as a prominent example of a government of majorities, whose officials are but the servants of the popular will. Although we measure our strength by the loyalty of our citizenship, it is well for us to stop at times and reflect upon the history of the past and consider wherein we differ from nations whose future was apparently as bright and whose government seemed as permanent as our own.

For after all, human nature in all its phases does not differ materially from one generation to another, and the pathway of time is strewn with the wrecks of nations. Rome with its jurisprudence and magnificent armies; Venice with its learning and arts; Judea with its religious enthusiasm, all failed because of the lack of individual freedom and the selfishness of nations. In a

study of the history of the past it is well for us to consider, therefore, not only the material growth of our state and of this Union, but also the effect of its government on other nations and whether the great power which our people wield has been used for the uplifting of mankind. Vast as is our commonwealth of itself; great as has been her increase in population; powerful as is her influence through the products both of the field and the factory—while all these contribute to our material well-being, I doubt if we should measure the achievements of our country by this standard alone, but rather whether this power and this influence have been exerted for the common good and for the advancement of civilization.

The struggle of the Revolution, while it brought into existence a democracy, failed of its object until the experiment of a limited suffrage had been tried with the result that the independent spirit of the American people demanded the broadest possible liberty in selecting not only the officers of the commonwealth, but of every locality within its borders. The boasted freedom of the country was but a half truth until the immortal Lincoln by his proclamation struck the shackles from three millions of slaves, and only after a conflict of unparalleled bitterness which threatened to rend the republic in twain, and whose solidity was only maintained by the sacrifice of the lives of thousands of brave and patriotic men, whose memories you have fittingly commemorated at this centennial celebration of your town.

In every struggle in which our government has been engaged, the patriotic, undying and unfaltering devotion of our people has been manifested. Upon every field of battle their courage has been attested. Yet the tears of widows and orphans have saddened the victories of our arms. Out of this has grown the desire whenever and wherever possible to leave questions of international differences to arbitration rather than to the clash of arms and opposing forces.

America, the first to advocate this new principle of settling international disputes, has gone farther perhaps than any other nation in this direction. It is one of the

triumphs of our government and marks an epoch in the world's history of which we may feel justly proud. It is the greatest tribute which America has paid to the cause of civilization. In this movement no other state in the Union has taken a more active part than our own. Its commercial relations with all the world have brought us into close touch and communication, and has established a community of interests among the nations and producers of the world, creating a spirit of forbearance and amity which may eventually prevent a recurrence of the struggles of earlier times. By inculcating a belief that the functions of the state are to protect the interests of each individual, we have established principles that bind our people together by ties of affection and common interests and local pride, instead of leading to neglect of, or interference with, the rights of any, and serves as a stimulus for the linking together of all interests; making of our commonwealth a state not of segregated communities, but one where the interests of each are the interests of all.

We therefore can well afford to celebrate the advance that you have made here. We can glory in your successes because they are but a measure of our own. The broad acres of our state with their products are of additional value because they are essential to those who in her manufacturing centers are striving to uphold our commercial supremacy. The ease with which these products may be brought to the centers of population determine the value of your land and add to the wealth of the agricultural section of New York. It seems but a short time ago when the possibility of easy communication with the then sparsely settled villages and rural communities was a far off dream, but the faith of those who projected the many roads and waterways which now bring every part of the state in close touch has been more than realized, and there is now no section of New York that is so far distant that its inhabitants are not a part of its great commercial ports whose interests are our interests.

With the expanding growth of the nation, reaching beyond the confines laid down by those who preceded us, New York becomes more and more an important factor in

working out the problems of the future. The intelligence of her citizens not only projects, but their wealth furnishes the means for the building up of vast enterprises which are rapidly making of this country the great producer upon which all other nations must eventually depend. Our continued prosperity and the welfare of our people depend upon the ability with which we meet these new conditions and the forbearance which is exhibited by those who contribute their wealth toward those whose capital is their brain and sinew. The rights of all will be best conserved by an intelligent consideration of the necessities of the times. Hope will fail of its fruition if from our citizens is taken away the possibility of advancement and culture and material well-being which, after all, are the strongest motives for patriotism and the greatest incentives to good citizenship. We marshal no invading army for the acquisition of territory. The force that we call into existence is that which will transform the wealth of the earth into the products of industrial arts; to make of it an invading army of skill and not of arms to penetrate into the remotest quarters of the globe. Our success may not be evidenced by the laurel wreath of battle, but by the commendation of all the people of the earth whose aid we seek in advancing civilization and the best interests of mankind.

This invasion will bring with it no sorrow, no tears, but it will bring with it the luxuries and comforts which other countries afford, and add to the contentment, prosperity and happiness of our people, and to the grandeur of a nation whose proudest boast will be the fulfillment of that heavenly hosanna, "Peace on earth, good will to men," Let us hereafter do our part. Let us aid in every laudable undertaking. Let us extend a welcome to our own commonwealth to those who seek freedom and independence, and who will aid us in maintaining that supremacy of which we are so justly proud. As time rolls on may we leave to those who shall come after us all the liberties transmitted by our forefathers, not only amplified in scope, but made better by the uses to which we have put them, a nobler and better citizenship, which not only glories in the past, but which looks forward to the future

with a certainty that is born of belief in the principles of our government. Let us maintain a republic so ample and so complete as to make of our country a government not only of the people, but one where equal rights and liberty are the sure possession of all.

AFTER DINNER TALKS

BANQUET IN THE TOWN HALL, JUDGE E. E. FARMAN,
TOASTMASTER

GOVERNOR ODELL

In responding at the banquet Governor Odell said:

Mr. Toastmaster, Gentlemen: I was flattering myself until the toastmaster arose that I had not made much of a sacrifice after all in coming to Warsaw. I have changed my mind now, since he got upon his feet. I understand that the ceremonies or the parade which is to occur shortly limits the time which has been allotted to me, and I am, therefore, not going to inflict another speech upon you today. I think that the one you were unfortunate enough to hear an hour ago is certainly enough for a warm day like this. I can only say that I am very grateful for the reception that has been accorded me. I felt the warmth of it as I descended at the station, and it has been getting hotter and hotter ever since. I think if we keep up the same sort of a clip we will be pretty nearly ready to sing, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

Your centennial is something to be proud of. You may have commenced early in the week, and I don't know whether to-day is the end of it or not, but you are having such a good time that I am almost tempted to postpone my trip again. I thank you for the cordial greeting which you have given me, which is a repetition of that which one meets all over the state. It is not the man, but it is the great government of which we are all a part, which elicits such a response as you have given to-day. I thank you for it, and especially for

your courtesy, and I am going to make way now for some one else.

JUSTICE HAIGHT

Hon. Albert Haight, Justice of the Court of Appeals, was next called upon by Toastmaster Farman, and in response, said in part:

It is not my custom to have my decisions overruled, but the president on this occasion has seen fit to overrule my judgment that further speech making be dispensed with on this occasion. After the eloquent, grand address which was delivered this morning by his Excellency it did seem to me that further speech was superfluous. It has been my fortune to have the acquaintance of a number of governors that preceded the governor who now occupies the executive mansion. They have all distinguished themselves as orators at county fairs, but our present governor, as I observe, has discovered a new field. He has become a great centennial orator, and as such will his fame go down to history.

There is but a single suggestion that I have to make to him with reference to it, and that is, after he has accomplished all of the reforms and has relieved us from local taxation as well as state taxation, and has tired of performing the duties of the chief magistrate of this state and has gone up higher (applause), then I hope he will condescend to have these Centennial addresses put in type and handsomely bound and gratuitously furnished to those of us who expect to take part in the next centennial.

Looking forward a century appears very distant, as embracing a great period of time, but looking backward it is seemingly a short time. Under the ancient civil law, in the absence of proof to the contrary, a man was presumed to live one hundred years. Therefore, the event which we are here celebrating today is but the span of a single life.

The century that is passed has been most remarkable. Its history has recorded events more numerous than those which have been recorded in any century that has preceded it since creation. There have been great wars, great battles, great men, but none of these is the distinguishing

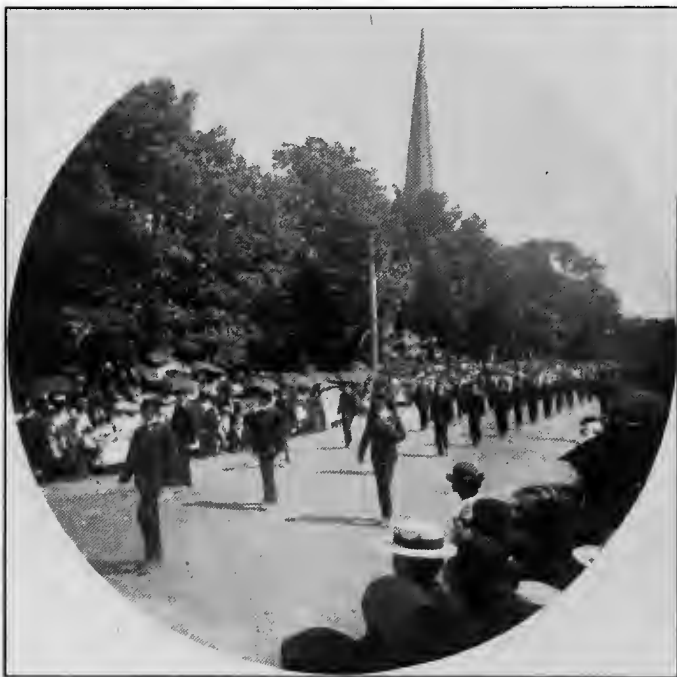
feature of the period. That which has chiefly distinguished the period is the fact that it has been the age of invention. Thousands upon thousands of factories have been constructed throughout the land, filled with machinery, machinery in which nearly every article that is used by man is manufactured and supplied. Among the chief, perhaps, of the discoveries of the age is that of steam and electricity, through the agencies of which we are enabled to encircle the globe in nearly as short a time, and with much more comfort than formerly a man could travel from the city of New York to the Mississippi river. Great steamships plow the ocean from continent to continent. We talk with our friends a thousand miles distant with nearly the same ease as if they were seated in the same room with us. The pioneer has approached our shores upon the East and has advanced to the Pacific, clearing our continent of its forests. Railroads, telegraph lines and telephone lines traverse the country in every direction. Hundreds of cities have arisen upon our seaboards and upon our plains, and eighty millions of people live and prosper within the borders of our own government, enjoying the blessings of liberty, the protection of the law and the highest civilization known to the world.

HON. JAMES W. WADSWORTH

The next to speak was Hon. James W. Wadsworth, who said:

Mr. Chairman: I feel very much complimented indeed in having been asked to say a word in this representative body of men from Western New York; but, after listening to the very able and interesting remarks from the Governor this morning, and the speech of Judge Haight this minute, I am sure nothing I can say would either enlighten you or amuse you, but I shall not refrain, Mr. President, from thanking you for the invitation which you extended to me to come here to see you, and to say how much I enjoy it, and the pleasure it has given me to meet here the comrades of the Grand Army and the citizens of Wyoming County and Warsaw in general.

My wish to them is many happy returns of this pleas-



PARADE SCENE

ant anniversary, and in the words of old Rip Van Winkle, "Here's to their good health, and their family's good health; may they live long and prosper."

HON. JAMES H. LOOMIS

After the toastmaster had introduced ex-Senator Loomis, the latter said in part:

This introduction reminds me that we have a live Senator here, and I am surprised that he is not given the preference. I shall be very glad to resign my position, standing before this audience, to Senator Stevens who is not an ex-Senator, but I will say this much, that it has been a very great pleasure to me to be with you upon this occasion. A native of old Genesee County, a resident of Wyoming County from its birth, living in Attica and always paying tribute to Warsaw, I congratulate myself upon having been invited to be with you. I believe that you, people of Warsaw, have reason to congratulate yourselves that you have been so well represented from Albany as well as Attica, and it will be ever a pleasant remembrance to me.

I saw by the papers not long since, "ex-Senator Loomis celebrated his eightieth anniversary on the 4th day of June." I could hardly believe it, but when I looked in the old family Bible at the family record I found that on the 4th day of June in 1823 there came on the Holland Purchase, a barefooted boy. While I have lived I have been greatly honored by the people of Wyoming County, and I have very pleasant remembrances of the many kindly greetings I have received in the last few days from friends I remember, and many friends who had passed from my mind. My talk is limited to two minutes. Brevity, Shakespeare says, is the soul of wit. If there is any wit in my address it will be because I am brief.

THE PARADE

The last event of the Centennial, and its crowning feature, was the grand street Parade for which elaborate preparations had been in progress for several weeks. Like everything else on the program of the Celebration it was a marked success and awakened the wildest enthusiasm.

The principal motive of the Parade, and of the various floats, was to illustrate the progress made in agriculture, manufacturing industries and social life during the past 100 years of the town's history.

While there were several floats which had elements of genuine humor of local interest, there was a studied absence of the aimless and vulgar caricatures, which not uncommonly mar the effect of parades of this type. An old fashioned grain cradle had its obverse in the very latest harvesting machinery made in the valley ; the simple forge of the early blacksmith was placed in contrast with a model Warsaw machine shop, in full operation. The ancient carriage, and James S. Wadsworth's well-preserved but antique Concord coach were followed by an up-to-date automobile. Following the automobile was a yoke of oxen similar to the one which transported the goods and



IN THE PARADE

chattels of ancestors of the automobilists into the country.

Taken altogether or in its details, the parade was one of the most attractive features of the celebration.

The grand centennial parade started at 2 P. M., the marchers appearing in the following order :

FIRST DIVISION

Warsaw Police Department.
 Grand Marshal, B. P. Gage.
 Aide, O. S. Humphrey.
 74th Regiment Bugle and Drum Corps,
 Gibbs Post No. 130, G. A. R. and visiting Comrades.

SECOND DIVISION

Aides, Charles Crocker, Asa A. Luther.
 Fire Departments Wyoming County.
 Citizens Band, Perry, N. Y.
 Perry Fire Department.
 Castile Fire Department.
 Wyoming Fire Department.
 Silver Springs Fire Department.
 Warsaw Concert Band.
 Warsaw Fire Department.
 Castile Gun Squad.
 Warsaw Gun Squad.

THIRD DIVISION

Aides, C. D. W. Munger, George Luce.
 Drum Corps.
 Independent Order Foresters.
 Lodges from Attica, Silver Springs, Perry, Varysburg.
 Float, National Salt Company.
 Float, Warsaw Elevator Company.
 3 Floats, Warsaw Button Company.
 4 Floats, Warsaw-Wilkinson Company, showing old
 Feed Cutters, Modern Machinery as manufactured by it,
 and actual details of manufacture.

Float, Warsaw Association of Stationary Engineers.

Float, representing old manner of Harvesting.

Modern Self Binder.

Float, representing old method of Threshing.

J. I. Case Exhibit modern Threshing Machines.

Theron Main Exhibit modern Threshing Machines.

Bidwell Exhibit modern Threshing Machines.

Automobile Parade.

Old and New Bicycles.

FOURTH DIVISION

Aides, Dr. Z. G. Truesdell, C. O. Gallett.

Vehicles of Long Ago.

Float, representing Elizur Webster, first settler.

Early settlers, Amos Keeney and Shubal Morris in covered wagon drawn by oxen.

Float, representing Log House.

Float, representing Surveyors opening Transit Line.

Float, old fashioned Spinning and Weaving.

Float representing Old Cobbler.

Float, with "Village Blacksmith," Joe Turner-Brag, born in 1810.

Old Concord Coach, which belonged to General James S. Wadsworth—Four-in-Hand.

Old time Doctor with Saddlebags.

Allegorical Float, "Living Shield."

Shetland Pony Parade.

FIFTH DIVISION

Aides, B. F. Williams, F. Herington,

Rube Band.

Allegorical Float, "A Garden of Long Ago.

Warsaw's Zoo, "The Lion Trainer."

Display of Furs by Herman Seege.

Old Mail Carrier.

R. F. D. Wagons.

Old and new methods of Road Making.

Old time Wash Day.

Wyoming Valley Laundry.

Implements for Butter and Cheese Making, Ballintine Hardware Company.



WATCHING THE PARADE

Going to Mill on horseback.
Allegorical Float, "Neptune."
Float representing Warsaw Opera House.
Float, representing Warsaw Club House.
Floral Float—H. S. Baker.

SIXTH DIVISION

Aides, Dr. Hayden Humphrey, Charles Van Allen
Drum Corps,
Float of Warsaw Lumber Company.
Float, of Roberts Bros.
Float, T. S. Glover.
Float, M. A. Richards' Up-to-date Rig.
Float, Gallett & Fargo.
Float, Moody Lumber Co.
Exhibit of Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo.
John Goetz Grocery on Wheels.
Other Merchants' Floats.
Bands of Cowboys, Rough Riders and Indians.

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